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ALEXANDRE DUMAS (*père*)

TO

JESSIE FOTHERGILL

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ALEXANDRE DUMAS (*Père*

(France, 1803–1870)

MEMOIRS OF A PHYSICIAN (1853)

This book takes up the story from the last chapter of *Joseph Balsamo*, when the fireworks in honor of the marriage of the Dauphin caused such terrible disaster. The same characters appear and Marat is introduced.

THE Place Louis XV looked like a battle-field. A young surgeon cried to his two assistants: "The women of the people, the men of the people, first! They can be easily recognized."

A young man with a broken arm said: "Oh, sir, why do you make a choice among the victims?"

"Because," replied the surgeon, "no one will care for the poor if I do not, and the rich are always looked after."

"I, a gentleman," said the young man, without anger, "was lost in the crowd and wounded in the forehead by a horse's hoof, and my left arm was broken by my falling into a pit. You say that the noble and the rich are cared for; but you see that my wounds are not dressed."

"You have your hôtel—your physician. Return home, since you can walk."

"I do not seek your care, sir; I seek my sister, a beautiful young girl of sixteen—killed probably, alas! though she is not of the people."

"Sir," said the surgeon, "when I leave the noble on their beds of death to assist the suffering people, I obey the true laws of Humanity, who is my goddess. All this day's misfortunes have been caused by you. They arose from your abuses. Therefore, bear the consequences."

Philip was joined by an old man, who was looking for his

adopted son. Suddenly they came across Gilbert, who had a piece of Andrée's dress in his hand. They carried him to the surgeon, who cried, 'Oh! it's you again, my young nobleman!"

The old man, thinking the words addressed to him, said: "I am not a nobleman. I am a man of the people; my name is Jean Jacques Rousseau."

"Give place," cried the surgeon, "to the man of nature! Make room for the emancipator of the human race! Place for the citizen of Geneva!" He then operated upon Gilbert, whose chest was hurt.

"I thank you and praise you, not for the exclusive preference you show for the poor, but for your care and kindness toward them. All men are brothers."

"Even the noble, the aristocrats, the rich? Sir, excuse me; I am a Switzer, like yourself, and, therefore, a democrat."

"A countryman!" said Rousseau, "your name, sir."

"An obscure name, sir, the name of a retiring man who devotes his life to study, waiting till he may, like yourself, devote it to the good of humanity. My name is Jean Paul Marat."

Baron de Taverney had escaped, and, on reaching his house in the Rue Coq Heron, was alarmed not to find Philip and Andrée. Philip, on his return, had set out on his search for his sister; but had to come back without her. A coach soon arrived, and Balsamo stepped out with the apparently lifeless form of Andrée in his arms.

Gilbert was taken back to Rousseau's and attended by Jussieu, who called to see if Rousseau had been hurt. The two botanists planned an excursion to the forest of Marly when Gilbert should be able to walk. One night Gilbert dropped from the window and entered the Taverneys' house to catch a glimpse of Andrée. He heard her tell Philip all about her experiences and also her denial of all recollection of Gilbert, who had really saved her life. He also discovered that Nicole was receiving the clandestine attentions of a lover named Beausire; but what distressed him most was the knowledge that Andrée was going to the Trianon.

The day for the botanical excursion arrived. To Rousseau's amazement, his friend appeared in a gray satin coat, lilac waistcoat, silk stockings and buckled shoes. M. de

Jussieu led Rousseau and Gilbert to a kiosk, charmingly furnished and containing a table on which a tempting breakfast was served. While they were enjoying this, two lovely young women entered, and Gilbert recognized the Countess Du Barry and Chon. On learning that his disciple had tasted wealth, Rousseau bitterly denounced Gilbert, consigned him to his old friends, bowed and left the pavilion. M. de Jussieu offered employment to the weeping Gilbert, who asked to be made assistant gardener at the Trianon. The Countess added her entreaties, and Jussieu replied: "If you wish it, Madame, it is done."

One day the Marshal de Richelieu took breakfast with Madame Du Barry in her home at Luciennes, and they planned to uproot the Choiseuls, who were gaining strength with the Dauphiness as well as the King. The Marshal wanted Monsieur de Choiseul's post, and he also wanted Du Barry's influence for his nephew, the Duc d'Aiguillon. Madame Du Barry promised to get the portfolio for Richelieu; and for her services she hinted that the Taverneys—father, son, and daughter—were her enemies; another demand she would make later. When the King arrived, Richelieu disappeared and waited beneath the window. Two hours later, Du Barry thought she had secured M. de Choiseul's dismissal, and threw a paper out of the window to the Duc de Richelieu bearing these words: "I have shaken the tree—the portfolio has fallen."

The King, however, had promised to thank De Choiseul for his services the next day, and this he did at Versailles in public, leaning on his arm; and then he took him to the Trianon. There Louis was charmed with a brief glimpse he had of Andrée de Taverney. Richelieu and Madame Du Barry were furious at their failure regarding De Choiseul; and the Countess suggested that they should seek Joseph Balsamo; but, in the mean time, they went to join the King's chase at Marly; for the sorcerer's address must first be found. In the forest they came across the Cardinal de Rohan, who gave it to them, whereupon they ordered the coachman to drive to the Rue St. Claude in the Marais as rapidly as possible.

Lorenza was complaining to her tyrant, Balsamo, of her wretched life. He put her into a magnetic sleep and tenderly kissed her; but when a bell rang for him he descended to the

drawing-room, where Fritz, his servant, was waiting for him with a courier. The latter was in the service of the Duchesse de Grammont (Choiseul's sister); but, as he had sworn "to have no secrets from the master," he had come to tell him that he was taking a letter to the minister at Versailles. Balsamo placed it on Lorenza's heart without breaking the seal, and, as she read the contents in her trance, wrote everything down. The Duchesse de Grammont had put her exile to good use. She told her brother that her intrigues against the Du Barry faction would soon bear fruit. As Balsamo returned the letter to the courier, who departed, a man and a woman arrived. Balsamo recognized Madame Du Barry though she was in a servant's dress, and he also addressed her companion by name. They wanted to disgrace the Choiseuls? Nothing was easier; the sorcerer had proofs, he knew the contents of a damaging letter now being delivered to the Duc de Choiseul. A voice had revealed all to him. Would they like to hear it? The trembling Richelieu and the Countess followed Balsamo, who took them near the room in which Lorenza was sleeping. He left his guests, and they could only hear his questions and the replies. Balsamo made Lorenza read the copy of Madame de Grammont's letter. Then he questioned further, and the visitors heard the voice describe the delivery of the letter to M. de Choiseul, who had locked it in an iron box near his bed. The frightened Duke and Countess departed full of gratitude.

The next day the King dismissed his prime minister, telling him that he knew the contents of his sister's letter that he had received and placed in an iron box near his bed. M. de Choiseul's disgrace set France aflame; for the encyclopedist, or philosophical, party had supported him; and the people, dying of hunger, were terrified at the prospect of Madame Du Barry's reign and her ruinous whims.

Richelieu introduced his nephew, the Duc d'Aiguillon, to Madame Du Barry, ignorant of the fact that he had been a former lover, but, instead of dividing the spoils, the handsome young officer worked for himself. When the King would not have Richelieu as prime minister, Madame Du Barry suggested the nephew, to which the King agreed; in the mean time,

he was to have the Light Horse. Richelieu's disappointment was intense; and his servant, Rafte, helped him out of his difficulty by telling the callers who were waiting to see the supposed prime minister that his master had nobly refused the portfolio on learning that it had been offered at the solicitations of Madame Du Barry. Richelieu vowed to make Madame Du Barry suffer for this, and thought of the Taverneys. About this time Gilbert, now gardener at the Trianon, accosted Andrée in the garden, and, as she hurried away in her indignation, she was joined by the King, who escorted her to the house of the Dauphiness, and requested her presence at the supper-table. Richelieu, who was present, asked the King to give a company to Philip de Taverney. Marie Antoinette seconded the proposition, and the King, on learning that he was Andrée's brother, joyfully consented. Rohan, who was also at the Trianon, received a package secretly handed him by one of the Dauphiness's tiring-maids, upon the receipt of which he hastened to Balsamo, who took the lock of hair from him. Leaving the Cardinal, he placed this on Lorenza's heart and got all the information he needed; but he kept Marie Antoinette's ringlet for future use, and, burning a lock of Lorenza's hair, handed the ashes to Rohan, saying: "I was obliged to burn the hair to obtain a revelation by its essence. The oracle has said that you may hope: this woman does not love her husband."

Richelieu delighted his old friend, Taverney, with reports of the King's admiration for Andrée and her chances of supplanting Du Barry; he also suggested sending Nicole to the Trianon, for Andrée ought to have a maid. Taverney's objection that Nicole possessed an unfortunate resemblance to the Dauphiness Richelieu answered by saying that Rafte could dye her hair and eyebrows. Nicole, transformed to a brunette, was, therefore, sent to the Trianon, to her great delight; and her lover, Beausire, followed her. The King became more and more enamored of Andrée; and when she appeared in Rousseau's opera, which Marie Antoinette had performed at the Trianon by the lords and ladies of her court, was enchanted with her perfectly trained voice. Through Richelieu, he sent her a present of a casket of pearls and diamonds, with which the father was more pleased than the daughter. Riche-

lieu next visited Balsamo and came away with a little vial. Then he went to the Trianon and paid Nicole twenty thousand francs to pour two drops from this vial into Andrée's night-cordial, to leave her door open, and to flee with Beausire. Gilbert saw Nicole and Beausire depart, and, knowing that Andrée was alone, hurried toward the Trianon, in time to see Andrée walking in a trance toward a grove of trees, where Balsamo stood with outstretched arm. The sorcerer questioned her, and learned that Lorenza was fleeing with his box of papers to betray him to M. de Sartines, chief of police. Balsamo jumped upon Djerid and hastened to Paris, forgetting to wake Andrée, who fell to the ground. Gilbert, who had heard nothing of the dialogue, picked her up, carried her to her room and laid her on the sofa. As he was searching for water to sprinkle on her face, he heard footsteps and hid behind a glass door. A man entered; and, by the light of the candle he carried, Gilbert saw the face of the King! Then all was explained—Nicole's flight, the money she had given Beausire, the door left open, the interviews between Richelieu and Taverney, and the whole of that dark and mysterious intrigue of which the young girl was the center. The fear he felt for this man, whose name still had a charm—the King of France—tied Gilbert's tongue; and he fled.

Louis murmured some caressing words and knelt and kissed the girl's hand; but as it was icy cold he started. A flash of lightning illumined her face; and, thinking she was dead, the King staggered, reeled, and, hastily descending the stairs, was soon lost in the howling storm that raged through the long alleys and groves about the Trianon.

Like the wind, Djerid bore Balsamo to Paris. He sent Fritz with a note to Madame Du Barry, who was in Paris, bidding her meet him at M. de Sartines's, where he expected to find Lorenza as Andrée had described. Several days before, Lorenza, driven to madness, had begged Balsamo in her waking hours for freedom; had threatened to divulge his secrets; and had even attempted suicide. When Balsamo discovered that she had fled, he sought his second pythoness, Andrée, to discover where she was.

Lorenza went to the chief of police, bearing the blue velvet

casket containing Balsamo's papers. "I come to place myself under your protection," she said. "Sir, I have been carried off from my family, and have, by a false marriage, fallen into the power of a man who for the last three years has oppressed me and made my life miserable." "I shall revenge myself by revealing this man's secrets," was her reply, when the chief declined to interfere. "I only ask permission to retire to a convent, and live there concealed and unknown," she entreated; and, when he promised this, she handed him the casket, saying; "Take this coffer; it contains mysteries which will make you tremble for the safety of the King and his dominions." She was about to give Balsamo's residence when she fell upon the floor; for Balsamo, dashing to Paris on Djerid, was directing his magnetic influence and commanding her obedience to his will. The ushers carried Lorenza into the next room, while Sartines forced open the casket and sent for his clerk to come and read the papers, which were in cipher.

Suddenly a valet announced: "The Comte de Fenix." When M. de Sartines found that he was confronted with the sorcerer, Balsamo, he threatened arrest. Balsamo covered him with a pistol and told Sartines that he knew how he served the King by withdrawing grain from circulation and profiting by the speculation; and, "As soon as the cries of the famished millions demand your head, the King—to avert all suspicion of connivance with you, if there is connivance, or, to do justice if there is no connivance—will cause you to be hanged," Balsamo further informed him.

Madame Du Barry was announced, and she whispered to Balsamo, "Tell me, what must I do for you? You have claimed the fulfilment of the promise I made to grant the first favor you should ask."

"Madame," said Balsamo, aloud, "you confided the care of this coffer, and everything it contains, to me a few days ago."

"Of course," answered Madame Du Barry. M. de Sartines finally yielded it to the Countess, and Balsamo, having replaced all the scattered papers, carried it to her carriage.

"Go," said the conquered magistrate, as he saw them depart, "go; you have the box; but I have the woman!" He rang, and ordered Lorenza to be brought in; but the usher

told him that she had recovered from her swoon and gone away with a satisfied air. The fact was that Balsamo had willed her to return home, and in her trance she had done so; and Balsamo found her exhausted and in pain in her remote apartment. He was about to waken and punish her, when three knocks on the ceiling announced that Althotas wished to speak to him. The latter abused Balsamo for not having brought him the child whose blood he desired for his elixir; he would even be satisfied with the blood of an unmarried female.

"Acharat," said the old man, "I shall wait; but if you do not obey, I must help myself. You have heard me—have you not? Now go!"

Althotas was grinning like some malignant genius when Balsamo stood before the still sleeping Lorenza. Realizing that she had tried to betray him, and that through her captivity, exile, and death might come, he resolved to kill her. "But if I kill her who hates me, I shall also kill her who loves me," he thought. Then the idea occurred to him to allow her but one existence—perpetual trance in which she would love him. Waking, but still in her morbid state, Lorenza begged for the factitious instead of the real life. She knew he loved her passionately; she could read his heart; and she promised to love him forever.

For three days Balsamo lived a new life, and his happiness bordered on madness. He wondered, however, if the eyes of his bride's soul could still pierce through space, but dared not make the trial. One day he essayed it; and when she told him she could guide him in his search for the philosopher's stone, he took her to his laboratory, where she told him it was perfectly possible to produce diamonds. A light flashed on Balsamo. She could assist him in his scientific researches. "And yet you doubt, Acharat," she cried, "if I can cross the circle of our love and still see in the distance. You assure yourself that the fair-haired beauty, Andrée, can." She could read every thought that whirled through his restless brain.

He then questioned her, and she told him that she was now entering a château, where in the antechamber she saw a little negro page fantastically dressed, who was eating sugarplums; and in an adjoining boudoir, hung with blue satin embroidered with bright flowers, a lady reclined on a sofa. "She is thinking

of you and the water of beauty you promised her. She rings a bell; another young lady enters! She orders her carriage! In two hours she will be here!"

When Madame Du Barry arrived, Lorenza not only promised to remain where she was, but suggested that Balsamo should put her to sleep. He closed the door and hastened to the drawing-room, without fear or foreboding and with all heaven in his heart.

Lorenza was plunged in a lethargy; but she had a terrible dream. She fancied she saw through the darkness the ceiling open and something like a platform descend very slowly. Upon this platform there seemed to be a monster with a human face—something like Caliban in *The Tempest*—and very old, who looked at her with his frightful eyes and stretched his arms toward her. She, stifling and writhing, felt the grasp of two bony hands that lifted her from the sofa and placed her on the trap, which ascended slowly while the monster gave a hideous mocking laugh.

Balsamo handed the promised philter to Madame Du Barry, who detained him to describe how she got rid of M. de Sartines, when he reported the story of the casket and how she had quieted the King's suspicious fears. On returning to Lorenza's room, Balsamo was astonished to find that she had disappeared. He searched the whole house; and, on entering Althotas's apartment last of all, found the room reeking with miasma and Althotas laughing gaily. "Master," said Balsamo, "master, you have blood on your hands, there is blood upon this table; there is blood everywhere, even in your eyes, which shine like two torches; Master, the odor I inhale, which makes me giddy and suffocates me, is the odor of blood!" Althotas showed him a large vase half filled with blood. Balsamo groaned; for in the corner of the room he saw a tress of long black hair and a ribbon he knew too well. "This is not a child's hair!" he said. "Did you not want the blood of a child for your elixir?" "Or of an unmarried female," said Althotas. "I have to thank you, Acharat, for placing that woman within reach of my hand. I took her. Thanks, my dear pupil; thanks, my dear Acharat!"

Balsamo then discovered under a cloth upon a table Loren-

za's corpse, with a large wound beneath the collar-bone. "Yes, blood! the last three drops of an unmarried woman, that is what I wanted," said the old man, putting the vial to his lips for the third time. "Wretch!" cried Balsamo, "die then! for she was my wife—my wedded wife! You have murdered her in vain! Die in your sin!" and, bending over Lorenza's body with a sob, Balsamo fell senseless on the floor.

That night the *five masters* called upon Balsamo and denounced him for having enabled Sartines to have certain agents of their secret society arrested. They demanded his accomplice, Lorenza Feliciani, who had carried the casket of papers to Sartines. Balsamo's answer was to bring them her corpse. "Now pronounce the sentence," said he; but the horrified judges fled in confusion.

Balsamo returned to Althotas. The old man was dying and begged for water to quench his thirst; but Balsamo gazed upon him as if rejoicing in his agony. With a last effort, Althotas opened a little bottle, the contents of which, at contact with the air, produced a liquid flame that set fire to his manuscripts. The flames reached Althotas; but Balsamo still stood calm and isolated upon the trap-door, watching the last agonies of his master. Then, without endeavoring to check the fire, he descended to lie beside the body of Lorenza; but, contrary to his expectations, the fire, after roaring all night in the vaulted stone room, extinguished itself.

Balsamo had neglected to awaken Andrée: and when she recovered from her magnetic sleep she was so ill that she obtained permission from the Dauphiness to retire to the convent of St. Denis, of which Madame Louise, the King's daughter, was Superior. This crushed the unrighteous ambitions of her father and spoiled Philip's career. The Baron cast off his son, and Philip sailed for America, the land of promise for the worshipers of liberty. Gilbert embarked on the same ship.

On May 9, 1774, great crowds gathered at Versailles; for it was a question whether the King, who had smallpox, would live or die. On a stone bench under the horse-chestnuts sat two persons—an old man absorbed in melancholy contemplation and a young man with a sardonic smile. The latter spoke sarcastically of the King. "Silence!" said his com-

panion, "you are speaking of a man over whom the destroying angel of God hovers. Look!" He called his attention to a wax candle in the window. "It will burn there as long as the King is alive." In a few moments the signal was extinguished. "The King is dead," said the old man, rising.

Suddenly a chariot drawn by eight horses dashed to the palace, passing by the two men. "Long live King Louis XVI! Long live the Queen!" shouted the young man in a harsh tone that sounded like an insult! The Dauphin bowed and Marie Antoinette showed her face, sad and severe, at the window.

"My dear Monsieur Rousseau," said the young man, "Madame Du Barry is a widow."

"To-morrow she will be exiled!" replied the other, "adieu, Monsieur Marat!"

THE QUEEN'S NECKLACE (1848)

This famous story was originally published in the *Mémoires d'un Médecin*. Joseph Balsamo reappears under his better known name of Cagliostro; and Nicole, the servant of Andrée de Taverney, as Oliva. Jeanne de la Motte and the Comte de Charny are new characters.

IN April, 1784, the Maréchal de Richelieu entertained several guests at dinner, among whom was Count Cagliostro, who reminded Madame Du Barry of the elixir given to her by his dead friend, Joseph Balsamo. He also poured a few drops from a small bottle he had in his pocket into Monsieur de Taverney's glass of champagne, which temporarily renewed the youth of the aged Baron. Presently he told the fate of each: La Pérouse would never return from his naval expedition; the King of Sweden was to perish by a gunshot; Monsieur de Condorcet would die of the poison in the antique ring upon his finger; Monsieur de Favras, though a nobleman, would be hanged; Monsieur de Launay, governor of the Bastile, would receive a blow on the head from a hatchet; Madame Du Barry would perish on the scaffold; and Richelieu would die in his bed. Taverney refused to hear a prediction of his own end.

When Taverney and Richelieu were alone with Cagliostro, Richelieu, wishing to prove the sorcerer's power, asked: "What makes Taverney come to Versailles instead of living at Maison-Rouge?"

"Ten years ago," replied Cagliostro, "Monsieur de Taverney wished to give his daughter, Mademoiselle Andrée, to King Louis XV, but he did not succeed; now Monsieur wishes to give his son, Philippe de Taverney, to the Queen Marie Antoinette."

The winter of 1784 was a terrible one in France. For four months the Seine had been frozen many feet deep, snow and ice

had blocked the streets and roads, and the poor had poured into Paris from the villages just as the wolves had been driven into the villages from the woods. Paris was without bread and fuel; and though the King and Queen had contributed large sums in charity, there was comparatively little relief. After a little thaw in March, winter began again in April.

About a week after M. de Richelieu's dinner, four luxurious sleighs entered Paris, in one of which sat two ladies enveloped in furs. When they reached the Porte St. Denis, the more majestic lady dismissed three sleighs and then ordered her coachman, Weber, to meet her with the cabriolet within an hour, adding "You know where." Then the lady stepped lightly from the sleigh with her companion, to the great distress of the coachman. Directed by a baker, they reached the Rue St. Claude, and, climbing to the fifth floor of a dark house opposite the one formerly occupied by Joseph Balsamo, rang the bell. The majestic lady inquired for Madame la Comtesse de la Motte and had herself announced as a sister of charity from Versailles. Jeanne de la Motte Valois told the lady, at her request, the story of her life, and how she, of Valois blood, had become reduced to poverty. The lady gave her a hundred louis and departed; but she unwittingly dropped a gold box, on the lid of which was painted the miniature of a German lady and the initials M. T.

Weber was waiting with the cabriolet when the two ladies left the house. The younger one, Andrée, told her companion that she did not like the look of cunning in the face of the Countess; but their discussion was interrupted by cries of "Down with the cabriolet! Down with those that crush the poor!" addressed to them by the crowd. The ladies were compelled to jump out, though the elder one was fearful of being recognized. When she asked Weber, in German, what it all meant, an officer standing by replied in the same language that she was reproached with having braved the police order which prohibited the driving of cabriolets, now so dangerous to foot-passengers, in the slippery streets. He thought she was a foreigner and begged her to escape; but when she asked for his services, he procured a cab to take the ladies to Versailles; and, at their request, became their escort.

They asked his name and he told them he was the Comte de Charny, a naval officer. The ladies got out mysteriously at the Place d'Armes and made him promise that he would not look after them. It was midnight, and the guard would not let them in. Shame and scandal would have been their lot had not the Comte d'Artois suddenly appeared. He took his sister-in-law and Andrée to his villa, where they spent the night, and then managed to slip into the palace in disguise as soon as the gates were open.

When Louis XVI, who suspected that his Queen was enjoying herself in Paris and ordered vigilance at the doors, called in the morning at half-past six, he found Marie Antoinette in bed. She confessed, upbraided the King for his treatment and congratulated him that his brother had sheltered her honor. She told him of her visit to the destitute Valois and begged him to give her a pension. The King had come with a present for the Queen—a jewel-box, in which lay a necklace of magnificent diamonds. "Shut the case and return it to the jeweler," she said, after the King had clasped it on her neck; for she felt that she could not afford to wear a necklace costing 1,600,000 francs when the King's coffers were empty and he was forced to stint his charities. The King was delighted with this sacrifice, and decided to give France a new ship with this money and to call it *The Queen's Necklace*. The Queen, however, asked a boon—that she might go to Paris to see Mesmer. The King reluctantly consented, providing she would be accompanied by a princess of the blood; and she decided upon Madame de Lamballe.

That morning Andrée presented her brother, Philippe, who had just returned from serving under Lafayette in America. The Queen reminded him that he had greeted her on the frontier in 1774 and that she had vowed to promote the happiness of the first Frenchman she should meet. Her beauty and coquetry inflamed Philippe's heart afresh; and he accompanied his sister and the Queen to the Swiss lake and pushed the Queen's sledge on the ice, where her Majesty's interest in him created no little comment.

In the evening the court was in a flutter at receiving Monsieur de Suffren, the hero, who told the story of his victory over

the English and recounted the gallant behavior of his nephew, whom he begged to introduce. To the Queen's astonishment, this was Monsieur de Charny. The Queen received the Cardinal de Rohan, whom she hated, very coldly; and her cordial reception of M. de Charny made Philippe de Taverney wild with jealousy.

In reply to an importunate letter, the Cardinal de Rohan called upon Jeanne de la Motte. He was surprised to see the box with the portrait and initials of Maria Theresa of Austria, and surmised that Marie Antoinette had been there. The Cardinal and Jeanne made a pact of friendship. When he left, Jeanne said: "Well, I have taken a great step in the world"; and the Cardinal reflected: "I think I have killed two birds with one stone; this woman has too much talent not to catch the Queen as she has caught me!"

At this period Mesmerism was all the rage in Paris and people of every class flocked to see Dr. Mesmer's magnetic demonstrations. Jeanne, in her search to find the distinguished lady who had called upon her, went one night to his house, where, under the influence of the electric fluid, she was certain she saw her visitor. The words: "It is the Queen!" from many lips startled her; but as she went out she met the real Queen and begged her to accept her mask and leave the place. The Queen promised to grant her an audience next day to explain matters, and left with the Princesse de Lamballe, without having been seen by anyone else.

The man who had pointed out the fictitious Queen (who was Oliva) to the people, suggested to a journalist that he should write a pamphlet "On the danger of being governed by a king who is governed by a queen who indulges in such paroxysms," and gave him fifty louis to publish it. He then followed Mademoiselle Oliva to her home and entered into a partnership with her, paying her a salary to go to balls, to see sights, to live and dress well and do whatever he required. She, with her lover, Beausire, procured dominoes, and met the stranger later at the masked ball.

When Jeanne returned home from Dr. Mesmer's, she found a messenger from the Cardinal waiting; and he conducted her to a beautiful little house in the Faubourg St. Antoine,

where the Cardinal welcomed her. At supper he told her the house was hers and she accepted the gift. Then she persuaded the Cardinal to take her to the masked ball at the Opéra.

The stranger, wearing a blue domino, walked about with Oliva and astonished her by describing her life at the Taverneys as Nicole and of her passion for Gilbert. He then led her toward the Cardinal and Jeanne, who were masked, and addressed the former in German, which neither Oliva nor Jeanne understood. The Cardinal was satisfied that the blue domino's companion was Marie Antoinette, and so were the bystanders, when some one pulled off her mask. The Cardinal was greatly angered at discovering Oliva, and left with Jeanne.

In the mean time, Beausire had joined a party of gamblers and swindlers of which he was a leading spirit; and a plan was formed for stealing the Queen's necklace. The idea originated with Manoël, a Portuguese, who said the jewelers, Boehmer and Bossange, did not know what to do with the necklace; for none but a royal fortune could buy it. He had thought of a purchaser, the Queen of Portugal, and he intended, with the help of his confederates, to impersonate the new ambassador from Portugal, who was expected to arrive in a week. He would arrive sooner, and open the embassy; and, with Beausire as interpreter, call at the jewelers' and get possession of the necklace. The next day the false Monsieur de Souza arrived with his suite and took up his residence at the embassy. The day following Manoël and Beausire called at the jeweler's, and angrily departed on being shown a copy of the famous necklace that had originally been made for Madame Du Barry. Boehmer then brought the real necklace to the embassy, and terms were discussed. Boehmer wanted 1,000,000 francs down and 600,000 francs in three months: but the jewelers could not think of letting the necklace leave France without giving the Queen another chance of refusal. The jewelers wanted three days for this.

Three days after the ball at the Opéra, two men called on the journalist, Reteau, to demand satisfaction on account of the compromising pamphlet he had written and published describing the Queen at Mesmer's. These were Philippe de Taverney and M. de Charny, who afterward, as jealous rivals for the

Queen's affection, fought a duel, in which Charny was wounded. Philippe then went to the house of Count Cagliostro, who allowed him to burn the thousand copies of the pamphlet that he had purchased. When he had gone, Cagliostro said: "I owed the brother some compensation for all I made the sister endure."

The King was informed of the infamous pamphlet and of the Queen's behavior at Mesmer's; but Madame de Lamballe explained that she and the Queen had not entered the rooms; and the Queen brought forward Jeanne de la Motte as a witness. The latter could have explained the whole matter; but, to serve her own ends, kept silent. Almost immediately afterward the Queen was accused of having gone to the masked ball. The Comte d'Artois, Philippe de Taverney, and M. de Charny each told her that they had recognized her when her mask dropped off. Again Jeanne could have spoken; but she would not. Andrée thought of Nicole's remarkable likeness to the Queen; and the latter then sent for Monsieur de Crosne, and begged him to ferret out the matter through the detective service.

Before Jeanne left, Boehmer and Bossange were received by the Queen; and the intriguing woman not only saw the dazzling necklace, but marked the Queen's longing to possess it and the struggle it cost her to refuse it.

On her return, she told the details of her visit at Versailles to the Cardinal. Then she said, "Dear Prince, did you tell me once that you would like to be minister? Well, I am sure that the Queen would make that man a minister who would place that necklace on her toilet-table." The Cardinal swallowed the bait, and the next day went to Boehmer and Bossange and purchased the necklace.

Boehmer called at the Portuguese embassy to inform the supposed ambassador that the sale was withdrawn. Manoël and Beausire were furious; and, in the midst of quarrels between the confederates, the real Portuguese ambassador arrived unexpectedly, and the rogues took flight.

Jeanne went to Versailles, where she obtained an audience with the Queen and told her that the Cardinal had purchased the necklace so that if her Majesty would not have it no one

else should. The Queen, touched by the delicate devotion, sent De Rohan a message: she would be delighted to receive him and she would accept the necklace as a loan. Her quarter's allowance from the King had just been received, and she gave Jeanne a portfolio containing 100,000 francs to take to the Cardinal. When Jeanne handed this to De Rohan, he looked pale. "Ah!" she thought, "it is far more serious than I imagined. I can get what I please from him; for he acts really from love and not from ambition."

On the day that the Queen was accused by her relatives and friends of having appeared at the masked ball, M. de Charny, still weak from his wound, fainted before he could leave the palace. He was cared for by the court doctor, Louis, who was startled by his delirious ravings about the Queen. The doctor called the Queen, who was terrified to hear his avowals of love for her. When he had partially recovered, she visited him and commanded him to leave Versailles. After he had gone, Andrée, who had fallen desperately in love with him and marked his passion for the Queen, announced her intention of entering the convent of St. Denis, which met her brother's disapproval.

The Queen now asked Monsieur de Calonne to arrange for her an advance of 500,000 francs without the King's knowledge, which he promised to do. He had hardly gone when the Cardinal entered to present the necklace. When he joined Jeanne in the carriage a few minutes later, he told her he had mortgaged all his revenue for the coming year to make the first payment; but after that he did not know where he should find the money! He also showed her a mysterious note he had received from a person who would call to see him that evening with regard to a certain sum of money. The caller was announced as the Comte de Cagliostro.

"*Mon Dieu!*" exclaimed the Cardinal, as he entered, "is it possible? Joseph Balsamo, who was supposed to have perished in the flames!"

Cagliostro had come to demand the sum of 500,000 francs that he had lent to De Rohan; and the Cardinal was forced to pay the debt. At this juncture the King refused to advance the 500,000 francs requested by M. de Calonne for the Queen; and the latter sent for Jeanne and told her all. "Oh! Madame!"

she cried, "we are lost—the Cardinal no longer has the money!" Marie Antoinette then gave the necklace to Jeanne, bidding her return it to the jewelers, who were to keep the 100,000 francs she had paid down, and to send her a receipt for the delivery of the necklace.

Instead of going to the jewelers', Jeanne went to the house of the journalist Reteau and sent the Queen a fictitious receipt from Boehmer and Bossange, which the Queen thought was genuine; and, her mind now tranquil about the affair, she locked the receipt in her cabinet and thought no more about it.

Jeanne's first intention was to sell a few of the diamonds and flee to England; but not being able to dispose of them, she locked them up and resolved to wait. She now discovered in the Balsamo house in the Rue St. Claude, opposite her old home, Oliva, whom Cagliostro had sheltered there, fearing the police might find her. Signals were exchanged; and Jeanne and Oliva having made friends, and Oliva having secured a key, they went out every night together. Jeanne took Oliva to Versailles, where they met the Cardinal; and, as Oliva was dressed like the Queen, the Cardinal received from her hands a rose, kissed her hands and was granted midnight interviews, thinking all the time that Oliva was Marie Antoinette. Charny, who saw the scene, was also deceived; and one day, when the Queen questioned him with regard to his troubled look, he told her that he had seen her in the park three nights with a man; he knew her very dresses; no, he did not recognize her companion, for she had kept her face hidden; the lover was called "Monseigneur." She denied it all; and, to overwhelm him with proofs, proposed to accompany him into the park to look for her double. Jeanne, scenting danger, told the Cardinal it was unsafe to go to the usual *rendezvous;* consequently, when De Charny and the Queen met at night there, the fictitious Marie Antoinette failed to appear. Thinking they were unnoticed, the Queen gave Charny a rose and her hands to kiss. "Now," she said, "they visited the baths —so will we!" Philippe de Taverney had seen them, however, and on the morrow he demanded leave of the Queen to join Monsieur de la Pérouse in the New World.

Jeanne, now thinking it prudent to hide Oliva in the country,

was amazed to discover that she had fled with Beausire. When the day came for the first payment on the necklace, Boehmer went to ask the Queen for it. He was stupefied to learn that she had returned it, and more amazed when she showed him the receipt. He also showed her a forged letter, which he had thought was real. The jewelers next visited the Cardinal; but the latter denied all knowledge of the necklace, thinking it was in the Queen's possession and that she had assumed the responsibility of payment. When the Cardinal saw the letter, he pronounced it a forgery.

"Then," cried the jewelers, "Madame de la Motte must know the forger and the robber."

Monsieur de Breteuil, an enemy of De Rohan, told the King the whole story, and said that the Queen and De Rohan were jointly accused of theft. Charny begged audience of the Queen and asked her to let him pay for the necklace; for he, like the public, thought she had it in hiding until it should be paid for. The Queen then summoned the Cardinal, and concealed Charny in the next room so that he might hear the conversation. The Cardinal denied having conspired with Jeanne, who could not be found, and upbraided the Queen for denying that she, accompanied by Jeanne, had met him in the park. Marie Antoinette sent for the King, and told him of the Cardinal's daring assertion that he was her lover, whereupon the Cardinal was arrested and carried to the Bastile. When left alone, the King said: "Madame, you know this must lead to a public trial."

"You have taken the only means of justifying me," was her reply. The King was now informed that the Queen had been seen in the park with M. de Charny; and he went immediately to the Queen's apartments, where he saw Charny on his knees kissing her hands. To prevent his being charged with high treason, the Queen quickly said he was gratefully kneeling to ask a favor—the hand of Andrée de Taverney. The delighted King said he would persuade her to leave the convent, and, moreover, give her for a dowry the 500,000 francs he had recently refused the Queen. As Charny left a burning kiss on the hand of the Queen, he read her anguish in her eyes.

The Queen called immediately at the convent, and found Andrée quite ready to give her hand to the man she loved; but

when M. de Charny went to Taverney Maison-Rouge, to ask the Baron for his daughter, Philippe opposed the marriage. The two rivals then had a conversation, during which Charny told Philippe the whole story. Andrée overheard it and fainted; and the Baron, on discovering that the Queen preferred Charny to Philippe, had a fatal stroke of apoplexy.

When Jeanne was arrested and brought before the Queen, she laid all the blame on the Cardinal and said he had the necklace.

Oliva and Beausire were arrested; and M. de Crosne brought Oliva to the Queen attired in one of her favorite costumes and with her hair dressed like her own. The Queen was amazed; but she was delighted that her justification had begun. A report was now spread that the diamonds were being sold in England by M. Reteau de Villette, who was found, arrested, and confronted with Jeanne. To her surprise, he confessed that, at her request, he had forged a letter from the Queen and a receipt from the jewelers. Jeanne denied that she had ever seen Reteau, and she also accused the Cardinal of a violent love for the Queen. When Oliva confessed everything, the blow to the Cardinal was overwhelming; for he discovered that he had insulted the Queen of France, a woman whom he loved and who was innocent. He would have shed all his blood at the feet of Marie Antoinette to make atonement; but he could not even acknowledge his mistake without owning that he loved her—even his excuse would involve an offense. Oliva confessed all without reserve. At last, Jeanne, driven from every hold, confessed she had deceived the Cardinal, but declared that it was done with the consent of the Queen, who had watched and enjoyed the scene hidden behind the trees. The Queen could not disprove the story, and many people believed it.

Cagliostro, who had requested to be incarcerated so that he might prove his innocence—for his connection with Oliva had compromised him—once in the Bastile had a good opportunity for working at the ruin of the monarchy, which he had been trying to undermine for so many years. Oliva kept her promise to Cagliostro, and uttered no word that could compromise him. The trial took place: the Cardinal, Cagliostro, and Oliva were acquitted; Reteau was sent to the galleys; and Jeanne de la

Motte was branded as a forger amid the hootings of the multitude.

On the day that the order for Cagliostro's banishment was made out, the marriage of Andrée de Taverney and the Comte de Charny took place; and after the ceremony the Queen sent for Andrée and gave her a paper for a wedding-present bearing the words: "Andrée, you have rescued me. That my honor is saved is due to you; my life belongs to you . . . This paper is the pledge of my gratitude, the dowry which I give you."

Andrée put the letter in the fire. Then Charny, who was waiting for her, took her hand; and, pale and silent, they left the room. Two traveling-carriages were waiting in the courtyard: Andrée got into one and Charny into the other; and they went their separate ways. Then Philippe cried in a tone of anguish: "My task is done!" and he, too, vanished.

THE BLACK TULIP (1850)

This story, in which the famous De Witte brothers and William, Prince of Orange, play important parts, is based on the tulip mania of the seventeenth century, when fortunes were made and lost in speculations with bulbs.

N the twentieth of August, 1672, the streets of The Hague, capital of the Seven United Provinces, were swarming with excited citizens, armed with knives, muskets and sticks, who were rushing toward the Buitenhof, where, on the charge of attempted murder, Cornelius De Witte, brother of the Grand Pensionary of Holland, was confined.

The Dutch were tired of the Republic, as John De Witte, the Grand Pensionary, understood it, and had conceived a violent affection for the Stadtholderate; and the people expected to see the office of Stadtholder restored in the person of William, Prince of Orange, son of William II and grandson, through his mother, of Charles I of England.

William was twenty-two at this time, and John De Witte had been his tutor. When the Dutch decided to reëstablish the office of Stadtholder, De Witte bowed before the will of his fellow citizens. Cornelius was more obstinate, and gave his signature only on compulsion. John De Witte had now resigned his office and Cornelius was lodged in prison. In the mean time, William of Orange waited eagerly for the time when the people, by whom he was idolized, should have made of the two brothers steps on which he might ascend to the chair of Stadtholder.

On the twentieth of August, 1672, therefore, crowds were swarming to the Buitenhof to witness the departure of Cornelius from prison.

The citizens, cocking their muskets and brandishing their hatchets, were repulsed by Count Tilly, captain of the mounted

troop of The Hague. While the tumult was increasing, John De Witte alighted from his coach and climbed the narrow stairs to his brother's cell. Here he found Cornelius resting on a mattress, having undergone torture. He had refused to confess a crime of which he was not guilty; and he now breathed freely on learning that he was condemned to exile and not to death. John told him of the raging multitude outside and of his plan to escape. On his inquiry as to what had been done with their important correspondence, Cornelius said that he had deposited it with his godson, Cornelius Van Baerle.

"Poor honest Van Baerle!" exclaimed John, "who knows so much, and yet thinks of nothing but of flowers and of God who made them. You have entrusted him with this fatal secret; it will be his ruin, poor soul!" Cornelius assured him that Van Baerle had not the slightest idea of the nature of the deposit, whereupon John sent his servant, Craeke, with a line written on the fly-leaf of his Bible by Cornelius to Van Baerle, telling him to burn the parcel entrusted to him without looking at it, adding, "Such secrets are death to him with whom they are deposited."

The crowd became more clamorous and a deputation went to the Town Hall to demand the withdrawal of Tilly's horse.

A young stranger who had watched all the incidents of this scene followed the crowd. His eye was keen, like that of a bird of prey, his nose aquiline, his mouth clear-cut and his hands were white and aristocratic. He leaned on the shoulder of an officer, who addressed him as "Monseigneur," and begged him to avoid recognition. With perfect coolness, which amazed his companion, his Highness saw the order granted to the mob, although he knew it meant the death-warrant of Cornelius and John De Witte.

Tilly was astounded. He put the order in his pocket, told his dragoons to wheel to the right, and exclaimed: "I would rather have my two hands cut off than have written one single letter of this infamous order. Now, ye butchers, do your work!"

Rosa, the pretty young daughter of the turnkey, Gryphus, informed John De Witte of the movements of the crowd, and told him of the safest streets. Then she induced her father to hide with her in a dungeon, while the mob forced the prison,

crying, "Death to the traitors! To the gallows with Cornelius De Witte!"

The people were furious on discovering that the brothers had escaped.

"You will see, Van Deken," said the pale young stranger, "that the poor fellow will find the gate which he hoped to find open closed against him."

Meanwhile Cornelius and John had driven to the Tol-Hek. The gatekeeper was grieved, but he had given up the key that morning to a pale young man, who had shown him an order from the Town Hall. They galloped through the streets hoping to find another exit, but were recognized by the mob, dragged out of their carriage and murdered.

The young man, William of Orange, who had witnessed the shocking scene, returned the key to the gatekeeper of the Tol-Hek just in time to let Captain Van Deken through. William blew a golden whistle, whereupon an equerry appeared leading a horse. William vaulted upon it and set out for the Leyden road. "Let us push on, Captain," he said, "that we may arrive at Alphen before the message which the States-General are sure to send to me at the camp." Then he malignantly muttered to himself: "I should like to see the figure that Louis will cut when he hears of the way his dear friends, the De Wittes, have been treated."

While all this was happening, Craeke had arrived in Dort and hastened to the ancestral home of Doctor Van Baerle. Being a man of wealth, Van Baerle was free to indulge his taste for the most elegant and expensive fad of the day—he had become a tulip-fancier; and all Holland talked of Mynheer Van Baerle's tulips.

He was beloved by his servants and bore ill-will to none. He had, however, unknown to himself, a ferocious and implacable enemy.

Next door to him lived one Isaac Boxtel, also a tulip-fancier, who was not rich like Van Baerle; and who, by economy and personal exertion, had made a name for himself. When, therefore, Cornelius Van Baerle was seized with the tulip mania, he scented a dangerous rival. Very soon Mynheer Van Baerle's tulips became celebrated. Boxtel watched him

tending his flowers from a tree in his garden, and then, wishing to see better, bought a telescope.

One evening he tied two cats together and threw them into the bed containing the rarest tulips; but the four finest specimens escaped destruction.

The Tulip Society of Haarlem had offered a prize for the production of a large black tulip without a spot of color. Van Baerle was determined to try for it, and so was Boxtel.

In a year's time, Boxtel spied some nut-brown tulips in Van Baerle's garden. He then neglected his own flowers to train his telescope upon Van Baerle's laboratory, and saw him heating, moistening, and staining seeds.

One day in January, 1672, Cornelius De Witte had visited his godson, and the latter took him into his dry-room. Boxtel, using his telescope, saw De Witte give Van Baerle a package, which the latter received with great respect and stowed away among his bulbs. Boxtel assumed that the package contained political papers. He was right. This was John De Witte's correspondence with the war minister of the King of France.

On the day of the terrible events at The Hague, Van Baerle was gathering the young suckers from his latest success—tulips of the color of roasted coffee, from which he expected to produce the black tulip.

He had just decided to call the flower *Tulipa nigra Barlœensis*, when Craeke entered, and begged him to read without delay the letter he brought. Van Baerle was too busy with his bulbs to give it attention. "Oh, sir, fly, fly, and quickly!" cried the servant who entered, "the house is full of guards of the State to arrest you." Van Baerle hastily wrapped the three bulbs in the letter that Craeke had brought, and secreted them in his bosom.

The magistrate demanded the seditious papers deposited by Cornelius De Witte, and on opening the drawer found the parcel. Breaking the seals, he exclaimed: "Well, justice has been rightly informed, after all." Van Baerle was arrested and conveyed in a coach to The Hague for trial.

This was the mischievous work of Boxtel, who had informed the authorities that Van Baerle was an accomplice of De Witte and had seditious papers in his possession. After Van Baerle's

arrest, Boxtel intended to climb over the wall and dig up the bulb which would produce the *Tulipa nigra Boxtellensis*. When he found that Van Baerle had removed the mother-bulb, he entered the house to look for the seedling-bulbs. In the register which Van Baerle kept he read: "To-day, 20th of August, 1672, I have taken up the mother-bulb of the grand black tulip, which I have divided into three perfect suckers."

"He has taken them to The Hague," exclaimed the frenzied Boxtel. "If he has them he can keep them only as long as he lives, and—" He therefore determined to hurry to The Hague.

Gryphus received Van Baerle with a grim joke. "Godson of Cornelius De Witte! Well, young man, you shall have the family cell!" The prisoner then heard for the first time of the murder of the De Wittes. When, afterward, Gryphus fell and broke his arm Van Baerle set it with the help of Rosa, the jailer's pretty daughter. Van Baerle's short trial resulted in a sentence of death. When Rosa came to bid him good-by, he gave her the three suckers with full instructions, told her of the prize offered by the Haarlem Society, and made over to her his rights in the black tulip. Van Baerle mounted the scaffold; but at the last moment William sent a reprieve, changing the sentence to imprisonment for life. There was one very disappointed spectator, who had bribed the executioner to let him have the remains. It was Boxtel, who thought that Van Baerle would die with the suckers next his heart.

Van Baerle was taken to Loevestein where, by means of pigeons, he communicated with Rosa; and one day she arrived, having succeeded in getting her father transferred to Loevestein. The gruff Gryphus was very cruel; but Rosa visited the prisoner every evening, and it was not long before they were declared lovers. Rosa still had the bulbs. Van Baerle asked her to cultivate one, while he tried to cultivate another; the third they would keep as a last resource. Rosa brought him soil, and Van Baerle planted his sucker in a jug. He taught Rosa to read and write.

One evening Rosa told him that her father had a new friend named Jacob Gisels, who was watching her tulip culture in the garden. Gryphus came in one day and saw Cornelius contemplating the first shoot, whereupon he destroyed the bulb.

When Gryphus told Gisels of his exploit, the latter cried in a frenzy: "Crushed! crushed! the bulb! My God, my God, crushed!" When Rosa described the scene to Van Baerle, his despair caused her to sob and exclaim, "I see that you love your tulips with such love as to have no more room in your heart for other affections." Then she fled and was absent for eight days. When she returned, she said that, menaced by Gisels, she had removed the bulb and had it in a pot in her room. Every night thereafter she brought news of its progress. At last she said that a thin line of black was visible. They decided to send a messenger to the Haarlem Society. Rosa brought him the flower: it was black and shining as jet.

Boxtel, or Gisels, had been watching Rosa. He saw her cultivate the tulip, take it to Van Baerle's cell, heard the plan of notifying the Haarlem Society, and saw her return to her room. When she went out again he entered her room by means of a duplicate key. Half an hour later, the distressed Rosa informed Van Baerle that the tulip had been unaccountably stolen. "Oh, Cornelius!" she cried, "forgive me, forgive me; it will kill me!"

Boxtel traveled to Haarlem, transplanted the flower, and announced to the Haarlem Society that he had arrived with the black tulip.

Rosa took what money she had, hid the third sucker in her bosom, hired a horse, and reached Haarlem only four hours after Boxtel.

She gained audience of the President of the Horticultural Society by announcing that she wanted to speak to him about the black tulip. She was told that Mynheer Boxtel had just presented one, which would be exhibited before the prize was awarded. He would not believe her story. She called again and asked the President to confront her with Boxtel, who she asserted was Gisels. As Van Herysen was about to answer, a crowd invaded his room, following a young man dressed in violet velvet embroidered with silver. It was William of Orange, who had come to see the black tulip. When told of the trouble, the Prince said he would hear the case and administer justice. "Ah! a Frisian girl," said the Prince, as he observed Rosa's gold brocade head-dress and red petticoat.

She told her story, not forgetting the true grower of the tulip, the prisoner of Loevestein. William then knew that she had solicited the transfer of her father to Loevestein. "Happy prisoner!" said he, smiling.

Boxtel now entered, bearing the tulip. "His Highness!" he cried on seeing William. "His Highness!" Rosa repeated in dismay. Boxtel denied having stolen the tulip and invented a story of his own. William grew pale when he heard that Cornelius Van Baerle was the prisoner in question. Rosa declared that he was guiltless of the crime of which he was accused; she said she could prove that Boxtel was a thief. He defied her. "How many suckers were there of it?" she said. "Three," he answered. "Where are they?" "Well, one failed; the second has produced the black tulip." "And the third?" she asked. "I have it at home," said Boxtel, quite confused. "You lie!" said Rosa; then, turning to the Prince she told him the story of the suckers, and produced the third from her bosom, wrapped in Cornelius De Witte's letter. This was a double proof of Van Baerle's innocence and his claim to the tulip. William took the paper, promising justice to Boxtel and recommending the care of the girl and the tulip to Van Herysen. Meantime, Gryphus and Van Baerle had come to blows, and Gryphus called in the guards; but Captain Van Deken suddenly entered, demanded the prisoner, and put him in a carriage drawn by four horses. William had dispatched Captain Van Deken to Loevestein, for Van Baerle. At the end of the interview with Rosa he said: "My child, the feast of the tulip will be on Sunday next, the day after to-morrow. Make yourself smart with these five hundred guilders, for I wish that day to be a great day for you."

"How does your Highness wish me to be dressed?" faltered Rosa.

"Wear the costume of a Frisian bride," said William.

The fifteenth of May, 1673, was a great day for Haarlem. The people poured forth in holiday dress and the black tulip was carried on a litter covered with white velvet and fringed with gold. The procession halted under the trees and carried it to the platform, on which was a gilded chair for his Highness the Stadtholder.

"What is all this?" asked Van Baerle, as his carriage drove up to the briliant scene of festival. Then he saw the black tulip. William arrived and looked coldly at Van Baerle, but yielded to his request that he might alight and look at the black tulip. William's keen eye saw three persons—Boxtel, Van Baerle, and Rosa in the costume of a Frisian bride—scarlet wool embroidered with silver and a lace veil falling from her head-dress of gold brocade.

"Let the person approach to whom the black tulip belongs," said the Prince. Boxtel rushed forward; Van Baerle made an involuntary movement, and an officer pushed Rosa forward. Van Baerle thought for a moment that Rosa had betrayed him and stolen the flower. "This tulip," said the Prince, "will figure in the catalogues as *Tulipa nigra Rosa Barlœensis*, which will henceforth be the name of this damsel," and he placed Rosa's hand in that of the young man, who rushed forward and greeted the Prince and his bride. At the same moment, Boxtel, crushed by the failure of his hopes, fell dead.

The Prince gave Rosa the hundred thousand guilders and to Van Baerle the letter of De Witte, in which the third sucker had been wrapped, and told him that his property would be restored. "Cornelius Van Baerle, you are the godson of Cornelius De Witte and the friend of his brother John. Remain worthy of the name and the friendship. The two De Wittes, wrongly judged and wrongly punished in a moment of popular error, were two great citizens, of whom Holland is now proud." So saying, he gave his hands to the lovers to kiss, and entered his carriage.

Van Baerle and Rosa went to Dort, and Gryphus was appointed to watch over the tulips. He was the rudest keeper of flowers in all Holland. Van Baerle remained devoted to Rosa, their children, Cornelius and Rosa, and his tulips. The most cherished ornaments of his drawing-room were the two leaves from Cornelius De Witte's Bible in large gold frames: on one was written Cornelius De Witte's letter; on the other, his own will, in which he had bequeathed to Rosa his suckers under condition that she should marry a young man of twenty-six or eight years, who loved her and whom she loved, a condition that had been fulfilled.

TAKING THE BASTILE (1853)

This book was originally published under the title of *Ange Pitou*, and belongs to the *Mémoires d'un Médecin* series. Gilbert, who was introduced in *Joseph Balsamo*, reappears here as a mature man. Ange Pitou, Farmer Billot, Catherine Billot, Isidor de Charny, Lafayette, and Sebastian Gilbert are new characters. Marie Antoinette is no longer the gracious princess of the earlier volumes, but is represented as the haughty and resolute "Austrian."

IN July, 1789, an unhappy boy named Ange Pitou was dismissed from school in Villers-Coterets by the Abbé Fortier, who considered him too dull to be taught. He was a long, lank youth of seventeen, more clever in climbing trees and snaring game than in writing themes. His mother had taken charge of the son of a young man named Dr. Gilbert, who, in gratitude for her care, promised to be the protector of her son, and, on her death, saw the boy's miserly old aunt, Angélique Pitou, who agreed to take charge of him and to have him prepared for some honorable profession. For this Dr. Gilbert agreed to give her two hundred livres a year; and, after placing the money with a notary, he left Villers-Coterets for America. Angélique had persuaded the Abbé Fortier to allow Ange to enter his school and try for a scholarship—an arrangement that cost her nothing. She expected her nephew eventually to become a priest, and then she would be settled for life as his housekeeper. For a time he had for a school-fellow Dr. Gilbert's son, Sebastian, but had since lost sight of him.

The fury of his aunt was so great when she learned that Pitou was expelled that he decided to run away; but he had not gone very far when he came across his friend, Catherine Billot, the daughter of "Father Billot," a rich farmer. She was riding her horse, Cadet, with a pannier of fowls on one side of the saddle and one of pigeons on the other. Pitou walked by

her side and told her his troubles, which were repeated to Father Billot when they reached the farm. To Billot, who was proud of having made his fortune without the aid of a schoolmaster—for he could neither read nor write—Pitou's disgrace was slight, and he offered him work, which Pitou accepted. When Pitou asked for news of Dr. Gilbert, who was Billot's landlord and friend, the farmer pulled out of his pocket a letter that he had just received and gave it to his daughter, who read as follows:

"My dear Monsieur Billot: I arrive from America, where I found a people richer, greater, and happier than the people of our country. This arises from their being free, which we are not. But we also are advancing toward a new era. Every one should labor to hasten the day when the light shall shine. I know your principles, Monsieur Billot. I know your influence over your brother farmers, and over the whole of that worthy population of workmen and laborers whom you order, not as a king, but as a father. Inculcate in them principles of self-devotedness and fraternity, which I have observed that you possess. Philosophy is universal; all men ought to read their duties by the light of its torch. I send you a small book, in which all these duties and all these rights are set forth. This little book was written by me, although my name does not appear on the title-page. Propagate the principles it contains, which are those of universal equality. Let it be read aloud in the long winter evenings. . . .

"Health and fraternity,

"Honoré Gilbert,

"Citizen of Philadelphia."

With a woman's instinct, Catherine begged her father to hide it, for she feared it might get them into trouble.

"Pshaw!" said Billot, "you are always afraid. Here is the pamphlet; and here is employment for you, Pitou. In the evenings you shall read it."

Catherine had just received a letter from Sebastian Gilbert, who had written to inquire for his father, not yet arrived in Paris. Catherine thought the news disquieting, and Pitou agreed with her.

Pitou was made accountant of the farm, and would have been serenely happy had his jealousy not been aroused by the attention paid to Catherine at the village ball by Monsieur Isidor de Charny, proprietor of the Château de Boursonne and brother of the Comte de Charny, in high favor at court. Pitou then began to comprehend the attacks made in Dr. Gilbert's book upon the nobility, the abuses committed by the

privileged classes, and the cowardice of those who submitted to them; and, after quarreling with Catherine about the Viscount de Charny, he sat down under her window to enjoy the pamphlet.

While he was reading, a dark shadow fell on the page; and, looking up, he saw a gentleman in black, who, recognizing the book, asked to whom it belonged. Prompted by Catherine, who was invisible to the stranger, Pitou said it was his. The gentleman beckoned to two sergeants, who arrested Pitou, tied his hands with a rope, and, fastening him to a ring in the wall, entered the house. The terrified Catherine leaned out of the window, cut the rope, and giving Pitou a double-louis, told him to hurry to Paris and find Dr. Gilbert. Pitou fled like a deer, and took a path which led into the road to Paris.

At about six o'clock in the morning an agent of the Paris police and two sergeants had arrived at Villers-Coterets and asked to be shown the residence of Farmer Billot. Billot, who was galloping about his estate, when told of the strangers, hastened home to find his house being searched under "his Majesty's orders"; and the indignant farmer was obliged to see his belongings turned topsy-turvy and every corner ransacked. Suddenly the officers found at the bottom of a wardrobe a small oaken casket bound with iron. The chief darted upon it as a vulture on his prey, and quickly concealed it beneath his coat.

When the men had left, Catherine told her father that Pitou had escaped and that the men were pursuing him; but Billot forgot Pitou when he discovered that the casket was gone. It was Dr. Gilbert's; and Billot had promised to keep it safe even at the risk of his life. He did not know what it contained; but Dr. Gilbert had said: "If ever it should be surreptitiously taken from you, the instant you discover the robbery set off at once, Billot, and inform me wherever I may be. Let nothing stop you, not even the life of a man!"

Billot said he would first go to the son, who was at college in Paris, and through him he would find the father; and, kissing his wife and daughter, he sprang upon Cadet and galloped away.

Pitou, hearing horses' hoofs and a voice calling to him, ran

faster than ever; but he was greatly relieved to find his pursuer was Billot, who dragged him up behind on Cadet. At Dammartin, Billot exchanged Cadet for Father Lanfranc's stronger Margot; and she trotted bravely toward Paris with her double load. On arriving at La Villette, Billot pointed out to Pitou the great red light that extended over Paris; and Pitou's keener eyes saw troops bivouacking. The first group of soldiers they passed answered their inquiries only by German oaths; the next informed them that the King had dismissed Necker and that the Parisians, who wanted him, were firing muskets.

Dashing through the howling mob and the burning barrier, Billot pushed his way till he reached the boulevard, where he was stopped by a procession in honor of Necker, whose bust, wreathed with crape, and one of the Duc d'Orléans, crowned with flowers, were features. Billot, who venerated both, mingled with the crowd; and one of the tired bearers of the bier, on which the bust of Necker stood, yielded his place to the stalwart farmer. Pitou was not far behind; but poor Margot had been captured by the mob. At the Place Vendôme, a detachment of the Royal Germans charged upon the people and bullets flew thick and fast. Two men fell beside Billot, whose life was saved by Pitou; and Billot, pursuing his way, charged the French Guards with cowardice in allowing the people to be fired upon by the Royal German Dragoons. A servant of the Duc d'Orléans gave Billot a loaded carbine which he fired; and, pointing to the duke at the window, cried: "Long live the Duc d'Orléans!" The cry was taken up by three thousand voices; and presently the crowd dispersed to obtain arms. Every egress had been cleverly blocked by soldiers; but Billot, seeing a pile of timber by the river, with his herculean strength took hold of a large joist and got the crowd to help him carry this ram to the gate of the Tuileries, which he forced, and a terrible scene of bloodshed followed.

Billot and Pitou escaped to the bank of the Seine, where they talked over the question. Billot explained to Pitou that "Madame Deficit" was to blame for everything; but Pitou interrupted by reminding him of his true mission to Paris—Dr. Gilbert's casket. Then they fell asleep; and when they awoke, Paris still had a savage aspect. There were no soldiers

to be seen; but the people were everywhere, and they were armed with every conceivable ancient and modern weapon. All the starving people who had been coming into Paris for three months had collected.

When Billot and Pitou saw Sebastian Gilbert at the College Louis le Grand, the latter told them that his father had been arrested on arriving at Havre, and had been thrown into the Bastile. Billot bade Sebastian good-by and told him that he was going to seek his father. "How can you obtain access to a prisoner of state?" asked the principal.

"Zounds! by taking the Bastile!" cried Billot. The crowd was horrified. "Where is the man of heart," cried Billot audaciously, "who will go with me and Pitou to take the King's Bastile? My name is Billot, a farmer of the Île de France. Forward! To the Bastile!"

"To the Bastile!" cried Pitou.

"To the Bastile!" cried the crowd; and they immediately marched toward the fortress, which the people hated as if it were a living thing—a monster that pitilessly devoured the human species. It was a senseless idea, of course; for the prison had provisions, a garrison, artillery; walls fifteen feet thick at their summit and forty at their base; and a governor, De Launay, who had stored thirty thousand pounds of gunpowder in his cellars with which he would blow up the Bastile and the Faubourg St. Antoine were he ever surprised. Billot, followed by his growing army, went to the Hôtel de Ville and forced from the Mayor, Monsieur de Flesselles, the keys of the cellar where the gunpowder was stored and also a passport to Monsieur de Launay, Governor of the Bastile. Then Marat took the crowd to the Invalides to get arms, and Billot went to the Bastile with a note from Marat to Gouchon, "the Mirabeau of the people," whom he met on the way. Marat also said the people should change the green cockade they were wearing for the colors of Paris—blue and red; and these ribbons were instantly procured. De Launay, whom the people hated almost as much as they did the Bastile, received Billot with contempt.

"If you order me out in the name of the King," said Billot, "I shall come in again in the name of the people."

The Bastile was taken by assault; and it was a singular sight to see this mournful and silent monument, which for centuries had been tenanted only by prisoners, their guards and a gloomy governor, now become the prey of the people, who ran through the courtyards, ascended and descended the staircases, buzzing like a swarm of flies, and filling this granite hive with noise and movement. De Launay was dragged away by the mob; and Billot and Pitou went to find Gilbert. Gilbert, the country lad of the Château de Taverney, was now about thirty-five, of pale complexion, black hair, penetrating eyes, a rather scornful mouth and handsome teeth. His dress was simple, but elegant from its extreme neatness. He embraced Billot and Pitou and inquired for his son; when he heard of the theft of the casket, he said: "Let me know who ordered my arrest, and I shall know who it was that contrived the robbery."

Gilbert was compelled to mount a triumphal car, from which he saw the crowd commit many atrocities that sickened him; and when he saw the heads of De Flesselles, De Launay and De Losme on pikes, he cried: "Oh, Balsamo! Balsamo! is it then such a triangle as this that is to be symbolical of liberty?"

Gilbert went to see Sebastian, and found him a pale, delicate, talented and aristocratic youth, and a seer of visions. In his semi-clairvoyant condition, he had seen a beautiful and aristocratic woman who he thought was his mother. "Sebastian! Sebastian! never speak to me of your mother!" cried Gilbert, and rushed away, leaving the boy overcome with emotion.

Having discovered in the archives of the Bastile Necker's signature to his *lettre de cachet*, Gilbert went to see the deposed minister. Madame de Staël, who had heard of Gilbert through Lafayette, questioned him regarding his sorcery, and was surprised to learn that he was a pupil of Cagliostro. Necker's papers showed that the warrant had been granted at the request of the Countess de Charny and indorsed by the Queen. Gilbert was still in the dark; for he had no idea who the Countess de Charny was. He thought, however, that there must be some connection between the arrest and the box stolen from Billot. At his request Necker gave him a letter to the King; for he

intended to ferret out the mystery of his arrest. Gilbert also told Necker that the monarchy was threatened by a brotherhood of three millions and that he himself belonged to every secret society. What he wanted to do was to place the King at the head of the movement. The greatest enemy to the throne, he said, was the Queen; and he added: "We who love the King, we who love France, should unite to neutralize her power and to annihilate her influence."

The King received Gilbert cordially; for he had read his pamphlets and admired them; and he was amazed to learn that Gilbert had been sent to the Bastile, and still more when he saw the signature of the Countess de Charny. "Sweetness, virtue, chastity itself," he murmured. "I will clear this up." Ringing for an usher, he sent for the Countess.

When she entered, Gilbert stammered—"She—she—Andrée!" Andrée denied any acquaintance with Gilbert.

"Sire," persisted Gilbert, "please ask the Countess if the real object of the arrest of this Gilbert was not to afford every facility to his enemy of obtaining possession of certain papers which might have compromised a lady of the court." Gilbert then declared he was the man who, sixteen years ago, had committed a crime and that she was the great lady.

Andrée denied everything until Gilbert exercised the same power over her that his master, Joseph Balsamo, had exerted and had transmitted to him. In her trance, Andrée confessed that she had had the casket stolen, and that it was now at her house; whereupon the King sent for it and gave it to Gilbert unopened. Andrée also acknowledged herself the instigator of the warrant.

The King was dazzled, but was not particularly pleased when he learned that Gilbert had acquired this power from Cagliostro; notwithstanding this, he granted his request to be made one of his physicians. He ordered Andrée to be carried to the Queen's apartments, where she awoke in the presence of her husband and Marie Antoinette, pronouncing the name of Gilbert in a terror-stricken voice, and thereby exciting the curiosity of the Queen.

Marie Antoinette had just had a long interview with her adored Charny, who had tried in vain to make her understand

the true significance of the revolt of the Parisians and the motto of the great masonic society, *Lilia pedibus destrue.* What had happened, he said, was only the prologue to the great drama that had been preparing in silence and darkness for twenty years.

The Queen was bitterly jealous of Andrée, although she knew that the coldest and most formal relations existed between this husband and wife; and she felt a secret pleasure in hearing Andrée's sad story, when she confessed to her that night that she was not worthy of the love and respect of an honorable man. Therefore, the Queen felt happy in knowing that there was this dark barrier between Charny and Andrée. "Was not this gardener's boy, this Gilbert," she thought, "a living symbol of what was occurring at the moment? This Gilbert, now become a learned man—this Gilbert, dressed in the black coat of the *Tiers État,* the Counselor of Monsieur de Necker, the confidant of the King of France, would soon find himself, thanks to the Revolution, on an equal footing with the woman whose honor he had stolen in the night like a thief." Gilbert was to her a terrible being; and, besides, it was to rescue him that the Bastile was taken. She decided to examine him and judge him personally.

Gilbert defied the Queen by threatening to put her under his mesmeric influence; and, while he was having an audience with her, the King entered. Marie Antoinette insisted on hearing what Gilbert had to say to Louis; and she bitterly opposed his advice that the King should show himself in Paris to win back the affection of his subjects.

Before setting out the next day, the King was implored by the Queen to protect himself by a fine coat of mail that she had purchased for him; but he refused. He went in his coach, and Gilbert in a carriage that belonged to Monsieur de Beauvau, the grand master of ceremonies, accompanied by the newly instituted National Guard that came from Paris to escort him. Billot and Pitou were among the crowd and Gilbert alighted to join them. These three kept very close to the King's slowly moving coach. Billot had on his hat an enormous tricolored cockade; the King had a white cockade in his. Billot said the national cockade had taken the Bastile and that

the King should adopt it; and he therefore offered his to Louis, who accepted it from his hands and placed it in his hat instead of the white one. This delighted Billot, but it grieved Gilbert, who said sadly: "The King is dead! There is no longer a king in France!"

The King was, however, pleased to hear the words "Long live the King!" cried as often as "Long live Lafayette!" but this was the last time he was destined to enjoy this gratification. At the Hôtel de Ville Lafayette advanced; and the King said: "Monsieur de Lafayette, I was looking for you to say that I confirm your appointment to the command of the National Guards."

When Louis returned to Versailles, the Queen welcomed him with great emotion; and fortunately, she did not note the silent hand-clasp that Charny and Andrée exchanged. When the Queen, however, saw the new cockade in the King's hat, she tore it out, and, without realizing that she was wounding a nation to its heart, threw it away.

Billot was in a state of perfect ecstasy: he had taken the Bastile; he had restored Gilbert to liberty; he had been noticed by Lafayette, who called him by name and employed him sometimes as a guard about his person; and he had seen the burial of the hated Foullon. As for Pitou, he also had become a hero.

Billot and Pitou, having been engaged in these glorious liberations, began to long for Villers-Coterets. However, Gilbert would not hear of Billot's leaving Paris: he said he needed his vigorous arm and his upright heart, his good sense and his patriotism. He was a staff that Gilbert could depend on. "You mean a blind man's dog," said Billot, with sublime simplicity.

"Precisely," answered Gilbert, who, turning to Pitou, bade him return to the farm and explain to Billot's family the great work he had undertaken. Billot instructed him to tell Catherine that he appointed her mistress of the farm; and Gilbert sent Sebastian in his care to the Abbé Fortier. "And now," said Gilbert to Billot, "we must set to work."

At this juncture, the Flanders regiment, celebrated for its Royalist sympathies, arrived in Versailles, and a brilliant re-

ception was determined upon. The Queen gave the soldiers the theater for the banquet-room; but she did not intend to grace the feast with her presence. She was called for, however, while the King was hunting; and, notwithstanding Charny's protests, she appeared. To make matters worse, in a moment of enthusiasm she gave a drunken soldier the black cockade of Austria, so hateful to French eyes; and this was considered an act of treason.

A few days later the starving women of Paris marched to Versailles, led by Maillard, the usher of the Châtelet. Since those women had muskets, cannon, gunpowder, pikes and pitchforks, should they not have a general? The National Guard had one: Lafayette was the general of the men; Maillard was the general of the women! Gilbert hurried to Versailles to warn the King; and the terrible army of pale and haggard but ferocious women advanced. In the fray Gilbert worked to save the King, and Charny to save the Queen; and while shots fell thick and fast Lafayette arrived. The first army came for bread; the second, for vengeance; but there was still another to come—led by Marat, Verrière and the Duc d'Aiguillon.

In his attempts to save the Queen's life, George de Charny, brother of the Count, was killed; but, owing to the efforts of the two Charnys, Lafayette, Gilbert, and Billot, the royal family was unharmed, though cries of "Down with the Austrian woman! Down with the Messaline! Down with Madame Veto! She must be strangled! She must be hanged!" mingled with the pistol-shots.

When Pitou arrived at the Billot farm and gave Catherine her father's message, he found her much changed. He watched her and discovered that she was meeting Isidor de Charny, who was her lover. She wanted Pitou on the farm no longer and dismissed him; whereupon Pitou raised a regiment and was soon able to write to Billot and inform him that he had enrolled the people of Haramont in the active National Guard and only awaited General Lafayette's order that they should be furnished with arms. Lafayette sent the order, and recognized Pitou as Commander of the National Guards of Haramont. He longed, however, to make Catherine love him, but in vain;

and he often saw her going to her daily *rendezvous* with Isidor in the forest near Villers-Coterets. One night, when she went by special appointment to meet him, he came on horseback, and, lifting her into the saddle, said: "Catherine, yesterday my brother George was killed at Versailles. My brother Olivier has sent for me; I must go." She uttered a cry. "If they killed one brother, they will kill another," she said. They bade farewell with tears. Catherine fell to the ground, and lay as if dead!

THE COUNTESS DE CHARNY (1853)

The chief personage in this book is Cagliostro, who is known to some of the characters as the Baron Zanoni. The secret meeting on the Danenfels, to which he refers at the Jacobin Club, is described in *Joseph Balsamo*. The Count and Countess de Charny, Dr. Gilbert, Sebastian Gilbert, Isidor de Charny, Ange Pitou, Billot, Beausire, Nicole (Mademoiselle Oliva), Marat, and Lafayette have appeared in former stories of this group. Mirabeau, Gamain, Guillotin, Bonillé and his son, Robespierre, and Barnave appear as new characters.

AT the door of an inn in Sèvres a man of about forty-eight, dressed as a workman, stood waiting, as he told the innkeeper, to see the procession from Versailles. The Queen, the King and the Dauphin, he said, had left Versailles and were going to the Tuileries, the result of which would be that Paris, having "the baker, his wife, and the baker's boy," would no longer want bread. However, he looked more frequently toward Paris than toward Versailles; and he was soon pleased to note the arrival of a workman, Gamain, with whom he made friends. Gamain said that he had just come from Paris, where he had made a secret door, for which he was liberally paid, and that he was taken to the house blindfolded. The pretended workman was greatly relieved to know that his house would never be recognized; and he was also interested to hear Gamain's experiences in working with Louis XVI at the forge.

They were interrupted by the arrival of Jean Paul Marat, Prosper Vivrières and the Duke d'Aiguillon, the latter disguised as a fishwife. The stranger, who had extracted all he wished from Gamain, mingled in the crowd, which was shouting "Long live Lafayette!" and "Long live Mirabeau!" and paying no attention to the King and Queen. By the side of the royal carriage rode Dr. Gilbert, who answered all the Queen's questions regarding the insolent nicknames that she heard addressed to her. Looking out of the carriage window, she

caught sight of the pretended workman and cried in terror: "Cagliostro!"

The sorcerer hurried down a narrow street, willing Gilbert to follow him, and entered a handsome house. He disappeared; but soon returned in a richly embroidered costume and with his hands sparkling with diamonds. Master and pupil met affectionately. Cagliostro showed Gilbert that no detail of his life was unfamiliar to him, Cagliostro, and said that he, supposed to have been killed in the Castle of San Angelo, was now known as Zanoni, a Genoese banker. He predicted the rapid advent of the Revolution and advised Gilbert to persuade the King to escape from France within the next few months.

The King, Queen, Dauphin, Madame Royale, the Princess Elizabeth and Andrée de Taverney reached the Tuileries. That night the Queen, when alone in her sleeping-room, mentally reviewed her life and had a vision of the horrible machine, decapitating her own head, that Cagliostro had shown her at the house of the Baron de Taverney.

The same night Sebastian Gilbert left the college of the Abbé Fortier in Villers-Coterets. He had heard of the murder of George de Charny and the excitement at Versailles, and feared for his father's safety. He left a letter for Pitou, explaining that he had gone to Paris to find his father. On the road he was overtaken by Isidor de Charny, who gave him a seat in his carriage and took him to Paris. While Isidor went to see the Queen, leaving Sebastian in the green salon, the Countess de Charny passed through, and Sebastian followed her, calling: "Mother, mother!" She recognized her child and took him to her house in the Rue Coq-Heron, where mother and son were intensely happy until the former denounced Gilbert. The Count de Charny was announced, and Andrée hid Sebastian in the adjoining room. Charny had come from the King, who wanted to see him and his wife happy together, and Charny wished to offer his love. It was a strange coincidence: the return of the child, depriving Andrée of the husband's love, and the love of the husband making that of the child impossible. On Andrée's refusal to come with him, and her excited command that he should not enter the next room, Charny gave a cry of agony and left.

When Andrée went to find Sebastian, the room was empty; and before she had had time to recover from this double loss, Gilbert stood before her. He demanded Sebastian; and she, in distress, said that he had fled. Gilbert put her into a trance, so that he might find where Sebastian was at that moment; and Andrée described how he had just escaped being run over and was now cared for by a rough surgeon in the lane of St. Hyacinthe. Gilbert went there and found his child being tended by Marat, as he himself had been twenty years ago. Marat showed Gilbert his paper, *L'Ami du Peuple*, in which he was denouncing the aristocrats, and introduced him to Guillotin, who brought a model of his horrible machine to show his friend. When Gilbert returned to his house with Sebastian, he found Pitou, who had come to Paris to assure himself of Sebastian's safety.

When, in the course of a week, Louis had a confidential talk with Gilbert, the latter advised him to place himself at the head of the Revolution and direct it; and also to make Mirabeau his counselor and minister and listen to his powerful voice. As Gilbert left, the Marquis de Favras entered, whom about ten days before he had met at the house of Cagliostro, when the seer had foretold his speedy death to Gilbert.

Favras had come to propose that the King should leave Paris, which proposal the Queen, who entered the room, warmly approved. When Favras had left, the King sent for the Count de Charny, who gave him the same advice that Gilbert had given—to rely on Lafayette and Mirabeau; and, if the ministerial combination should fail, then to flee with his family. The King had already decided, however, and handed Charny a letter to the Marquis de Bonillé at Metz, bidding Charny deliver it and make with the Marquis all the necessary secret arrangements for flight.

The return of "the baker, his wife and the baker's boy" to Paris had not had the desired effect. Flour and bread were as scarce as ever, and riots took place constantly. Gilbert insisted to the Queen that Mirabeau could save the monarchy, and got her promise to support him; but Cagliostro told him that she was not sincere, and only wanted to bring to her feet the man who hated her. Cagliostro, wanting to show Gilbert

the progress of the Revolution, took him to the Jacobin Club, where he pointed out to him "the future Brutus" and "the future Cæsar." The first was a little lawyer from Arras, named Robespierre, and the second, a comparatively unknown man called Bonaparte. Here Gilbert met Mirabeau, who said that he had been defeated hy the National Assembly.

About this time, Count Louis Bonillé arrived in Paris. The King was being watched by Lafayette, who was a cousin of young Bonillé; and the latter, knowing that he could not enter the Tuileries unknown to Lafayette, called upon him. The result was that Lafayette took him to the Tuileries, where the Queen very tactlessly showed more favor to Bonillé than to Lafayette, thereby offending the latter very seriously. Passing from the Queen's apartments, they found the King at his forge. The King remarked that he would like an apprentice and that he had need of his master, Gamain. Lafayette said: "God protect me, sire, from being a jailer, a watchdog, or a turnkey. No King was ever more free than you are now. Send for whom you please."

When the two noblemen had left, the King said to himself: "Well, I think the young man understood me, and that in eight or ten days Master Gamain and his apprentice will be here."

Lafayette having given orders that Master Gamain and his apprentice should be admitted, Gamain and Louis Lecomte presented themselves at the Tuileries. The King gave Gamain a lock to alter, while he and Lecomte retired by a private stairway to the King's study, where, upon the table, lay a large map of France. Here Louis and Count Louis Bonillé discussed the plan of flight as arranged by the latter's father and Charny.

That night when Gamain was returning home to Versailles very drunk, he was overtaken by Cagliostro, who questioned him, and learned among other things that there was an iron armoire behind the alcove of the King and that Gamain had seen the King and the apprentice studying a map of France with the roads picked out with pins. Cagliostro had his suspicions that the apprentice was Louis Bonillé, who he soon learned had returned to Metz.

Cagliostro's next step was to find Beausire, Nicole and their five-year-old son, Toussaint; for he wanted to make use of

them. Beausire told him of a Royalist conspiracy, supported by a Genoese banker, to murder Necker, Lafayette and Bailly and to take the King to Véronne, where a large army would gather, and then, marching to Paris, would force the city to capitulate, dissolve the National Assembly and restore the King to the throne. Cagliostro employed Beausire to be his spy and agent and took charge of Mademoiselle Oliva (Nicole) and her son, whom he dressed like the Queen and the Dauphin. He kept them in his old house in the Rue St. Claude until he removed them to the vicinity of the Château Marais at Argenteuil that Mirabeau was destined to buy.

On December 24th Cagliostro took Gilbert to witness the experiments of Dr. Guillotin's wonderful machine; and this was also described and discussed that same evening at the Princess de Lamballe's reception. When Dr. Gilbert made a sketch of it the Queen fainted; for she recognized the horrible instrument that had haunted her ever since Cagliostro had given her a vision of it on her arrival in France. On her recovery the Queen told Gilbert that the devoted Marquis de Favras had arranged to get the royal family out of France the next day; but suddenly Isidor de Charny, who was by now high in favor at court, entered with the news that the Marquis de Favras had just been arrested, because his plan to raise an army of thirty thousand men to assassinate Lafayette and the mayor of Paris had been discovered.

As Monsieur, who was also secretly engaged in this, and who had borrowed through Favras from the Baron Zanoni a large sum of money to support it, left the palace, Louis asked his brother for advice.

"I should abandon Monsieur de Favras," was his answer, "and swear fidelity to the Constitution." "Let it be so," replied Louis; "but this will not prevent my writing to Monsieur de Bonillé that our project still holds, and is only put off. The delay will enable the Count de Charny to collect together all who should follow us."

On December 26th Monsieur demanded admission to a sitting of the members of the Commune and denied all connection with Monsieur de Favras. Soon afterward the King also came and swore fidelity to the Constitution as decreed by

the National Assembly. While the Marquis de Favras was bearing his fate bravely in prison, Cagliostro, whom he knew only as the Baron Zanoni, visited him and offered to help him escape; but he refused and met his death on the scaffold with the greatest fortitude.

Mirabeau now had an interview with the Queen and promised his support to the monarchy, for which he was accused of treachery by the Assembly. After his long speech there, he went home; and, feeling ill, sent for his friend, Dr. Gilbert, who gave him an elixir that quickly restored him. Gilbert also suggested that Mirabeau should take a house in the suburbs—perhaps Argenteuil.

"Argenteuil!" exclaimed Mirabeau; "I have just sent a servant to look at some house there. Teisch," he continued, "did you not say you had found something there that would suit me?"

"Yes, sir," answered his valet, "a beautiful house, which my compatriot, Fritz, lived in with his master, a banker; it is just beyond Argenteuil and is called the Château Marais." Mirabeau suggested that he and Gilbert should make a trip there that very afternoon. They visited Mirabeau's old home and his father's tomb, and finally the Château Marais, which Mirabeau bought then and there. He was induced to purchase this place by two considerations. It had a luxuriant garden and near it dwelt a beautiful and elegantly dressed lady, of whom he caught a glimpse as she sat reading under the trees with her little boy playing by her side. The boy greatly resembled the Queen, with whom Mirabeau had fallen in love: Mirabeau's two passions, as everyone knows, were flowers and women.

Toward the end of March, 1791, Gilbert was summoned here to attend Mirabeau, who was again desperately ill. Mirabeau was anxious that Gilbert should inform the Queen of his illness; and he promised to repeat her words on receiving the news. Gilbert relieved Mirabeau sufficiently for him to return to his house in Paris, where Gilbert was again summoned suddenly. There, to his amazement, he found a veiled woman, who fell at his feet crying: "Gilbert! Gilbert! for mercy's sake, save him!"

"You, Nicole?" exclaimed Gilbert; and a terrible realization of the situation came across him. "Ah!" he said to himself, "Beausire sells pamphlets against him and Nicole is his mistress. All is lost; for Cagliostro's finger is visible!" Then he hurried into Mirabeau's room and found his condition worse than ever. His last act was to write in a scarcely legible hand the words "Fly! fly! fly!" "For her," he murmured, giving the paper to Gilbert, who hurried with it to the Tuileries.

A few months before Mirabeau's death, Farmer Billot attended a meeting at the masonic lodge in the Rue Platrière, and was received into the brotherhood, as were also Antoine St. Just and Louis Philippe, Duc d'Orléans. The brotherhood was addressed by Cagliostro, who began by asking any members who were present at the reunion which took place twenty years previously near Danenfels, to raise their hands; half a dozen were lifted. Cagliostro then reminded these persons that when he had given them the motto, *Lilia pedibus destrue*, and told them it would require twenty years to accomplish his work, they had thought the time too long. He reviewed the events, asked if they could believe the King's oath to support the Constitution, and told them that the second revolutionary period was about to dawn. He then gave them the three great words: "Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!" and defined them.

On April 2nd the Count de Charny arrived at the Tuileries and discussed with the King the route the royal family should take. He also saw the paper with Mirabeau's last words to the Queen: "Fly! fly! fly!" In this interview with Charny, the jealous Queen discovered that he loved his wife. To this wife he now sent his brother Isidor, with messages; and to him Andrée confided the care of a letter for her husband in case he was wounded, and in which all her love for him was expressed.

In disguise, and with the greatest caution, the royal party escaped and got into a coach that was awaiting them in the Rue Nicaise. Early in the morning, they were joined by Charny, who had ridden back to Paris to obtain the simple dress of a man riding post. His news was that the King's flight had so far not been discovered. Isidor de Charny, in the mean time, was riding on ahead to order the horses. At Clermont Isidor's

livery was recognized by Damas, who was rather terrified by rumors of insurrection, but agreed to let the royal carriage pass and then close the road. Here the horses were changed and the carriage was off like lightning. At Varennes the Queen was recognized; and the King was amazed when a citizen—Jean Baptiste Drouet—forbade his advance. Charny pursued the latter, who escaped and, crossing the high road, commanded the postilions who were driving the King to stop in the name of the nation, which was now more powerful than that of the King. Through Isidor de Charny's threats and the Queen's bribes the postilions resumed the journey, but only to find that the roads were blocked. When the passports were not found satisfactory, the King admitted the truth, and the royal party entered Sausse's tavern to await the arrival of Monsieur de Bonillé; but the King soon received a visit from a deputation of the National Guard to remind him that the King was forbidden to leave France. The King ordered horses put to his carriage at once.

"So be it, sire," said Hannonet, "call your hussars; I will appeal to the National Guard."

De Choiseul found that half of his hussars had mutinied; and, while he was appealing to the remnant, Drouet appeared on the scene. He was attacked by Isidor de Charny, who fell under Drouet's fire, exclaiming: "Poor Catherine!" At that moment, Olivier de Charny arrived; and, after embracing his dying brother, sought the King and Queen.

While he was endeavoring to reassure them, a man of about fifty entered, panting and breathless, and with an air of insolence exceeding anything they had yet seen, exclaimed: "In the name of the National Assembly, all of you are my prisoners!" He was accompanied only by De Romœuf, a young aide-de-camp of Lafayette. When matters were coming to a crisis, Charny, taking the arm of the newcomer, said: "A word with you, Monsieur Billot, if you please." They retired; and Charny, who had known Farmer Billot from his boyhood, asked for an explanation of this mission of vengeance. Billot recounted his late history: how his house had been invaded and Gilbert's casket stolen; how he had set out for Paris, where, to rescue Gilbert, he had stormed the Bastile; and how, when he re-

turned to his farm, he had found that Catherine had for a lover Isidor de Charny. The latter he intended to kill; but Charny told him that his brother had just been shot.

The royal family were now compelled to return to Paris. On the way they met a coach, from which three men descended; and the oldest of these, opening the door of the King's carriage said roughly: "I am Pétiou and these two gentlemen are Barnave and Latour Maubourg. We are sent by the National Assembly to escort the King and to prevent popular anger from anticipating justice. Sit closer together and make room for us."

Barnave asserted that he was the successor of Mirabeau; and, like Mirabeau, he soon fell in love with the Queen. He rendered the rest of the journey more comfortable and agreeable; and at length the coach entered Paris, where amid great danger it pursued its way to the Tuileries. As the Queen stepped from the carriage, she caught a glimpse of Cagliostro. "You! You!" she cried.

"Yes, I," he replied. "I have need of thee yet to push monarchy into the deep abyss, and so I save thee!"

The infuriated crowd was attempting Charny's life and overwhelming Drouet and Billot with honor. When the Queen, who had fainted at Cagliostro's words, revived, she found herself in her bedroom in the Tuileries. It was not long before Charny arrived to ask permission to call on his wife in order to assure her of his safety; for Charny had found among his brother's papers (one of which bequeathed to him the care of Catherine Billot and their child) a letter addressed to himself from Andrée, which he had not yet read. The jealous Queen hearing of all this heartlessly told Charny that Andrée was unworthy of his love. He demanded an explanation; and as Gilbert suddenly entered, the Queen ordered him to give it. When Charny heard the story he thanked Gilbert for telling it; and, bowing to the Queen, he hastened to Andrée.

He found her in the Rue Coq-Heron and told her of his love; and in her presence he broke the seal and read the letter. Clasping each other, heart to heart, they found their happiness at last.

Behind a door of a dark room on the ground floor of the Tuileries, Marie Antoinette stood anxiously awaiting Barnave,

who was coming to inform her of all that had taken place. The King, who had also been awaiting Barnave, had retired to see Gilbert. At last Barnave appeared; and the Queen, unlocking a door, hurried him into a private room for a confidential talk. He told her frankly of the political situation, and discussed the Jacobins, the Feuillants, Danton, Laclos, Brissot, Robespierre, Lafayette, and the National Guard, the Duc d'Orléans, Bailly, and the municipality. He promised to come the next evening. In the mean time Gilbert had given the King the same information.

The next day the latter informed the Queen that the petition to depose the King had failed; and also that a letter that she and the King had sent to Monsieur, authorizing him to ask the intervention of Austria and Prussia, had been intercepted. Gilbert begged the Queen to favor the cause of liberty; and when she went to talk to the King, an usher handed Gilbert a letter from Cagliostro ending as follows: "Leave, then, those two beings called in derision King and Queen of France, and hurry to the Hospital of Gros Caillou. You will find there a dying man less fatally affected, though, than they, for you may save him; while without doing them any good you may be borne down, down, by their fall." Gilbert sent this letter to the King and Queen by Madame de Campan.

Paris now tried to persuade itself that the Revolution had ended; but it was really just beginning. The day came on which the King was to swear to the Constitution; and he went to the Assembly to take the oath. In their humiliation and distress, the King and Queen were obliged to feign joy; and they went to a gala performance at the Opéra. The pit hissed the Queen when she entered her box; and she caught sight again of Cagliostro, who was leaning against a column. During the performance, the Queen saw Cagliostro make a sign, which the whole pit obeyed as an order, crying with one voice: "No master! No mistress! Liberty!"

"Long live the King! Long live the Queen! Long live our master and mistress!" cried the galleries and boxes; but again the pit howled: "No master! No mistress! Liberty! Liberty! Liberty!" The Queen fainted as they took her to her coach.

On the second day of October, two days after the dissolu-

tion of the Assembly, Barnave was received in the great cabinet. "Well, Monsieur Barnave," the Queen said, "are you satisfied? The King has followed your advice and sworn to the Constitution." Barnave intended to leave Paris and had come to say farewell; for the Assembly to which he belonged was ended; and his popularity was gone.

"But," said the Queen, "Monsieur Barnave, you will not go?"

"Certainly, if the Queen bids me stay, I will remain; but if I remain," he answered, "instead of being called weak, I shall be a traitor." He tried to make her understand the political condition, and showed her that the monarchy was in jeopardy and that any friends of the Queen would be imprisoned and probably suffer death.

The Queen, somewhat touched, said: "Monsieur Barnave, what can we do for you?"

"You, Madame, personally can do much," he answered, "give me your hand to kiss." She did so, and rising, he vowed to fall with the monarchy.

Then he bowed and retired.

"Poor hollow nut!" the Queen sighed, "it required but a little time to reduce you to a mere shell!"

ANDRÉE DE TAVERNEY (1855)

In this book the great tragedy of the French Revolution unfolds from July 17, 1791, to February 15, 1793. Many of the characters introduced in the former volumes of this series disappear. Charny is killed, dying for the Queen, as were his brothers; his wife, Andrée de Taverney, perishes on the scaffold; Louis XVI is executed; Billot, Gilbert and Sebastian, the son of Andrée, depart for America; and Pitou marries his old love, Catherine Billot. Cagliostro mysteriously leaves France; for his great work, mapped out in the introduction to *Joseph Balsamo*, is ended.

YOUNG man in the uniform of an officer of the National Guard reached the Champ de Mars by the Rue de Grenelle on the seventeenth of July, 1791. The scene, lighted by the moon in its second quarter and hidden from time to time by dark, billowy clouds, was terrible; for the Champ de Mars presented the appearance of a battle-field covered with the dead and wounded, in the midst of which, like ghosts, men went to and fro, throwing the dead into the Seine and carrying the wounded to the military hospital of Gros Caillou.

"Good God!" exclaimed the young officer, "it is worse than they told me."

Borrowing a lantern, he began his search for a friend, calling all the while, "Monsieur Billot! Monsieur Billot!" Examining a body that was being carried past him, Ange Pitou—for it was he—recognized his old friend, and had him carried into the hospital, where, fortunately, he found Dr. Gilbert; for the latter had obeyed Cagliostro's letter bidding him "leave those two beings called in derision King and Queen of France and hurry to the Hospital of Gros Caillou." The dying man that he was instructed to save he discovered was Billot, who had been severely wounded in the head. Pitou explained to Gilbert that he had come to Paris to find Catherine and to take her to her dying mother. He found Paris in a state of tumult; and from the first group he met he learned

what had taken place at the Champ de Mars. Bailly and Lafayette had fired on the people; the people cursed them loudly and deeply; and there had been a terrible massacre as the result of a patriotic petition.

It was necessary to tell Catherine of the illness of both her parents, and Gilbert and Pitou went to inquire for her at the Charny's in the Rue Coq-Heron. The Count and Countess had just gone to the country; but the porter gave them Catherine's address. Pitou called at Catherine's lodgings, where he was affectionately received by her and was fascinated by her child, Isidor de Charny.

Billot, however, too ill to speak, gave Catherine a look of hatred, and she left the hospital for Villers-Coterets, taking her child with her. Madame Billot's last moments were gladdened by the sight of her daughter, and she died in a few days. Pitou, who followed Catherine, showed her the most delicate sympathy in her grief. Billot also came in time to learn that the Abbé Fortier had refused to bury his wife—Billot's devotion to Voltaire being notorious—and, although still ill, he broke open the church, assembled the choristers, and dragged in the Abbé, only to denounce the priest and dismiss him. Then he buried his wife, with the aid of Pitou, and stretching his hand over the tomb said:

"God is my witness, that I swear eternal war against the King, who would have assassinated me; against the nobility, who would have dishonored my daughter; against the priests, who have refused burial to my wife!"

Catherine, under Pitou's protection, took refuge in her old room at Father Clovis's at Haramont to avoid Billot, who was sent to the legislature. On going, he left his farm in charge of Pitou and intimated that Catherine should share the management, although he intended never to see her again.

The new legislature was armed against two enemies—the nobility and the priests. As for the King, it was hoped that he would not listen to the Queen, nor to the aristocracy, nor to the Church; if he did, he would fall with them. He was no longer called a King, your Majesty, nor Louis XVI—merely the executive. It was Billot who bestowed upon Louis the name of "Monsieur Capet." According to the new law, there was

no longer a general-in-chief of the National Guard; and consequently Lafayette sent in his resignation, October 9, 1791. The news of the events in La Vendée, the massacre in Avignon, and the insults from all Europe broke like a thunderbolt on the Legislative Assembly.

On the twentieth of October, Brissot passed an act taxing the revenues of the refugees; and Condorcet confiscated their property and exacted from them the civil oath—a civil oath from men who were leaving France and arming against her! Two representatives saw the future, one the Barnave, the other the Mirabeau of the new assembly, Verginaud and Isnard.

The leading spirits of the Feuillants were Barnave, Lafayette, Lameth, Duport, and Bailly, who was still mayor. They saw in the decree against the priests "a decree rendered against all public conscience," and in that against the refugees "a decree that broke all family ties"; and the Feuillants prepared and the Directoire of Paris signed a protest against these decrees, in which they implored Louis XVI to interpose with his veto. Dissensions spread, and the fight between the Assembly and the Feuillants soon extended to the Jacobins, represented by Robespierre, and to the Cordeliers, represented by Danton.

Suddenly the Queen came to help the Jacobins against the Feuillants. Lafayette hoped to succeed Bailly as Mayor of Paris; but the Queen, who hated Lafayette, made the Royalists vote for Pétiou, her brutal traveling-companion on the return from Varennes.

At this juncture Gilbert was summoned to the palace. It was Madame Elizabeth who awaited him; for she feared the King would be poisoned, and desired an antidote, and as he was giving her some advice regarding the best policy for the King to adopt, the Queen entered. Gilbert advised that the new minister, Monsieur de Narbonne, recommended by Madame de Staël, should be succeeded by Dumouriez.

Narbonne's ministry lasted three months, and when he fell in March, 1792, he was succeeded by Dumouriez, who explained to the King in his first interview that he was a man of the people and could not conduct the office as did his predecessors. He spoke of the terrible dangers that assailed the throne, and the necessity of the King's sustaining public confidence.

The same evening Dumouriez entered with four despatches, which he read to the King; and it seemed to him that some one was listening behind the tapestry. As he was leaving, he was summoned to the Queen, who said that neither she nor the King would allow all these innovations. He tried to explain the situation to her, but it was impossible; and he left her weeping and in despair. Dumouriez appointed as Minister of the Interior Roland, who, like the King, was governed by his wife; both women exerted such an influence over their husbands that all four were led to the scaffold.

Dumouriez, when the King dismissed him, said in taking leave: "From regard, from the purest attachment, from love of my country, for your safety, that of the crown, the Queen, your children, in the name of everything that is sacred and dearest to a man's heart, I beseech your Majesty not to refuse your veto. It was not when you promised to sanction the decree you did wrong; it is to-day, when you refuse to keep that promise. People are abusing your conscience, sire; they are leading you into civil war; you are without resources, you must succumb, and while history will pity you, it will reproach you for occasioning the misfortunes of France."

On the twentieth of June a great crowd in three army divisions, led by Santerre, St. Huruge, and the terrible Amazon, dressed in red and wearing sword and pistols, Théroigne de Mericourt, proceeded to the Tuileries, singing *Ça Ira* and crying "Long live the *sans culottes!*" "Down with Monsieur and Madame Veto!" and many insulting cries. They had come to present a petition to the King; and had not thought to enter the Tuileries, although they expected the deputies to go in. The gates and doors were guarded by several regiments and battalions of the National Guard and four pieces of cannon. The palace was invaded by the mob, however, and it was only owing to Gilbert's tact that the royal family escaped. He persuaded the Queen to show herself and the Dauphin; and several ferocious men turned away, filled with admiration instead of hatred. Gilbert also protected the King, who was insulted by Billot; and, to please the throng, Louis donned the red bonnet.

After the crowd had left, the King and his sister joined the

Queen and her children. They embraced as if saved from shipwreck; and the King, who remembered that he still wore the red cap, threw it from him in disgust. A young officer, who had witnessed all the humiliations and dangers the King had passed through, said as he saw him toss the red bonnet away:

"Oh, if I had only twelve hundred men and two pieces of cannon, I would soon rid the King of all that mob."

This young officer was Napoleon Bonaparte. On the 11th of July, the Assembly declared the country to be in danger; and the court expected an attempt on the King's life on the 14th—the anniversary of the fall of the Bastile. An address of the Jacobins, dictated by Robespierre, strengthened this belief. The King donned the famous breastplate that he had once refused to wear, and gave Madame de Campan a portfolio of valuable papers to keep; and, on arriving at the Champ de Mars, Louis left the carriage and took his place at the left of the President of the Assembly. As the Queen and her children went to the tribune reserved for them, she passed the figure of a man dressed in black with a wreath of cypress. When she asked who it was, the figure replied: "The executioner!" And when she tremblingly asked: "What has he under that crêpe mantle?" the answer was "The ax of Charles the First."

The Queen turned pale; she had heard that voice before. The man who spoke was the one she saw at the Château de Taverney; again on the Sèvres bridge; and when they were returning from Varennes. It was Cagliostro; and with a cry she fell fainting in Madame Elizabeth's arms.

The Queen had great hopes of being rescued by Prussia and Austria, and she expected the allies to be in Paris by the middle of August; but she had not counted on the *Marseillaise*.

The fascinating Charles Barbaroux, who so charmed Madame Roland, a Marseillais himself, wrote to Rebecqui at the beginning of July: "Send me five hundred men who know how to die." Rebecqui chose them himself, recruited from the French party at Avignon; and Barbaroux sent them the new song just composed by Rouget de l'Isle in Strasbourg, thinking it would enliven their weary march. Sung by these Marseillais,

this *Chant du Rhin* changed its character and became, instead of a hymn of fraternity, one of violence and death.

Santerre promised to receive the Marseillais at Charenton with forty thousand men. What Barbaroux expected to do with Santerre's forty thousand men and his five hundred Marseillais was this: at one blow they were to take the Hôtel de Ville and the Assembly, then pass to the Tuileries, as on the 14th of July they had passed to the Bastile; and on the ruins of that Florentine palace proclaim a republic.

The Tuileries was put in a state of defense, and became a fortress with a formidable garrison, and three tried commanders —Maillardot, D'Hervilly and Mandat—assured safety. Gilbert begged the Queen to fly while there was still time; but she refused and proudly showed him the defenses. Gilbert, however, begged to be allowed to write a letter; and was addressing Charny, as the only one who could influence the Queen, when that nobleman, in the habit of a naval officer, entered.

The Queen appreciated Charny's devotion, but insisted that her duty was "to maintain royalty in all its nobility and grandeur, to guard it that it be not stricken, and fall worthily if need be, as did the gladiators of old, who studied how to die gracefully."

On the bloody 10th of August, Charny perished while endeavoring to save the life of the Queen, and the latter, removing her shoes, bathed her feet in his blood, murmuring:

"Oh, Charny! Charny! why does not my blood flow here to mingle in eternity with thine!"

After that day of carnage, the Tuileries presented a terrible spectacle—blood-stained, smoking, deserted by all save a few detachments of soldiers and those who came to look for their dead. Among these was the Countess de Charny, who was recognized by Pitou, who was on guard and who took her under his protection, and escorted her to the Queen. The latter, veiled, went with Andrée to the room in which lay the body of Charny.

"Ah!" said the distracted Queen, "who can tell who loved him the best?"

"Oh, my beloved Olivier!" murmured Andrée, "I hope you know now who loves you best!"

Andrée, with Pitou's aid, had the body conveyed to the Rue Coq-Heron and asked Pitou to send Gilbert to her the next morning; and when he came she reviewed her life of sorrow and its brief last days of happiness. Gilbert, who had been guilty of a great wrong to her, could atone in one way she said—send her poison. He agreed; and on leaving gave Sebastian, who was waiting with Pitou in a carriage, a small vial attached to a gold chain, which contained a liquid.

"Sebastian," he said, "give this, from me, to the Countess de Charny."

The youth returned after a quarter of an hour.

"What did she say?" asked Gilbert.

"She said, 'Not from thy hand, my child.'"

"She is saved then!" cried Gilbert, embracing Sebastian with tenderness. But Gilbert reckoned without Marat; for eight days later he learned that the Countess de Charny had been arrested and taken to the prison of the Abbaye.

On this terrible day Beausire took the opportunity to steal some diamonds from the palace, which he removed from their setting and swallowed. He was tracked by Maillard to the house where he lived with Oliva, who still resembled the Queen, and their son; the diamonds were recovered, and Beausire was hanged.

The royal family were taken to the Temple. The King was lodged alone in mean accommodations; and the Queen shared hers with her two children, Madame de Lamballe, Madame Elizabeth, and Madame de Tourzel. The revolutions of 1789—that is those of Necker, Sièye, and Bailly—ended in 1790; those of Barnave, Mirabeau and Lafayette in 1792; while the great Revolution—that of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre—was beginning. Danton's began in 1792, Marat's in 1793, and Robespierre's in 1794.

On the 1st of September, when Gilbert was about to call on Cagliostro, the latter entered his door.

"Cagliostro!" said the doctor.

"Good!" replied the sorcerer; "but don't forget that I am no longer Cagliostro, but the Baron Zanoni. To you, dear Gilbert, I am always Joseph Balsamo."

They discussed the Revolution and the future of the King

and Queen; and Gilbert asked a favor—to save the Countess de Charny. Cagliostro wrote a cabalistic sign on a piece of paper.

"Take this, my son," he said, "go to Danton and ask him anything you like."

Danton gave Gilbert an order for the release of the Countess de Charny; but when he took it to her she tore it up.

"Monsieur Gilbert, I wish to die," she said. "All I ask of you is that you will recover my body and place it by the side of Monsieur de Charny in the tomb of his château at Boursonne; there I spent the only happy days of my life."

Gilbert vowed to save her in spite of herself. At her trial Andrée maintained she was guilty and cried "Long live the King and Queen! Down with the tenth of August!" Gilbert witnessed her execution, and by Maillard's permission was allowed to carry away her body.

The royal family were now guarded in the Temple by two commissioners, who placed before the entrance a tricolored band bearing the words: "Citizens, you who know how to systematize your revenge, respect this barrier; it is necessary for our safety and our responsibility."

What an epoch! when oaken doors were broken open and iron bars forced, yet they knelt before a ribbon!

During the terrible massacre that took place at La Force, the Princess de Lamballe was executed. She had been transferred thither, as had Madame de Tourzel. The Princess was the "Queen's counselor," capable of advising as well as loving the obstinate, headstrong and haughty Marie Antoinette. The Queen loved her, and she loved the Queen so much that although safe in England, knowing that the Tuileries was threatened, she returned to take her place by the Queen's side. When the executioners came for her, with sleeves turned back and bloody hands, she fainted. On recovery, she was asked to "swear to liberty, equality, and hatred to the King, Queen, and all royalty."

"I can easily swear to the first two," she said, "but I cannot swear to the rest; it is not in my heart."

Her cry of horror at the frightful scene brought upon her the fury of the populace; and, although a heavy bribe had been given to the executioners by her stepfather, she perished.

When the King and Queen were brought to the window to see her head and heart, the Queen gave a cry and fell fainting into the arms of Madame Royale and Madame Elizabeth.

After the battle of Valmy, won by Dumouriez, who, on leaving the ministry, had again taken up his work as general and received the title of Commander-in-chief of the Army of the East, the National Convention emancipated Europe in proclaiming the Republic on September 21st. At the trial of the King, January 16th, the vote was taken on three frightfully simple questions—"1st, Is Louis guilty? 2d, Shall an appeal be taken from the judgment of the Convention to the judgment of the people? 3d, What shall be the punishment?" The session lasted seventy-two hours; and although what was taking place was sad, somber and lugubrious, the appearance of the hall gave no idea of the drama. The back part had been transformed into boxes, in which the handsomest women of Paris, in their winter costumes of velvet and furs, ate ices and fruit and received the calls of the men as at the theater.

Vergniaud read the result of the voting. Of the seven hundred and twenty-one voters, three hundred and thirty-four had voted for banishment or imprisonment, and three hundred and eighty-seven for death.

"Citizens," said Vergniaud, with an accent of profound grief, "I declare, in the name of the Convention, that the punishment which it pronounces against Louis Capet is death."

On arriving at the scaffold Louis refused to be tied or have his eyes bandaged; and, turning to the executioners, he said:

"Do what you will; I will drain the cup to the dregs."

On ascending the steps of the scaffold, he ran to the other end of the platform. The drums were beating; he was flushed and animated and imposed silence, saying in a strong voice: "I die innocent of all the crimes that have been imputed to me; I pardon the authors of my death, and I pray God that the blood you are about to shed may never fall upon France."

Thus on January 21st, 1793, died King Louis XVI. In the evening of that terrible day, when the pikemen were running about the streets carrying rags stained with blood and crying, "The tyrant is dead!" Gilbert and Billot sat in a house in the Rue St. Honoré discussing the subject. As Gilbert said: "Ah,

believe me, my friend, it is the Republicans who ought to deplore the blood of Louis XVI the most, for the blood will fall upon them and cost them the Republic," a voice said: "There is truth in what you say, Gilbert," and Cagliostro entered, and after some conversation said:

"You, Billot, voted for death, and you, Gilbert, voted for life. Will you listen to a last piece of advice from me? Duty and vengeance are accomplished; there is no need of you here —leave! Neither of you is a party man; you are men of instinct. Now that the King is dead, the parties will find themselves face to face and destroy one another. Leave, my friends, leave!"

"But—France?" said Gilbert.

"Yes, France," said Billot.

"France materially is saved," said Cagliostro. "The enemy outside is defeated; the enemy inside is dead. Leave in peace! Before the ax is laid down, the aristocracy will be decapitated; before it lays down the tricolored flag, Europe will be conquered. Leave, my friends, leave!"

"Oh," said Gilbert, "God is my witness that if the future you prophesy is true, I do not regret France; but where shall we go?"

"Ungrateful!" exclaimed Cagliostro, "do you forget your second country, America? Do you forget those immense lakes, those virgin forests, those prairies vast as oceans? Have you not need, you who can rest, of the repose of nature, after these terrible agitations?"

"Will you follow me, Billot?" said Gilbert, and the two men threw themselves into each other's arms.

"The *Franklin* sails in thirty-six hours for America," said Cagliostro; and, going to the door, he brought in Sebastian.

Gilbert then wrote a farewell letter to Pitou, commending Catherine to his care; and in ten minutes Gilbert, Sebastian and Billot were rolling along in a post-chaise to Havre.

The events predicted by Cagliostro marched with a rapid step, leaving an indelible stain of blood. Among the decrees was the confiscation of property. The estate of the Count de Charny and the property of Gilbert and Billot—considered as *emigrés*—were put up for sale.

Catherine, however, had promised to marry Pitou, greatly to the annoyance of his aunt Angélique, who died suddenly, having starved herself to death. To his amazement, Pitou found a fortune hidden in her old arm-chair, amounting to 37,200 livres, with which, unknown to Catherine, he purchased the Billot farm and the Charny estate—the Château de Boursonne. Immediately after the marriage, Pitou took Catherine on a walk to the farm, as she thought, to take a last farewell of her old home; but in the large hall, where all the servants and farm-hands were assembled, she received from the hands of her son, Isidor, two papers: one was a deed of the Billot farm in her name, and the other that of the Château de Boursonne, bought in the name of Isidor.

And in one embrace Catherine pressed to her heart her child and her husband.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS (*Fils*)

(France, 1824–1895)

CAMILLE (1848)

(*La Dame aux Camélias*)

The reputation of Dumas the younger may be said to have begun with the publication of this novel. In his earlier work he had shown some disposition to follow in the line of his father's writings. In this story he struck out a manner for himself "seeking success in truth of observation and exactitude of delineation, especially in that doubtful world where so much misery is often hidden under a surface of showy vice." The character of Camille, which has been variously interpreted and made the subject of much discussion, was drawn from that of a woman whom Dumas had known in Paris, Marguerite Gautier; her grave, in a Parisian cemetery, is still visited as a shrine by the sentimental. The story was dramatized by the author and produced at the Vaudeville in 1852 with brilliant success; it still holds the stage both in the original and in translations.

ARMAND DUVAL came to Paris with a firm belief of the great things he was to do in the world. But he would see life first and have his fling. He had an income of 8,000 francs a year.

"You can live very well in Paris on your income if you add to it by law or medicine," said his father. Armand smiled the superior smile of twenty-one, went to Paris, studied law, put his diploma into his pocket and proceeded to enjoy himself. He lived at the rate of 1,000 francs a month and did not owe a sou. He spent four months of the year on a visit to his father, and thus he achieved a reputation of having an income of 12,000 francs a year and of being a dutiful son.

He really loved his father and his sister; and he was not such a very wild young man after all.

One day, as he was strolling idly along the street, an open carriage drew up in front of a shop near the Bourse, and a girl of

eighteen dressed in white and carrying a bunch of camellias, alighted amid a murmur of admiration from the bystanders.

She was elegantly dressed in a robe of muslin. Her India shawl was richly embroidered, and her straw hat and single bracelet were in the extreme of fashion.

Her hair, black as jet, waving naturally, lay in two large bands above her brow and disappeared at the back of her head, exhibiting the extremity of ears in each of which hung a diamond worth four or five thousand francs. One of the bystanders said, as the beautiful creature swept into the shop: "Judging from her walk, that woman is either a virgin or a duchess!"

Armand stood rooted to the spot until the girl again appeared and was driven away. "Who is she?" he inquired.

"Oh, they call her the Lady with the Camellias, because she always has those flowers with her. She calls herself Camille Gautier, I believe." The tone of the speaker was such that Armand did not dare ask more.

He began to seek for her everywhere. One night at the Opéra Comique he saw her in one of the front boxes. She was dressed with the same elegance as the first time, but far more gorgeously, and she flamed with jewels. She had with her three articles without which she was seldom seen: a great bouquet of white camellias, a box of bonbons, and a lorgnette.

Armand's companion said: "Look at that pretty woman! Ah, she sees me and smiles. I will speak to her and return. Or, come you along, and I will introduce you."

"Ask her permission first," answered Armand.

"Nonsense!" replied his friend. " It is silly to talk thus when Camille is in question."

Presently his friend returned. "Come," he said, "she awaits you."

Camille had a woman companion with her and was eating bonbons. She paid little attention to Armand, but rallied his friend in a rather free manner. At some stupid remark of Duval's both she and her companion laughed impudently. Armand immediately arose, bowed, and left the box.

He was almost cured of his infatuation at that moment; it had been well for him had he been quite cured. But he waited after the play to see Camille come out. She came, the woman

with her, and two young men. At the door was a servant to whom she said:

"Tell the coachman to drive to the Café Anglais; we will walk thither." And what did the youth do but walk thither, too.

The next week all his infatuation was aflame again when he heard that Camille was ill. Every day he called at her door to inquire after her until he was informed that she had recovered and had gone to take the waters at Bagnières. Then he went home to his father and dreamed of Camille. Gossip had told him strange things of this fair girl, who a year before had come to Paris a simple country lass, hardly able to write her own name, and now spent a small fortune every month on her luxuries.

Camille, attended only by her maid, lived the quiet life of an invalid at Bagnières, where all sorts of people were represented. Among them was an aged foreign duke who had brought thither his daughter, a girl of the same age as Camille. The girl died there; and the Duke's grief was intense. While he was in the midst of his mental agony he suddenly met the Lady with the Camellias in the street. In his blinded mind came the thought that the spirit of his daughter had appeared to him; and, indeed, there was an extraordinary resemblance between the dead girl and the living one. Seizing Camille in his arms the old man wept over her.

Camille told the Duke that she was an orphan, ill and friendless, and he bade her consider herself as taking the place of his daughter. The weary girl consented. Visions of a new life began to dawn upon her. She felt that her life in Paris had been a terrible, fevered dream.

At first the frequenters of the spa laughed and wagged their heads, but when they found that the old Duke really regarded Camille as his daughter they sped to the old man with stories of the girl's past.

The old man summoned Camille and told her what he had heard. With tears Camille confessed all, and begged the Duke to take no more interest in her—she was unworthy of his kindness and would go away.

Camille's confession was a heavy blow to the Duke. From that moment her resemblance to his dead child vanished from

his eyes. But she had become a necessity of the old man's life. Her care was his only pretext for wishing to live longer.

Therefore he asked her whether she thought herself capable of rejecting her past life forever. If so, he would still be her friend and protector.

With fresh tears of gratitude Camille embraced her benefactor and declared that the past was buried forever. Her peaceful mind, the waters, exercise, natural fatigue and sleep had in a measure restored her by the end of summer.

Then the Duke accompanied his *protégée* to Paris, where the world was shocked at first until it learned the real situation.

Camille was established in a little home of her own, where the Duke visited her daily as a father might visit a daughter. No dandies hung over her chair at the Café Anglais at night now, and when she visited a theater she was accompanied by a duenna, and no young men about town dared stroll nonchalantly to her side as they had done formerly.

Two years from the time when Armand Duval had first been entranced with the loveliness of Camille, he was walking in the foyer of the Variétés with a friend, when a woman passed, plainly dressed and veiled, with whom his friend exchanged bows.

"Who is she?" asked Armand.

"Camille Gautier," was the reply.

"She is greatly changed," was all Duval could say.

"So you know her?" responded his friend. "Well, she is greatly changed. She has been adopted by a rich old duke of some sort, I believe; but the poor girl has consumption and will not last long."

Armand's heart beat violently. His friend looked at him in surprise. "Why," said he, "are you in love with her?"

"Oh, no, I never spoke to her but once, and then only for a minute."

Later Duval saw Camille in her box. She was still beautiful, but with a hectic, frail beauty, contrasting strongly with the fresh, youthful loveliness that had been hers two years before.

Armand discovered that a woman whom he had formerly known, Prudence Duverney, lived next door to Camille in the Rue d'Antin. Prudence was all her name implied, except

that it took no great diplomacy to make her tell all she knew Prudence was forty, had once tried to act, made a failure and relying upon her knowledge of Paris, had gone into the millinery business and made a success. She was Camille's milliner, and a companion for her.

"She must be a charming person," ventured the wily Armand, "I wish I knew her."

"Oh, well, at the opera some time I will introduce you."

"Could you not arrange it so that I could call—as your friend?" faltered Armand.

"Oh, dear me, no!" said Prudence. "Mademoiselle Gautier receives nobody. That is, nobody but the Count de N——. She allows him to make only the most formal calls. But, do you know, she borrows money of him!"

"Borrows money of him?" Armand winced.

"Oh, yes, but you must not mention it. The Duke would be furious if he knew. You see the Duke allows her sixty thousand francs a year, but what is that to Camille? In spite of what the Duke allows her and what she borrows, she is deeply in debt."

When Prudence told Camille of the young man who so ardently desired to make her acquaintance, a thoughtful, sad look came into her eyes.

"Armand Duval," she said, meditatively. "Yes, bring him."

Camille remembered Armand. "Armand Duval!" she repeated, and then arose and paced the room. Her agitation brought on a coughing fit, and when she took her handkerchief away from her lips it was streaked with blood.

Armand found Camille as Prudence had said, living in the greatest luxury, indulging in all whims of extravagance. Luxury and extravagance had become a second nature to her.

There was a feverishness about the girl, a longing for excitement, and, perhaps, for love, such as she had never known. What she had promised the old duke at Bagnières had seemed easy there; but in Paris at times she had a fierce longing to dance on the wild winds of dissipation into that eternity which she was so rapidly approaching.

When Armand called with his friend Gaston he said, "Mademoiselle, I have already had the pleasure of an introduc-

tion to you." Camille pretended to forget at first, and then said, "Oh, yes, I remember. I fear I was very saucy that night. But you will forgive me? I have a whim for embarrassing people I see for the first time. The doctors tell me it is because I am nervous and always in pain."

"But you seem well," answered Armand.

"Ah, I have been very ill. You know that, for was it not you who called every day to inquire for me when I was first taken sick, two years ago?"

"It was," replied Armand.

"That was kind of you," said Camille, looking at the young man, with frank, tender eyes. "How can I thank you for it?"

"Let me see you sometimes."

"As often as you like. Gaston, play the 'Invitation to the Waltz' for us."

The music gave Armand an opportunity to say to Camille things that he had wished to say for two years.

"We talk idly," said Camille suddenly. "You tell me you love me. You would best never say so. But give me your hand. Gentlemen, supper is served."

As they went out, Camille said, aside: "You are rich; but do you know that I spend six thousand or seven thousand francs a month; that this expense has become necessary to my life? Do you not know that your family would never receive me? Love me as a friend and come to see me often. I speak sincerely to you, you see."

After that Armand did frequently call on Camille—as often, in fact, as he dared to do; and the love between them became franker and more intense every day, till each felt it impossible to live without the other.

One day Camille, after a coughing fit, said to Armand: "Be not distressed. Short as my life will be, I fear it will outlast your love."

"I tell you no!" replied Armand.

"Come, sit here beside me," responded Camille. "Do you know I have been economizing? In a month I shall be out of debt. Then I shall go into the country to live. You see, sir, your sermons have had effect."

"Camille," said Armand, "I love you as I believe never a

man loved a woman before. Why will you hold me thus at arm's length? What care I for my family when you are concerned? Let us leave this Paris together and go where none shall have aught to say of who we are or what we do. We can be happy together; we shall be miserable apart."

"Ah," sighed Camille, "what might have been! But it is too late now. Oh, those terrible words—too late! Armand, leave me. I can bring you nothing but misery. I have brought no man happiness, nor ever can. This feverish life of mine is rapidly being extinguished. In a brief period I shall be no more, either to love or to hate, to be reviled or to be flattered. Go, I beseech you; if you love me. Go and never see me more. I shall at least carry into that mysterious region called death the consciousness of having done one good deed in that I dismissed you. Go!"

As was usual when Camille was strongly excited, her outburst was followed by one of those attacks common to her disease that left her exhausted. "Come," said Armand when she had partially recovered herself, "let us take a stroll in the country. The fresh air will do you good." Taking Prudence along, they drove to Bourgeval, and, leaving the carriage at the "Daybreak House," they wandered through the woods.

Camille was dressed in white and clung to Armand's arm. The sun shone bright on her as on a chaste bride. In one of the winding country roads they came upon a little house of two stories, with a lawn and flower-beds in front of it.

"What a pretty house!" said Camille, and sighed.

"Would you be happy here?" asked Armand.

"Happy? Ah, yes, I should be happy. And you—would you bury yourself here?" So they talked and builded air-castles and dreamed dreams until the closing night warned them to return to Paris and the dark destinies of fate.

That night Camille again saw her duty plain before her, and her duty fought with her love for Armand; or rather, that love made her duty all the more plain. Armand was young, with the opportunity of a long and useful life before him. She was sinking rapidly toward the grave; she was peevish, extravagant, deadly ill; she could be only a burden to him. The name he bore was old and honorable and a union with her

would inevitably separate him from his family and from all his worldly prospects. Shuddering, Camille turned her face to the grave and her back on happiness with Armand.

The next time Armand sought Camille's door he found it closed against him. "Madame was not at home." He sought Prudence, who gave him to understand that the woman was tired of him. Armand watched the house. Knowing this, Camille arranged that the Count de G—— should be admitted at the door that had been closed to Armand. Armand returned home furious.

He remembered now that for a long time he had not answered the letters of his sister and his father—that he had omitted his usual visit to his childhood home. He had been extravagant, too, and had spent not only his income, but a larger part of the principal left him by his mother.

He called to his servant: "Joseph, pack the trunks and take places in the diligence for C—— to-morrow."

He wrote a letter to Camille announcing his intention of going away forever. The messenger who took it came back with the word that there was no answer. Yet despite this, Armand found that he could not force himself to leave Paris thus. He would seek out Prudence and inquire after the health of Camille.

Prudence received him calmly, and told him that Camille was very gay and as well as usual. She thought his idea of returning to his father was excellent and wished him a pleasant journey. Armand thereupon wrote a note to Camille apologizing for the letter he had sent the day before and begging that he might call to say farewell. When he returned home he found his trunks in the hall ready for the diligence that was to leave that afternoon. Eagerly he listened for the sound of the door-bell, hoping against hope that there would be an answer to his last note. Suddenly the summons came. "Monsieur, two ladies," said Joseph. It was Camille, accompanied by Prudence. Duval seized the hand of his love and kneeled.

"Pardon me," said he.

She kissed him and asked for what.

"Because," answered Armand, "I was about to go away."

"Let not my visit alter your determination," replied Camille.

"Armand, I love you, but we must part. We creatures of chance have fantastic desires and wishes and inconceivable loves. I loved you first, I think, because when you saw me suffer you took my hand and wept. What I say is foolish, but I once had a dog who looked at me as you did. But you must leave me."

"Ah, Camille! let us forget everything except that we love each other." Again the actual presence of Armand overcame all the resolves that Camille had made. She wept that it was foolish of her to have seen him again, but the lovers were reconciled, and their reconciliation drew itself out to such lengths that at last the eminently practical Prudence said: "Come, come, young people. I am hungry. Let us all go to supper."

"Unpack the trunk, Joseph," said Armand.

"The diligence has been some hours gone, Monsieur," replied Joseph, without a smile.

Camille now induced the old Duke to buy for her the little house at Bourgeval, which she and Armand had so much admired. Armand took apartments at the "Daybreak House." They saw each other often, and always Armand begged that Camille let him go to the Duke and tell him of his love. But no. Camille would temporize. She still looked upon herself as having will enough to send Armand away at last, to dismiss him on that journey to his father which she had interrupted by her weakness.

So, gradually, there grew up in Camille a belief that they might after all be happy together. One night, as they sat watching the moon rise, she said: "Armand, ours is no common love. But I tremble lest, repenting some day, you should look on the past as a crime. Say, then, that you will never leave me."

"I swear I never will," replied Duval.

"It is now winter," continued Camille. "Let us go to Italy and begin life there again. I dread to return to Paris. In Italy no one will know us. I will sell all I have, and we will live there in the sunshine. Do you wish to go?"

A spasm shook the slender frame of the woman, and one of her terrible paroxysms of coughing brought the tears to the eyes of Duval.

"I did but dream," said Camille, when she could again speak. "Go Armand, go—but let me see you again soon."

The following day Armand went to Paris. He had to raise more money. At his lodgings, which he still retained, he found three letters from his father, in all of which the old gentleman expressed anxiety about his son's silence. The letters had been there for some time, and while Armand was reading them the faithful Joseph came in with news of the first importance. "Monsieur," said Joseph, "your father is in Paris. He sends word that you must wait upon him instantly."

"I am sorry I was not in Paris when you arrived yesterday," said Armand, when he entered the paternal presence.

"Armand, we have serious things to talk over," replied the old man. "Do you know a woman named Camille Gautier?"

"Yes," answered Armand.

"Well," replied the father, "you must never see her more. Oh, yes; you will tell me you love her, but I have investigated her past. Leave her at once. You have, for her, forgotten the most holy things and permitted the noise of a scandal to reach our province and cast a shadow over our honorable name.

Armand's great love for his father was swept away in a wild passion. He sprang up and refused to listen further to anything said against Camille. The name of Duval, he cried madly, would not be sullied by her bearing it, but rather ennobled. "Camille is as noble as a woman can be," cried Armand. "If you could only see her!"

His father looked compassionately at him for a moment and then said: "I think you are mad." He left the room, slamming the door behind him.

Hurrying to Bourgeval, Armand told Camille of his father's arrival in Paris and of the scene between them. He swore that nothing should make him part from his love. Camille was grave and solemn.

"You would best see your father again," she said at last. "You may be able to come to some better understanding. Promise me that to-morrow you will go to Paris and see your father again."

The next morning she insisted on it with such vigor that Armand yielded, half puzzled.

At his father's hotel he found the following note left for him: "If you come to see me to-day wait until four o'clock. If I am not back by that time dine with me to-morrow. I must speak with you."

His father not having arrived home by four, Armand went back to Bourgeval.

"Madame is in Paris," the servant who answered the bell told him. The next day Camille did not return, and no one at her house would give any information as to her whereabouts. Armand, needing air and physical exertion, set out to walk to Paris. It was midnight. Clouds covered the sky and a bitter wind swept over the country.

At first Armand almost ran, then he settled into a slower pace and began to consider the situation more calmly until he was convinced that Camille had left him forever.

At daybreak he reached the Barrière de l'Étoile. The sight of the city restored his strength. At Camille's house in the Rue d'Antin the porter informed him that Madame was away from home—away with Madame Duverney; but a letter had been left for Monsieur Duval should he call. Armand did not dare open the letter until he had turned the corner of the street and felt that the watchful eyes of the porter were no longer upon him. Then he broke the seal and read: "When you read this letter all is closed between us of that pleasant incident which we flattered ourselves was love. Return to your father and to that chaste girl, your sister, who is ignorant of all these agonies which we know. Camille is indebted to you, however, for the only happy hours of a life which she hopes will not last long. Adieu!"

Armand ran like a madman to the Hôtel de Paris and entered abruptly his father's room. The old gentleman was reading, and looked up with little surprise when his son burst in upon him. Armand gave him Camille's letter without a word, and, throwing himself on the bed, wept scalding tears. At last his father said slowly: "You see I was right when I denied that she really loved you."

The next day father and son returned to C——. What Armand did not know was that, while he had been waiting for his father at the hotel, the father had been at Bourgeval. At first he had greeted Camille with hauteur and menace. Then

he begged that she see his son no more. He no longer commanded, he supplicated.

"Think you I love your son?" asked Camille.

"Yes," answered M. Duval.

"Do you know that his love is the dream and hope of my life?"

"Yes."

"Well, sir, embrace me once as if I were your daughter, and that will make me firm against a love which it needs all my strength to resist."

"You are a noble girl!" exclaimed the father.

It was only after Camille's death that Armand knew of her last sacrificial renunciation. It came to him when he read the journal she had kept for his eyes alone and had bequeathed to him when she died; for poor Camille did not survive her separation from the man she loved. In a few months, while Armand was in Egypt, she died.

THE CLEMENCEAU CASE (1867)

This novel, which Dumas *fils* wrote at the age of forty-three, was dramatized by its author and Armand d'Artois in 1880, and an English version by William Fléron was produced at the Standard Theater, in New York, January 25, 1890, which aroused popular sentiment considerably. The character of Iza appealed to Dumas sufficiently for him to introduce it again in other plays: in *La Comtesse Terremonde*, in *La Princesse Georges;* Valentine in *Le Demi-monde*, and again in *La Femme de Claude.*

O Maître Rollinet, Advocate of the *Cour Royale:* As you came to me the moment you heard of my arrest, through pure friendship, and made me wish to live for the sake of my son and my honor, I begin to-day not merely such statement of the facts as my lawyer has a right to have from me, but a full, confidential account of everything that has a bearing on my arrest last month. You will know how to avail yourself of my story, and whatever the verdict of the jury may be, and howsoever I shall end, my last thought will be of my son and of you.

I am of an obscure family. The word for me means only my good and humble mother, for, to this moment, I have no idea who was my father. After I had learned reading, writing, and arithmetic, and my catechism, my mother sent me to a boarding-school when I was ten years old. At that time she said to me: "My boy, you have no father. This does not mean that he is dead, but that very many persons will despise and insult you for what ought to arouse pity and a wish to help you. So you can count only on me and on yourself to make your way; and, unfortunately, I can not always work for you. Whatever pain you may cause me, I must forgive you. But do not let this make you hurt me without caring."

"Do not fear, mamma," I replied with ardor, not comprehending the situation clearly. "When I grow up, I will make you very happy."

My mother, who was the best workwoman in the establishment of the celebrated Madame Caroline, had started a lingerie and embroidery business for herself, and had a small but choice *clientèle*. The last evening in our modest home she took me on her knees, I laid my head on her shoulder, and she held me thus for an hour, without a word between us. I can fancy now of what she was thinking. Does the man who makes a poor, loving girl a mother, and then leaves the support of his child entirely to her, realize what he is doing?

I was unfortunate enough to incur at the beginning the enmity of a pale, delicate boy, André Minati. He annoyed me until I struck him. His influence with the other boys was sufficient to send me to Coventry. Another conceited little wretch, who had gathered from my innocent confidences that my father was unknown to me, used this information to arouse the ruthless scoffs of his cronies. The torture inflicted on me was such as schoolboys alone can devise and a schoolboy alone can suffer. My very existence was embittered. I was prepared to fight for my rights, for a boy's dignity; but they attacked me covertly. I underwent bitter annoyances in the refectory, in the dormitory, and even in the classroom.

One day I heard Minati telling something to another boy which he seemed to find very amusing. The name *Félicité* occurred—my mother's! Some epithet which I did not understand was coupled with it. It seemed to add zest to the narrative, for the other boy laughed outrageously at it. Later, one of the boys asked the teacher, when we were in the study-hall, what the brave Dunois was called. "The bastard of Orléans," was the reply. When the meaning of "bastard" was asked by the interrogator, the teacher curtly replied: "It is a child who has no father." I recognized my case. But I understood merely that this was a technical term for such a boy, and realized that the gallant Dunois had borne it proudly. "How can anybody help having a father?" was the apparently astonished demand of the questioner.

"Shut up, you little beast!" growled Constantin Ritz, one of the older boys, in a disgusted and menacing tone. It silenced them. This was the first sign of sympathy that I had experienced. It soothed me, but curiosity drove me to my dictionary,

and I learned that a bastard was "one born outside of wedlock." But how did this make the boy different from other boys? Surely, everybody was born in the same way! But I learned to know in time what it is to be a disgraced being because one's mother has been the victim of love. Perchance, some time, the honor of humanity may crush out the prejudice which mankind entertains for illegitimate offspring. But will the poor child himself ever forget it? Will he be insensible to the vileness of a father who has given him only life—and a stigma? Will such a one regard his mother as affectionately, or with as much respect? No! do what he will! Never!

Thank God, I knew the gentleness, the courage, the devotion of my dear mother, and my love for her never has weakened.

But the constant persecution of my schoolmates, and brooding over the shame of no father for myself, threw me into a fever. My mother took me to Marly, where four weeks not only revived me but also left in me the germ of my vocation as a sculptor. The potter who owned the cottage where we stayed let me amuse myself by making images with his clay. Later, after I had returned to school, Constantin Ritz had a pet bird that died, and I designed its memorial monument. His father was a distinguished sculptor. He became interested in me and told his son to bring me to their beautiful home. M. Ritz was a wealthy widower with two children. I was enchanted with the works of art in his large studio. When M. Ritz asked me to say which statue I liked best, I picked out a classic antique, which interested him in me still more. He had hoped Constantin would have a taste for sculpture, but the boy was all for the army. So he went to St. Cyr and I was taken into the studio. Happily, I advanced rapidly under M. Ritz's wise guidance, and was soon able to bring to my delighted mother money earned by my "art." She encouraged me to work hard and good M. Ritz did everything he could to help me to succeed: so that my advance was rapid.

At last one day he bade me prepare my clay, as he meant me to attempt something the next day directly from a model. Mariette arrived, divested herself nonchalantly of all her clothes, and, standing gracefully erect, threw her head back,

asking, as she lifted her flowing hair from her shoulders with her hands: "How shall I pose?"

"Choose," said M. Ritz to me, coolly.

"Just as she was then," I stammered.

She essayed the pose, but in seeking it lost it. "Your head further back," I cried, and forgetting everything but Art, sprang upon the platform, and taking her hands put them in the position I wished. M. Ritz, declaring he had work to do himself, left us. I was already so feverishly eager to mold my clay into that form which should reveal the vitality expressed in this living statue that I was already under way, conscious only of attaining my artist's aim. My admiration of the beautiful form before me was free from any sensual emotion.

"It is wonderful!" was my master's comment on the result.

When Mariette had clothed herself and departed, he said: "My boy, this was a test. I wanted to do more than put a model before an artist. I wanted a young man's eyes to rest upon a woman. Which would dominate, the man or the artist? It has been the artist. Where Art—that is, the sense of the Beautiful—really exists, it dominates the sense as well as the spirit. The true genius is chaste, and whatever form his work takes that also is chaste. Trust me as you would a father. You can say to me what you would not say to your mother. Try to find the right woman when you love, and you will go a great deal farther in your art than I have gone."

I must come, my friend, to the moment from which I shrink. Among those whom I came to know through M. Ritz was a literary lady, Madame Hespéron. That winter she gave a *mi-carême* fancy ball. About eleven o'clock arrived a woman of perhaps forty-five, whose beauty must have been dazzling in her youth. She came as Marie de Medicis. But whatever effect her ripened charms might have produced, they paled when contrasted with the page who bore her train. This was her daughter, a girl of fourteen, garbed in velvet and black satin, who was a seraphic apparition.

For me, this child was Woman: Symbol, Poem, Abstraction, Eternal Enigma, which has made, makes, and will make, in the Past, in the Present, and in the Future, the intelligence, philosophy, and religion of human nature waver, hesitate, and stumble.

All my soul passed into my eyes. For the first time in my life I could account for what had till then been unintelligible to me. Eve, Pandora, Cleopatra, Phryne, Manon Lescaut, and their like, passed before me, saying: "You understand at last, then!" And I bent my head thinking: "Yes. *Now* I understand."

The mother I had lost all interest in, except to feel a hot rage that she could thus expose the precocious beauties of her daughter to the public eye. When that dazzling page acknowledged by a radiant smile the homage accorded to her, I felt as if flooded with an electric fluid.

My eyes did not leave her for a moment. The exquisite child danced continually, intoxicating herself with the rhythmic whirl, until nature drove her, panting, into an empty room for a breath of cooler air. Even there, when she had plucked a lace handkerchief from her corsage and daintily fanned her face with it, like a *mignonne* of Henry III, her head still waved in time to the music, as if her soul were dancing though her exquisite body had drooped through sheer fatigue. Then, like a flower folding its petals, there was a suave general relaxation of her beautiful person; she sank on a divan and slumbered.

I blocked the door, and would have stayed there the entire night in exclusive enjoyment of the radiant vision, but it was impossible that Iza (diminutive for Izabelle) should quit the ball for any time undiscovered. Guests crowded around, and the musicians ceased playing.

"Make a sketch of her," said M. Ritz to me suddenly.

I could have blessed him for making the suggestion. I got pen, ink, and a sheet of paper, and drew her exquisitely lovely figure. Daylight was already breaking through the curtains. Somebody drew them back, and the candles were extinguished. The women uttered light cries. The flower-like maid awoke, her delicate beauty triumphant even in that cold light. She gaily approached to see what I was drawing, recognized it, and was delighted.

"It is for me?" she asked, with childish impatience.

"Assuredly," I replied. "When it is dry, I will bring it to you, myself, if your mamma will permit me."

"Come," said the girl. "Quai de l'École, Seventy-eight."

I went, swept on by destiny, unable to refrain from seeing again this child, whom I did not know, and seeing her as soon as possible. I found Iza alone, and poorly dressed, but she was bewitching. I agreed to make a terra-cotta bust of her, and learned that I must do it in eight days, as they were to go to Poland, where Iza was to be married! The mother arrived, indignant that a young man should be calling on her daughter—alone! But she was calm at once, when she saw it was I, and told me of her hopes for her daughter Iza. I learned that these hopes even soared toward the Imperial family! Their own family, Madame assured me, was very distinguished, though she frankly confessed to their pecuniary embarrassment for the time, which their lodging sufficiently attested.

They came to the studio the next day, and I began the bust, whose features, in my *First Awakening*, established my reputation as a sculptor who had arrived. Their stay in Paris was prolonged, and I saw them every day. We became very intimate. My mind and heart expanded under this new influence, which seemed to raise all my faculties to their best poise. One day I cried out before both of them: "I should like to pass my whole life this way!"

"And I, too," returned Iza. "Listen! If I do not find the king or the prince mamma promises me in Russia, I give you my word that I will marry you. Is that agreed?"

"Most certainly!"

They parted from me and set out for Russia soon after, the mother borrowing five hundred francs of me and promising to secure me commissions from the Russian Emperor. Iza naïvely offered me her cheek for a parting salute.

"*Au revoir, mon petit mari,*" she said.

"Good-by, my little wife," I returned, and we clasped hands, as if it were a veritable engagement. I loved, beyond a doubt, as one loves a child, but my soul was kindled by the first rays of this sun. I had my Beatrice, in miniature, at least, which guaranteed me against any profane love. I had long since sworn to come to the woman I should love a virgin in mind and in body. I threw myself into my work with renewed energy.

I received one or two letters from Iza. Then a year passed without any. Again two letters, in which there was allusion

to a trousseau, and another year elapsed. Then came letters that spoke of a marriage with a very wealthy young man named Sergius; his family forbade the marriage, however, and the youth was a minor. A letter followed asking for assistance in finding some employment. At last came a loving letter, imploring me to send her money to come to me! The next said she would set out at once, requesting me to keep to my studio as much as possible and to leave the key in the door. "*Vous le verrez s'ouvrir, et ce sera moi!*"

I believe, my friend, that she was sincere in her protestations of regard for me in those last letters. I can not doubt it even now. I was making a remarkably good income by this time: thirty or forty thousand francs a year. And I loved—whether foolishly, or fatally, or through my artistic temperament, or whatever else—I *loved* Iza.

One day, at noon, she noiselessly entered my studio. The very sunlight seemed quickened to greater brilliancy by her beauty, which was greatly enhanced. I embraced her madly. She told me all about her mother's unsuccessful campaigning in Russia to secure a rich husband for her. She remained with my mother and me until we were married. You assisted at that marriage, my friend. You recall that dazzling beauty.

We passed our honeymoon at Melun, in the villa of the Prince de R——. What can give me again that springtime, those woodlands of St. Assise, which were Paradise? I was completely happy. Yet even in this Eden I discovered, though confessing it only to myself, the three vices in this woman which were to destroy her and then myself: Immodesty, Ingratitude, and Sensuality. She was so proud of her beauty that she made me use her as a model. You remember the sensation aroused by my nude statue, *The Drinker*. It was Iza. There are natures born for evil. Some beings are destructive by nature, as the serpent gives death by its sting. Iza was born thus. Such vice has its innocence and its *naïveté*. During that first year of our marriage, she did not know herself whither these inborn, unrecognized qualities would sweep her.

It was against her wishes that Iza became *enceinte*. She asked me to send for her mother to assist at her confinement. I did, and she became an inmate of my household. Her

conversations, in Polish, with her daughter roused Iza's keenest attention. Four years ago Iza brought into the world that son for whose sake I desire to be acquitted of my fault and to live.

In a month Iza was perfectly herself again, and more beautiful than ever. She never showed the least interest in her child. My mother went to the country with my son, and the nurse and Iza's mother departed. I took a house at Auteuil and my happiness was supreme. But there were changes in Iza. She no longer cared to be my model; she seemed more modest. In the autumn the Countess returned. Her case had been happily settled and she had plenty of money. She took a house in the Avenue Marbœuf, and we had one at No. 71, Rue de Berri. Everything went on swimmingly, and we were all in perfect accord.

Then things happened that should have enlightened me. I often found my dear mother in tears. M. Ritz seemed to lose interest in me, and only formal calls were in order between his daughter and Iza. Constantin returned from Africa, a distinguished officer, and came to my house familiarly. Then he ceased to come, and had only the most banal excuses for this change. One day he said to me: "If you ever want a friend, count on me. If you seldom see me, you can always find me."

I mentioned this to Iza. She smiled knowingly. Finally, after binding me to solemn secrecy, she told me that Constantin had made love to her violently, and of course had been repulsed! Hence this attitude. Other strange things followed rapidly. Iza's sister sent her a collar of diamonds and emeralds, something superb! Her mother, who had sold a piece of property in Poland, gave her diamond earrings. One day, with artless surprise, Iza made me guess whom she had met? "Why," she said with girlish amusement, "*Sergius!* Do you care? Am I wrong in telling you? The man is nothing to me!"

My friend, let me be brief. My mother fell ill about this time. I found her in tears once or twice more. Once she entreated me, if anything should happen, to entrust my little Félix to the care of Constantin's married sister. I became so fearful about this dear mother's health that I offered God any sacrifice from myself if she could be spared. But she died!

Even in her delirium not a word fell from her that revealed the secret that had hastened her death.

At last I discovered my wife's perfidy. She was, or had been, the mistress of Sergius since her mother's return. I flung her from my house, fought Sergius, and seriously wounded him. He declared that whether he recovered or died he was through with Iza. Constantin told me brutally that the Russian had been only the first of five lovers of my wife. His sister took charge of Félix and Constantin took me to Rome. I was a miserable man, but I was not a contemptible husband. After some weeks Constantin left me in Rome, cured. He wrote me that Iza and her mother had disappeared, and that Sergius was in Petersburg and was soon to be married.

I remained in Rome, but I could not forget that woman. I was listless, I thought of suicide, I had no ambition. She had swallowed me up, and I was only an aching nonentity. A letter from M. Ritz helped to revive me, and I began to work again. Then Constantin wrote that Iza had a superb house in Paris, apparently possessed millions, and seemed to be irreproachable in her manner of life. He added that rumor said she was now a king's mistress. Within a fortnight an anonymous letter announced to me that Constantin was Iza's lover! I immediately returned to Paris, without formulating any plan of action there. I saw Constantin. He admitted that he had been Iza's lover for a brief time. It was her revenge on him. When he returned to her the door was closed to him!

My friend, it was then that I called to consult you, and learned that the law could give me only a judicial separation from my wife. Madame Clemenceau could live where I was, could continue to dishonor my name and that of my son. Death alone could free me.

I went to the magnificent residence of my wife. Luxury could go no farther. She appeared, a more dazzling vision than ever, superbly but simply dressed. Briefly, she admitted all, and said that she loved me still! But she would not desert all for me; she would not consent to die with me.

"You have been true to me. Courtesan and vile woman that I am, you still love me. Listen! Remain in Paris, and achieve other masterpieces of art. None need know that you

have seen me. Speak as you will of me. But when you would have me, send, and I will come, and will be all to you, your Iza. I wish this."

I remained with her. All had been arranged. The servants were sent away, and I was to leave before eight o'clock. What a mistress I had found! One to enthral a king, to overthrow an empire! At last she slept, as sweetly as a child. There lay that marvelous body which never had possessed a soul! It was one o'clock. If she lived until the morning I should stand forth the vilest of men. I rose and took a steel poniard, a paper-knife, from a table in the salon. I returned to her side. A faint smile was on her lips and her breathing was light and regular.

I touched her shoulder softly. Her lips instinctively formed themselves for a kiss.

"Do you love me?" I said, in a low tone.

"Yes," she murmured, as in a dream.

I plunged the blade with all my strength into her breast, beneath her bosom, on the left. She rose with a spring, then fell back with one sigh, and breathed no more.

I left the house, walked the street until dawn, and then surrendered myself to the law.

GEORGE LOUIS PALMELLA BUSSON DU MAURIER

(France, 1834–1896)

PETER IBBETSON (1892)

The author of this romance wrote two other and subsequent books, of which the second, *Trilby*, brought him the greatest fame, although the present has been pronounced the finer work of art. He illustrated the story himself, the writing of which is additionally remarkable as the development into literary expression of a man so long identified with pictorial art.

This singular autobiography was written by my cousin, who died in the Asylum for the Criminal Insane, after an imprisonment of more than twenty-five years on conviction of murder. MADGE PLUNKET.

MY early boyhood, a period of uninterrupted happiness, was lived at the beautiful Parisian suburb of Passy, during the reign of Louis Philippe. My father, a scion of a noble family of *emigrés* named Pasquier, fugitives from the terror, had afterward returned to France; and, possessing a phenomenal voice, was educated for the opera. But he was deterred from pursuing this career by the prejudice of his aristocratic relations and his own *insouciance*, as both he and my mother had small incomes. She, an Englishwoman, Miss Biddulph, born and partly bred in Paris, was, like her husband, tall and beautiful; and from them I inherited an extraordinarily strong and comely physique. The *rus in urbe* of the Bois de Boulogne, with its beautiful wildness, and the little lake, Mare d'Auteuil, near at hand, furnished me a playground full of fascination and mystery. My most delightful playmate was Major Duquesnois,

one of five Napoleonic heroes living on parole, after a futile rising for a young pretender. I heard endless fairy stories from the gallant veteran, in which *La fée Tarapatapoum* and *Le prince Charmant* played principal parts. Near us lived my grandmother, Mrs. Biddulph, and her daughter, Mrs. Plunket with her three children. But the most important addition to our happiness came after a little in the Seraskier family, who occupied a pretty villa with a gilt inscription, "*Parva sed Apta.*" Dr. Seraskier, the son of a famous violinist, was a Hungarian patriot and man of science, gigantic in height, with the head of a prophet; and his wife, an Irish lady, born Laura Desmond, was so tall as to overtop my mother, and possessed such extraordinary beauty as to become known as *La Divine*, even as my mother was known as *La Belle*. Mimsey Seraskier, the invalid daughter a few years my junior, was very clever and precocious, a silent, melancholy, plain little girl who became my most intimate fellow student and comrade; for the families were drawn together by the closest ties and the two gardens were almost one. In listening to the Major's stories she identified his favorite inseparable characters with ourselves, and believed that *Le prince Charmant* was her guardian genius, and *La fée Tarapatapoum* mine. So the happy years fled swiftly by in play and study, till suddenly their little heaven became black with a storm of desolation. My happy-go-lucky father was killed by the explosion of a safety-lamp which he had invented. My mother died of grief and the birth of a still-born child; and her cousin, Colonel Ibbetson, came to Passy to take me home with him, as my father had spent all the capital that produced any income. Soon afterward I learned that a cholera epidemic had carried off Madame Seraskier, and that her husband had gone to Russia with Mimsey, thus forever, in all seeming, parted from her "Gogo" as she had fondly named me.

My Uncle Ibbetson, as I now called him, put me at the Bluefriars School; and instead of being Pierre Pasquier de la Marière, alias "Monsieur Gogo," I became Master Peter Ibbetson. He had a great detestation of my name, and I discovered he had been in love with my mother, and had proposed to her for the last time, shortly before her marriage and his own going

to India. Amid dismal surroundings I spent six monotonous years undergoing what is called the education of a gentleman, and showing but little aptitude except for drawing and mathematics, though I learned something of the classics. But my mind rioted in its dreams—though *I had not yet learned how to dream*—and recreated not only my own delightful past, but gorgeous processions out of history, poetry and fiction; for I read with insatiable avidity. At last I left school for good, and went to Uncle Ibbetson's in Hopshire, where he was building a fine house on his inheritance. I learned how to shoot, ride to hounds, and do the other things which country gentlemen regard as their vocation. It was understood that I was to be the Ibbetson heir, as the Colonel hinted at this with many a sly wink. My instinctive aversion to him was much heightened, when I discovered that he persistently cultivated a reputation for successful gallantry regardless of the truth of fact. The architect of the new house, Mr. Lintot, I liked very much; for he was a man of genius, though self-taught, and he was destined, indeed, to be a valuable friend. When the inevitable quarrel which separated me from Ibbetson came, I spent a year as trooper in Her Majesty's Household Cavalry, to be sure, but it was with Mr. Lintot, in his professional capacity as architect and surveyor, that I found substantial refuge. I was brought out of the service and articled to my kind friend for three years by a conclave of relatives, after which I showed enough skill to be made a salaried assistant.

A commission from Lord Cray to build some laborers' cottages in Hertfordshire took me there in superintendence. The work completed, I was invited to their town house as guest at a concert, where Grisi and Mario sang. In the midst of the applause that followed the heavenly duet a lady and gentleman entered. At the sight of that lady a new interest came into my life. All the old half-forgotten sensations of mute pain and rapture that the beauty of Madame Seraskier used to make me feel, as a child, were revived once more; but with a depth and intensity, in comparison, that were as a strong man's baritone to a small boy's treble. Seemingly almost as tall as myself, she was full of that alert grace which comes of perfect proportion. Thick, coppery brown hair was in contrast with black eyebrows

and lashes wonderfully long, shading bluish-gray eyes, mild suns full of interest, sweetness and sympathy, the which they shed like balm. Her nose tilted at the tip, her mobile red mouth displayed upper and lower teeth like milk when she smiled; the small, perfect head set by the long slim throat on perfect shoulders, as velvety white as a camellia—she was a vision of majestic loveliness which words can no more describe than they can picture a beautiful tune. I thought she looked at me, with inquiry of her hostess; and a neighbor told me she was the famous Duchess of Towers. When I went away that night, thrilled to the heart's core, one thought rose above all others in the mental tumult. Nevermore would I do, or say, or think a mean thing, or an impure or an unkind one if I could help it.

After a while, having saved enough money to visit Paris—a long-delayed hope—I found myself in the old familiar scenes and wandered with melancholy delight through Passy. Though much had changed, some old acquaintances were still living; but the house of my childhood had made way for a pretentious stone edifice; of the old apple tree, under which we used all to sit, naught was left but a stump. No one remembered the Pasquiers or the Seraskiers, till I met M. le Major Duquesnois, still living, in extreme age, who responded with a feeble gleam of reason. On Sunday near sunset I was in the *Tête Noire* restaurant watching two deformed dwarfs dancing on the plaza, when the imperial equipage passed, and in it sat the Duchess of Towers with the young French Empress. My heart beat and I fancied the goddess recognized me at the window. That night I had a very remarkable dream. I thought I was inside the avenue gate in Passy; and a great prison suddenly confronted me with two dwarf jailers dancing, jingling their keys and trying to hem me in. I was paralyzed with fright, when suddenly appeared at the gate the fair Duchess of Towers, who moved away the little monsters. "You are not dreaming," she said; "don't be afraid—these little people do not exist. Give me your hand." At her touch my sense of personality, which in all previous dreams had been vague and partial, awoke in such intense and practical activity as had rarely accompanied it in the keenest waking perceptions. My sense, too, of her personality,

physical and mental, was precisely as vivid. Yet I knew just as well that my body was lying in my hotel bedroom. The prison had tumbled down like a card-house as I looked, and everything was restored as it had been in childhood, everything, even to my own little prototype and Mimsey Seraskier, for we stepped into the resurrected garden. My father and mother and Mr. and Mrs. Seraskier, all were there; and amid the sweet noises of the piping summer my father's melodious voice was suddenly lifted in a joyous yodel, as of yore. Among these living phantoms of the past I stood with the lovely Duchess, her face smiling with still greater enchantment.

And how to dream true always? This "Beatrice" of mine, in a newly-discovered domain of Paradise, instructed me: "My father told me: You must always sleep on your back, with your arms above your head, your hands clasped under it, and your feet crossed, the right hand over the left unless you are left-handed; and you must never cease for a moment thinking of where you want to be in your dreams, till you are asleep and get there; and then you must never forget in your dreams where and what you were when awake. You must join the dream on to reality. Don't forget." Among her parting words she said with a puzzled look: "Why you are here in this, my particular dream, I cannot understand; no living person has ever come into it before. It must be you are only a false dreamer, Mr. Ibbetson, for what else *can* you be? No matter! I am glad any way to have saved you from the dwarfs." And so she disengaged her hands with a smile that illuminated the whole place and walked away. I remained in Paris for another week and only once did I with assiduous practise succeed in dreaming true, and restoring the past at Passy. On the last day of my vacation I went to the Louvre, and was standing spellbound before Da Vinci's "Lisa," when I became conscious of a group near me. I met the eye of the Duchess, who gave me a kindly glance of recognition as somebody she had seen before; but I was exceptionally tall and big in my build, and would perhaps single out a passing look. Back again to the treadmill round of work! Yet a fountain of pleasure had gushed in my life in my dreaming practise, alleviating its monotony. I practised the habit as a fine art, and gradually became an

adept; so that, night after night, I had reacted before me in sound, sight, odor and taste, but not, alas! in touch, all things which had ever occurred in my experience, surely recreated from the occult reserves of memory. But there was something lacking to my joys. I longed passionately to meet the Duchess of Towers in my dream-paradise.

Months passed and, after a while, a note from Lady Cray summoned me down to Hertfordshire to design some stables at Cray, the family seat. At dinner, after my arrival, there was a little delay because Mary had not come, as Lord Cray said a little irritably, when the Duchess of Towers sailed in radiant in all the splendor of her beauty. My dinner-neighbor must have thought me *distrait*, even boorish; but my whole being was preëmpted. I heard them talking about *her*, of her goodness, her wonderful gifts and graces, her worthless husband, her idiot child to whom she was devoted. Something prompted me to ask, "Who was she before marriage?" "A Miss Seraskier, daughter of a Hungarian physician and political reformer," was the answer. "What's the matter, are you ill?" All the world swam before me, my head beat like a mighty drum, I was dazed in a flood of emotion and bewilderment. My little Mimsey, the ugly duckling, transformed into such an enchanting vision of health and beauty! The next day I was formally introduced by Lady Cray, when I accidentally met them on the croquet lawn, and we were left alone. The Duchess remembered seeing me at Lady Cray's in London. "You reminded me of a dear little French boy I used to know, and are the very image of his father," she said. "I was once Gogo Pasquier," I groaned with wet eyes—she stood speechless, pallid, and trembling—"and you were little Mimsey Seraskier." When we recovered from the shock of the meeting our talk became more natural. I told her of the first dream and how she rescued me from gnomes and other horrors. Again she turned trembling and white, but went over, scene by scene with me, all that wonderful experience. It had been a double dream, common to both. Quivering with irrepressible emotions, she said firmly, though with a blush which overcame her pallor, that we must not meet again; that we must not dream of each other, if possible. "We shall often think of each other—

that is inevitable. *But never, never dream—that will not do.*" So she bade me a final good-by, and the light went out of my life.

A twelvemonth sped before that terrible catastrophe arrived, which yet carried with it the fulfilment of happiness. Through a Mrs. Gregory, whom I had known as Mrs. Deane when living with Colonel Ibbetson, I learned that that foul wretch had dared to intimate that I was his illegitimate son. Mad with passion, I went to his house and taxed him with it, showing the letter over his own signature. In the fracas which followed I struck him fatally with a heavy stick. This swift vengeance consigned me to prison on an indictment of murder; and when it came to trial I was condemned to the scaffold. I resolved to write to the Duchess of Towers, avowing my hopeless adoration before the fatal day arrived. But the very first night I dreamed again—a true dream, and found her waiting for me at the avenue gate, Mary, Duchess of Towers, her eyes all ashine with her love and compassion. We went into the garden with its beloved shades. She told me she had been waiting for me night after night, and that if I had not come, she would have gone to Newgate before the whole world to talk with me. I answered amid my raptures that I had not meant to kill Ibbetson, and she replied that she had seen the Home Secretary, and the sentence would be commuted. Mrs. Gregory had been with the great official and furnished explicit proof of the palliating cause of the quarrel. I did not care to live longer, I said: the thought that she could never be mine would be lifelong torture—better death even on the gibbet than that. She told me all that about herself and her past life which I did not know; how Mary Towers was the same Mimsey, with Gogo enshrined in her memory. Her afflicted child had died six months ago. In a fortnight she would be separated from her husband and she would be alone in the world. "And then, Mr. Ibbetson —oh, then, dearest friend that child or woman ever had—every hour that I can steal from my waking existence shall be devoted to you, as long as both of us live and sleep the same hours out of the twenty-four." *Parva sed Apta* should be our home and we should find plenty to interest us there. I should receive, early in the morning in my cell an envelope with a slip of paper,

containing some violets and the words *Parva sed Apta—à bientôt*. That message with the violets signed "Tarapatapoum" came with my breakfast! In due time I was removed to the jail at —— and my prison life began. Nightly excursions to Passy, for a little while, found all the other dear ones as usual, but no Mary. At last she arrived. For the first time since the death of my mother and Madame Seraskier, I held a woman in my arms, and pressed her lips to mine. She led me to *Parva sed Apta* through the apartment where her father sat reading as of yore, and upstairs into a little lumber room. It had no door, but her hand clasped mine, and suddenly there *was* a door, which opened into a suite of splendidly furnished apartments which could never have been there before.

The walls were hung with masterpieces from all the galleries of Europe, the pick of Raphael, Titian, and Velasquez. Every great palace had been robbed of its choicest furniture, and the book-cases were crowded with famous works in the rarest bindings. The piano was one on which Liszt himself had played. So in every detail of these wonderful rooms, which seemed almost illimitable. Through a curtain was an opera-box with luxurious furnishings, where operas, oratorios, concerts and other theatrical performances by the most distinguished artists (she had heard and known all the great stars) could be enjoyed at will. In the superb dining-room a table was spread with two covers, and there were champagne from Rothschilds' and Burgundy from the Metternich cellars. All that I needed was to take her hand, and anything that occurred in her experience was at once reproduced in mine. It had occupied quite a week-o'-nights to arrange all this environment of living, and she had worked her magician's wand without stint, with matchless taste and knowledge. Our little room was the most wonderful of all. "Out of this window," she said, "we can sit and gaze on whatever we like. Just now you perceive there is a wild and turbulent sea—do you hear the waves splashing? It was done a fortnight ago, and the waves have been tumbling about ever since. Meanwhile what would you like there to-night—the Yosemite Valley? the Nevsky Prospect in winter with the sledges? the Rialto? the Bay of Naples after sunset with Vesuvius in eruption?" "Oh Mary—Mimsey—what do I

care for Vesuvius, and sunsets, and the Bay of Naples just now? Vesuvius is in my heart!"

Thus began for both of us a period of twenty-five years, during which we passed about nine hours out of the twenty-four in each other's company, in the most rapturous union and happiness ever vouchsafed to mortal beings. The side of my life spent in prison, where wholesome work and plain food kept my physical body in good condition, was its phantom phase. The other was its very substance and entity. Every felicity, pleasure, gratification, in its most poignant form, of the mind, imagination, heart and senses, desirable for man and woman, were ours without limit. It was but to wish or desire as long as it had been within the analogous experience of one of us. Two things, however, were lacking to the complement of our joys. We could not share our happiness with our fellows; and there was lacking to our hearts, full of parental passion, offspring on which we could lavish the wealth of our emotions in the final consummation of a united life. Time sped with rapid wings. We visited every part of the world where Mary had ever been; saw everything picturesque or sublime in scenery, every personage of celebrity *in propria persona;* and enjoyed the panorama of life in every famous city. We had chosen the age of twenty-eight as representing the very prime of human powers. Let me depict a specimen day. After our morning cup of coffee, an hour or two in the Yosemite Valley, strolling among its giant pines and breathing its pungent air. When we had gazed our delightful fill, a slight effort of will with the shutting of our eyes would whisk us to an exquisite garden-concert in Dresden, or we would be rowed in a gondola from Venice to a Saturday hop in St. James's Hall. Thence jumping into a hansom we would drive through the park home to *Magna sed Apta* (for that was now its more appropriate name) and have such a perfect little dinner (out of her remembrance) as only Carême at his best could serve. Then coffee and a cigarette, and it was but a moment to reach our opera-box, where I alone could smoke a cigar amid all that splendid assemblage, listening to the finest music ever heard. I had but to touch Mimsey's finger to understand German, Russian, or Italian.

But another deeper marvel of experience was to be ours. I

heard Mary humming a quaint but most beautiful tune, half familiar to me. She said it was "Le Chante du Triste-Commensal," which her grandfather, the violinist, had played; and that it had been composed by her grandfather's grandmother under great grief. This gradually led to an investigation; and by overlooking the child Gogo drawing from his heraldry book, it was discovered that her father and my father had a common ancestress only four generations back. This was Gatienne Aubéry, wife of Mathurin Budes, Seigneur de Nory le Moustier, a gentleman glass-blower of Anjou. Mary sang and played the tune with great assiduity; and gradually there was evoked for us the vision of a shadowy company of powdered and bewigged ladies and gentlemen, which became clearer as our minds were powerfully concentrated. So it was given to us to enjoy the society of our ancestry and their friends, to hear their very voices, and the thin strains of the Amati fiddle, on which our great-great-grandmother had played. Mary in the flesh sought out the known descendants of the family still living in Anjou, and found everything as had been revealed to us from the occult memories of our own heredity, so wonderfully developed from their psychological negatives. Futher than this, we succeeded in identifying ourselves with far more remote ancestors till we could see, as in a glass darkly, even the faint shadows of the mammoth and the cave-bear, and those that hunted them. Thus we traveled through all the ages together.

My final bereavement surpasses words to tell. One night I awoke in the little lumber-room, where the door had led into our Palace of Delight. There was nothing but a blank wall. Several times I tried again, to find no one, nothing that I went to see. When morning dawned I was a raving madman, and sought to kill my keeper. I recovered my reason, but was transferred to a criminal asylum for the insane. I then learned that Mary, Duchess of Towers, famous for her beauty, philanthropy, and devotion to the poor, had died from heart-shock after saving a child from a railroad-train. Still I haunted in my nightly dream the home of such matchless bliss. Finally the dear familiar figure appeared. She had returned from the other world to comfort me, but she could come but seldom. She could only tell me what was permitted of that new and un-

speakable environment, where I should join her by and by. The balm of resignation fell on my life like a sweet dew.

Madge Plunket finishes the memoir: Peter Ibbetson was found dead in his prison cell. The Duchess of Towers had willed all her remaining property to the prisoner, and some mysterious relation between them had long been a marvel to her friends. As he lay there, he was the most magnificent human being I ever beheld; and the splendor of his dead face will haunt me till I die.

TRILBY (1894)

This story, the second one written by the artist-author, had an astonishing success both in England and in the United States. It ran through numerous editions and returned an immense sum to writer and publishers. The first part of the novel is reminiscent of Du Maurier's own student days in Paris. The story has been dramatized successfully and played in long runs in the United States and in England. *Trilby* has also been translated into French and enthusiastically received by that nation.

THE April sunshine and breezes poured into a big studio in the Latin Quarter of Paris. From its ceiling depended various gymnastic paraphernalia, and on its dull red walls were hung a variety of plaster casts, reproductions from medieval and classic sculptures, and copies in oil of pictures by the great Italian painters. Around the stove were disposed the implements of studio-housekeeping; one end of the floor was covered with matting for fencing and boxing bouts, and there were all sorts of alcoves and recesses fitted with *bibelots*, curious and quaint personal belongings. This studio was occupied by three art students from Great Britain—one known familiarly as Taffy, a big Yorkshireman, who had been an officer in the Crimean war; another a Scot, dubbed Sandy the Laird of Cockpen; and the third "Little Billee," of wonderful genius and promise, the pet of his comrades. Little Billee was small, slender, and delicately-faced, in sharp contrast to his burly mates. They had only recently arrived in Paris and were on the *qui vive* for all its wonders and delights. As they sat smoking their pipes a knock heralded the entrance of two men of strange aspect. The first was of Jewish type, well-featured but sinister, with bold, brilliant, black eyes, beard, hair, and moustache of great length and unkempt, and attire very shabby and dirty. His attendant was a swarthy little gipsy

fellow with fiddle and bow under his arm. These were Svengali and his familiar, Gecko; the one a remarkable musical genius, the other a skilful violinist whom he had taught to play. After the unconventional greetings of Paris studio habit, the twain began to make music on piano and violin with such bewitching mastery and charm that the three Englishmen were ravished with delight.

Suddenly there came a loud rapping and a portentous voice of great volume uttering the British yodel, "Milk below." Then entered a very tall and fully developed young woman, who bore herself with easy, unembarrassed grace, clad in somewhat nondescript garments and with bare feet shuffling in large list slippers. She had a very healthy young face, which could hardly be called beautiful at first sight, since the eyes were too wide apart, the mouth too large, the chin too massive, the complexion a mass of freckles: . . . a very fine brow, broad and low, with thick, level eyebrows much darker than her hair, a broad, bony, high ridge to her short nose, and her full broad cheeks were beautifully modeled." She flashed on them a smile of such irresistible sweetness and trust as won their hearts at once. She accosted them in English, with an accent half Scotch with French intonations, and in a voice so rich and deep and full as almost to suggest an incipient *tenore robusto:*

"Ye're all English now, aren't you? I heard the music, and thought I'd just come in for a bit and pass the time of day: you don't mind? Trilby, that's my name, Trilby O'Ferrall."

"We're delighted, on the contrary," said Little Billee, and advanced a chair for her.

But she said, "Oh! don't mind me, go on with the music," and sat herself down cross-legged in the model-chair near the piano. Pulling a paper parcel of food from her pocket, she exclaimed: "I'll just take a bite if you don't object, and it's just rung twelve—the rest. I'm posing for Durien the sculptor on the next floor. I pose to him for the altogether."

"The altogether?" asked Little Billee.

"Yes—*l'ensemble*, you know, head, hands and feet—everything—especially feet. That's my foot," she said, kicking off her big slipper and stretching out the limb. "It's the hand-

somest foot in all Paris. There's only one in all Paris to match it, and here it is," and she laughed heartily (like a merry peal of bells) and stuck out the other.

When Trilby had finished her bread and cheese she licked the tips of her fingers, made herself a cigarette, and inhaled the smoke in large whiffs, while Svengali played Schubert's "Rosamonde," and flashed his languishing black eyes at her. In an indifferent way she asked him what it was, and confessed to liking better a vulgar ditty which Svengali strummed with satirical emphasis. She, too, could sing a favorite song of her father's, "Ben Bolt," and proceeded to do so on request. She sang with wonderful power and richness of voice, but so absolutely out of tune that it seemed as if she were tone-deaf and without the slightest musical ear.

Trilby, utterly unconscious of the embarrassing effect she had produced, said she had been importuned to sing the song in many studios; and in that of Durien, Littolf, the composer, had told her that she had a voice of more compass and bigness than that of Alboni; that she breathed as naturally and straight as a baby in her singing. When this was translated to Svengali, he assented with, "I assure you, Matemoiselle, that I have never heard a voice equal to yours; you have a talent quite exceptional," which the others took to be insolent sarcasm.

When Trilby had returned to her posing, Svengali, in a vainglorious burst, frequent in a creature of egregious vanity, declared that though he could not sing nor play the violin, he was the greatest teacher in the world of any instrument, especially the human voice.

"It was lost, the *bel canto*, but I found it in a dream."

The studio became the haunt of many of the most interesting persons in the student world. Any afternoon could be seen fencing, gymnastics, dancing, and sketching, participated in by a jolly crowd, and Svengali was a frequent guest, as his wonderful music compensated for the dislike inspired by his sinister face and character. Trilby was indeed a powerful magnet to the German Jew, who had but one virtue, his love of his art, or rather his love of himself as a master of his art. If she attracted him, however, she no less began to exercise a perennial charm over the three comrades alike by her transparent

sweetness of nature and by her unique physical beauty, which had rendered her celebrated as a model.

Trilby's father, an Irish gentleman and a fellow of Trinity College, had entered holy orders, but had fallen from his estate on account of drunkenness. He went to Paris, where he picked up a precarious living and married a beautiful Scotch lassie who was a barmaid. Both had sunk lower and lower under the influence of strong drink, and Trilby had lived her childhood and girlhood in a contaminating environment, though it had not corrupted the essential good in her soul. So it was said of her that she had all the virtues except one. She became a familiar of the studio, and made herself a factor in its comforts and pleasures as if she were a kinswoman. On Little Billee the impression soon begat a passionate tenderness, which was reciprocated by the Irish-Scotch grisette with all the ardor of her soul, a feeling quite different from the sisterly devotion which flowed out to her other kind protectors. In proportion as Svengali sought to extend his malignant wiles toward Trilby he hated the three "Englishers," particularly Little Billee, whose relation to Trilby his instinct recognized; while toward Taffy his feeling was mingled with fear of the big Yorkshireman's great strength and quick temper, which had been shown at his expense more than once. He had discovered that he could exercise hypnotic influence over Trilby, and his vainglory had induced him to make such experiments in Taffy's presence, the result of which had been a jolly slap on the back, which made Svengali cough for an hour and paralyzed his mesmeric powers for a week.

One day Little Billee entered the painting class in Carrel's atelier a little late and found Trilby posing in "the altogether" for the master, who wished to finish a figure before his pupils. In an agony of love, rage, and shame he rushed away. His two friends soon met him in traveling attire, en route for Barbizon to hide in the country and work himself into oblivion of his grief. The incident was a lightning flash in its revelation. To Trilby, as well, it had been a disclosure that illuminated all her unfortunate past and present. She had burst into a flood of weeping and left the class-room; for she had seen herself through her lover's eyes. She wrote to the Laird, to whose

sympathetic soul she had always been more confidential than to his comrades, a letter of contrition and excuse. The honest Scot hastened to comfort her, and the result was her determination to cease to be a model, and to return to her original occupation of *blanchisseuse de fin.* Hitherto for Trilby self-respect had been little more than mere cleanliness of body, in which she had always reveled; alas! it was one of the conditions of her humble calling. It now meant another kind of cleanliness, and she would luxuriate in it for evermore; and the dreadful past—never to be forgotten by her—should be so lived down as in time, perhaps, to be forgotten by others.

Little Billee returned from a month at Barbizon with a portfolio full of wonderful studies, and was taken in by the great Carrel to paint in his private studio; so that he saw but little of Trilby, in whom, however, he, as all others, recognized a marvelous change which had softened and refined her beauty. One day Taffy remarked to the Laird:

"Hang it! I'm blessed if Trilby isn't the handsomest woman I ever knew. She looks like a *grande dame* masquerading as a grisette—almost like a joyful saint at times. She's lovely. By Jove! I couldn't stand her hugging me as she does you. There'd be a tragedy—say the slaughter of Little Billee."

"Ah! Taffy, my boy," rejoined the Laird, "when those long sisterly arms are around my neck, it isn't me she's hugging."

Christmas came, and there was a great feast at the English studio, to which all three intimates were invited, and Trilby was present as the queen of the revels. That night when Little Billee parted with her he again pressed his suit, declaring that unless she would consent to marry him he would leave Paris next day, never to return. The grisette turned pale and covered her face with her hands.

"Answer me, Trilby."

"God forgive me! Yes!" said Trilby and ran downstairs weeping. On New-Year's day Taffy and the Laird were interrupted in their work by a visit from an English lady and gentleman who proved to be the mother and the uncle of Little Billee.

Mrs. Bagot had been informed by her son of his immediate marriage, whereupon she had hastened to Paris to inquire about the prospective bride. To her questions as to Trilby the embarrassed Taffy could only give such answers as struck terror to a British matron's heart, even through his enthusiastic admiration of the grisette. At this juncture Trilby entered, and the two women met face to face. The end of a pathetic interview was Trilby's renunciation in her "Good-by, Mrs. Bagot, I will not marry your son. I promise you. I will never see him again." A letter from Trilby to Taffy bespoke her resolve to go away with her little brother Jeannot and bury herself in an incognito.

The despair of Little Billee, when he returned to discover what had happened, brought on a serious illness, through which he was nursed to convalescence by his mother, his sister, and the two devoted friends. The young painter, stricken in heart but ripened in genius, returned to England, while Taffy and the Laird remained behind, until they found the savor of life so staled by the loss of Little Billee and Trilby that they drifted off into artistic Europe at large.

They returned home after five years and found Little Billee famous as William Bagot, one of the greatest of English painters in spite of his youth—for he had more than fulfilled his Parisian promise—his studio one of the finest in London, himself an idol of society. The trio dined together the first night as of old, at a noted Franco-Italian pothouse, where there was a motley crowd of foreigners. One of a boisterous group mentioned a name that arrested their attention, La Svengali.

"*Et même qu'elle a chanté l'Impromptu de Chopin absolument comme si c'étoit un piano qu'on jouait! Voyons!*" A singer who could execute with the voice Chopin's Impromptu, a piece bristling with difficulties, as if it were done on the piano, and the name—this sharpened their curiosity, soon to be increased by further coincidences. That night at a reception given by Lady Cornelys, wife of the eminent sculptor, where many great singers and composers were sure to be met, it was La Svengali again. It was Glorioli, the great tenor, who called her the matchless woman nightingale.

"Her voice to that of Alboni is as a peach to an apple . . .

Mon ami, when I heard her it made me swear that even I would never try to sing any more."

Signor Spartia, the greatest of singing-masters, joined in:

"I thought I could teach a woman how to sing till I heard that blackguard Svengali's pupil. He has married her, they say."

"That *blackguard* Svengali!" exclaimed Little Billee, "why, that must be a Svengali I knew in Paris, a famous pianist."

"That's the man. But he's an immense artist and a great singing-master to teach her like that! and such a woman! *Belle comme un ange—mais bête comme un pot.* I tried to talk to her. All she can say is *ja wohl*, or *doch*, or *nein*, or *soh*, not a word of English, French, or Italian, though she sings them, oh! but divinely. It's *il bel canto* come back to the world after a hundred years. . . . Everything that Paganini could do with his violin she does with her voice—only better—and what a voice!"

And then Herr Kreutzer, the famous composer: "*Quelle merfeille, hein?* I heard her at St. Betersburg at ze Vinter Balace. Ze vomen all vent mat and bulled off zeir bearls and tiamonts and kave zem to her—vent down on zeir knees and gried and gissed her hants. She tit not say vun vort! She tit not efen schmile! Ze men schnifelled in ze gorners, and looked at ze bictures, and tissempled. Efen I, Johann Kreutzer! Efen ze Emperor! . . . There are two classes of beoble who zing. In ze vun class, La Svengali; in ze ozzer, all ze ozzer zingers . . . She zings in Paris in Ogdoper, *Gott sei dank;* and gums here after Christmas to zing at Trury Lane. Chullien kifs her ten sousand bounts."

Finally young Lord Whitlow became reminiscent. He had met her at Count Siloszech's at Warsaw, who had heard her sing in the streets with a tall black-bearded ruffian that accompanied her on a guitar, and a little gipsy fiddling fellow. "She was a handsome woman with hair down to her knees, but stupid as an owl. She sang at Siloszech's, and all the fellows went mad, and gave her their watches, and diamond studs, and gold scarf-pins."

Little Billee, hearing all this, concluded that to hear an artist so transcendent was something in life still to live for, and

that he wouldn't shoot himself just yet. For his soul had been torpid ever since that awful time in Paris, his power of loving in a catalepsy, though he was as gentle and sympathetic as ever in his dealings with the world, and his painting skill and insight had become marvelously developed.

His great canvas, "The Moon Dial," having been finished now and sent away, he went down to Devonshire on one of his periodical visits to his mother and sister. He even thought to educate himself to the thought of marrying a sweet English girl, his sister's dearest friend, in hope to exorcise one ever recurring memory and to find peace. But this was baffled by a violent polemic with "sweet Alice's" father, an intolerant cleric, and the painter hied back to London in a huff, for October was not far away, when the three painters were due in Paris to hear La Svengali. Our three musketeers of the brush—for Taffy Wynne might well stand for Athos and Porthos rolled into one; and the Laird, otherwise Sandy McAllister, could represent D'Artagnan, for he had conquered his way into the Royal Academy; and who could better do for Aramis than the gentle and delicate Little Billee, the celebrated painter William Bagot—found much to delight them in vivifying their Parisian reminiscences after five years of absence. In their old studio, now empty, they found Little Billee's wonderful crayon drawing on the wall of Trilby's foot, over which Durien had been so enthusiastic and to which that great sculptor had added touching stanzas on the lost Trilby. Indeed the memory of Trilby was alive in everything they saw, and unwittingly to themselves it lent a keener significance to the concert in Le Cirque des Bashibazouks, over which all Paris was agog, and to attend which great musicians had come from all parts of Europe.

The vast amphitheater was densely thronged, and, when the orchestra filed into their seats, the three friends were a little startled to find in the first violin their old friend Gecko. Svengali, quite splendid in appearance, showed the effects of prosperity. The curtains were withdrawn, and a tall female figure in classic garb walked to the front, her gray eyes fixed on Svengali. It was Trilby, Trilby the tone-deaf, who couldn't sing one single note in tune! The wonders of the voice, as shown in

a somewhat incongruous program, and its amazing power of execution, made the audience mad with enthusiasm, and the great critics beggared French adjectives in their reports the next day. The effect on Little Billee and his comrades was indescribable, and Billee cried like a baby, for the first time in five years. It was not only the music and the marvel of it, but the lost was found, even if lost again. Yet the delight of it was poisoned—for Little Billee's heart had awakened from its torpor—by the vision of husband and wife, hand-in-hand, receiving the tumult of applause. That feeling, too, was shared, he found in the confidences of a sleepless night, by Taffy, who confessed that he also had loved Trilby and had wished to marry her. The next day they passed, in the concourse of carriages in the Place de la Concorde, Trilby and Svengali in a gorgeous equipage, and both cut Little Billee dead, when he bowed to them, though their eyes were fixed on him. Insult reached its climax when Svengali, who met Little Billee in the hotel, spat in his face without provocation, in return for which he received a blow and the immediate intervention of Taffy. The giant Yorkshireman, at sight of whom Svengali paled, tweaked the latter's nose and slapped his face with great violence. The episode closed with that. The malignant Jew had compelled his wife to cut Little Billee and had spat in his face, but he utterly quailed in the unexpected outcome.

At a later period, when Svengali and his wife had reached London, his fierce temper at a rehearsal made him rap Trilby smartly on the knuckles, for which Gecko sprang at him with a knife, inflicting a slight wound. Consequently at the London début Svengali, unable to lead the orchestra and thus sit directly facing Trilby as she sang, was compelled to occupy a box and direct by signals, so far as that was possible. Monsieur J—— had the bâton, and Svengali, deathly pale, came into his box when he saw Taffy, standing in the center of the pit stalls, who called the attention of his two comrades to that strange face. It glared with wonder, rage, and fear, the eyes showing all their white and the teeth bared in a spasmodic grin. Trilby entered for her first song, which was "Ben Bolt," hesitated when the bâton rapped, looked blankly at Svengali in his box, and seemed unable to utter a sound, though the orchestra was playing.

Trilby said to the conductor that she preferred to sing "without all that devilish music."

"Without music then, but sing, sing!" said the agitated Monsieur J——.

Then she began with a sentimental smile to sing, in the old fashion of the Latin Quarter, the most lamentably grotesque performance ever heard out of a human throat. The confusion of the catastrophe which turned the house into a pandemonium was heightened by the discovery that Svengali was dead in his box. This necromancer of music, whose heart had been weakened by long dissipation, nervous strain, and the war of his own evil passions, had suddenly succumbed to the shock of hate and fear at the sight of Taffy and his companions. Simultaneously the greatest cantatrice in Europe had collapsed into a mere babbler of senseless sounds.

Trilby was taken in charge by Little Billee and his friends and removed to comfortable surroundings. She too had suffered a fresh metamorphosis, but her magnificent physique was shattered and she swiftly declined. It was the old charming Trilby, irresistibly fascinating, but her reminiscences of her recent life were broken and vague. She could not remember that she had ever sung to great audiences, except that Drury Lane evening; only that she had traveled with Svengali, who had been kind to her, and to whom she had tried to play the part of a daughter. After she had fled from Paris five years before with her little brother, the death of the child, her own despair, and utter penury drove her back to the city, where she fell in with Svengali, who charmed her suffering into oblivion, and promised to take care of her. Of her wonderful artistic triumphs she had absolutely no recollection, and laughed at the thought. On the eve of her death a picture of Svengali was shown her and a fresh miracle was enacted. Her musical power came back to her, and in a trance she sang Chopin's Impromptu as she had never sung it before, with her very dying breath.

Little Billee passed through a severe illness and partially recovered, but suffered paralysis of productive power; and fatal loss of strength finally blighted the most splendid art-promise of the time.

Taffy married Miss Bagot, and, when, five years later, they were visiting Paris, he espied something familiar in the first violin of a theater orchestra. It was Gecko, whom he took to supper, and from whom he obtained the missing links of Trilby's strange story. The violinist had participated with Svengali in the training of her voice, perfecting with incessant drill of violin and tuning flageolet every tone of a matchless vocal mechanism of mouth, larynx, and lungs. She became simply a singing machine, on which Svengali played, as Joachim played on the fiddle.

"When Svengali's Trilby was being taught to sing . . . when Svengali's Trilby was singing—or seemed to you as if she were singing—*our* Trilby had ceased to exist . . . Our Trilby was fast asleep . . . in fact our Trilby was *dead*," said Gecko. "I have seen the horses taken out of her sledge and the pick of the nobility drag her home to the hotel with torchlights and choruses and shoutings of 'long life' . . . and serenades all night under her window . . . *she* never knew! she heard nothing, felt nothing, saw nothing! and she bowed to them right and left like a queen!"

GEORG MORITZ EBERS

(Germany, 1837–1898)

HOMO SUM (1877)

The material for this story was given to the author, he tells us, during his studies preparatory to writing a history of the Sinaitic peninsula, when he came upon the narrative that forms the basis of his *Homo Sum*. And when later he visited Arabia Petræa and saw the caves of the anchorites of Sinai, the story haunted him until he gave it definite form.

BOUT the beginning of the year 330 A.D. certain Christian anchorites dwelt in the mountains of Arabia Petræa. Some of these had withdrawn from lives of ease and luxury to mortify the flesh by fasting and scourges and to end their days in the caves of Sinai. Among them were the aged Stephanus and his son Hermas, a youth of twenty. The old man had been wounded in a recent raid of the Saracens, who, with the Blemmyes, wild inhabitants of the desert country bordering the fertile lands of Egypt and Nubia, repeatedly invaded the Sinaitic peninsula. One morning the anchorite Paulus came to Stephanus's cave, dressed the old man's wound, and bade Hermas go down to the oasis and ask the Senator Petrus for medicine for the sick man. Paulus then accompanied Hermas part way on his journey, mildly reproving him for having disturbed his father's rest the night before on account of his own troubled mind, and urging him to show more sacrifice in his love.

"And is it no sacrifice that I waste all my youth here?" asked the boy.

Then, feeling that he must unburden his heart, Hermas spoke of a brief visit he had once made to Alexandria, and

said that what he had seen there had made him disgusted with the life he led with the anchorites. Bitterly he complained of his present life, saying that Christians visited the baths in Alexandria, while all the anchorites used water only to quench their thirst, and that he did not like being a dirty beast.

"None can see us but the Most High," answered Paulus, "and for Him we cleanse and beautify our souls."

Hermas replied that his body was the Lord's as much as his soul; and that when he thought of his dirty sheepskin, his wild mane and his unwashed limbs, he appeared as repulsive to himself as a hideous ape.

Paulus replied that when he was the heathen Menander and lived in Alexandria he enjoyed every pleasure of the earth; but when he became a Christian he renounced all that Menander had loved, and as "Paulus" entered upon a new life; not a vein of the old man surviving in the new.

Hermas replied sharply that, unlike Paulus, he had not been a Menander, and how was it possible for him to cast away what he had never possessed? And he added that to die one first must live.

To prove his ability to wrestle or to throw disks as well as the youths he had seen in the games at Alexandria, he entered into a friendly contest with Paulus, using the thin, flat stones that lay at their feet. Finally, at an especially skilful throw made by Paulus, Hermas exclaimed:

"Wonderful! wonderful! that was indeed a throw. The old Menander is not dead!" He then hastened down the hill.

Paulus started at these words, then in shame hastily put on his coarse linen coat and sheepskin (the only garments the anchorites wore), which he had cast aside during the contest. He stood gazing after Hermas, and suddenly clasped his brow in anguish and muttered:

"What have I said? That every vein of the old man in me was extirpated? Fool! Vain madman that I am. They named me Paulus, and I am in truth Saul."

He threw himself upon his knees and, sobbing aloud, began to pray.

Hermas's destination was the oasis below the mountain,

where stood the city of Pharan, and here dwelt the Christian Senator Petrus. Under his roof also lodged the Roman centurion, Phœbicius, and his girl-wife Sirona, both of whom were heathen.

The beautiful Sirona had been married when only seventeen to Phœbicius, who was more than forty years her senior, and his treatment of his lovely, gentle wife was such that at last she felt for him only bitter contempt. She was pure-hearted, while he was all that was base, and the unfortunate woman would have been utterly lonely but for the love and admiration so warmly given to her by all the Senator's household.

That night Paulus watched by the sick man, and to him Stephanus bewailed the fact that Hermas was not happy, although he (Stephanus) had thought he was acting for the best in bringing up his son as a recluse. But Paulus reassured him that Hermas loved his father and would remain with him. Asked by Stephanus to relate his own experiences, Paulus told how he, Menander, the son of Herophilus, a rich merchant of Alexandria, had been brought up in almost royal state, and, caring nothing for learning, had devoted himself to music and athletics, spending his days in the baths and in the arena, and his nights in feasting. Yet, with every wish gratified, he was not happy. One night he was seriously wounded in a street fight, and when he recovered consciousness he found himself in the house of Eusebius, the Presbyter of Kanopus. There he was nursed back to health, and in that house became a Christian, and devoted himself to the brethren, suffering with them for the faith he had confessed.

Stephanus groaned aloud as he spoke of his own youth when he was called Servianus, and of the lovely Glycera, the wife he had idolized, who had been happy with him until a Gaul, a man upon whom Stephanus had heaped kindnesses, had entered their home and so bewitched Glycera that she fled with him, leaving her heart-broken husband and little son. But the old man assured Paulus that he had long since forgiven the woman he still loved; while her wicked seducer he could not forgive.

To Stephanus's questioning Paulus responded that he never had married, but that he had loved. He first saw the woman he loved in a prison-hall, and was at once struck by her lovely

face, her gentle eyes, and the noble dignity of her manner. He offered his help to her, and she asked him to send her a priest to baptize her, as she had become a Christian and suffered anguish for her sins. She had been baptized under the name of Magdalen, and Paulus learned from her own lips that she had left her husband and child for the sake of a man who had abandoned her in Alexandria, and she was in prison for debt to the old woman in whose house they had lived. She refused to allow Paulus to buy her freedom, saying that she wished to suffer punishment. When, in time, the Christians who refused to sacrifice to the heathen god were put to the torture by Imperial order, Magdalen and Paulus had been put to the rack; and while the man's strong frame endured and lived, Magdalen's spirit took its flight. Paulus spoke of his tender love for the sweet woman, telling how he closed her eyes after death and drew from her finger a ring, which he still wore under his sheepskin.

As he finished his sad story, worn out by emotion and long fasting, he fainted; and Stephanus tremblingly dragged himself to the side of his friend, tore the sheepskin from his breast until he found the ring and, pressing it again and again to his lips, wept aloud in passionate grief. After Paulus had regained consciousness he learned from Stephanus that Magdalen was his long-lost Glycera, and that the old man rejoiced to know she died a Christian and a martyr.

That night Hermas went again to the Senator's dwelling and talked to Sirona as she leaned from her window. On his frequent visits to Petrus's house he had several times seen the beautiful woman, who had spoken kindly to the youth and given him wine for his father. While they were conversing Sirona heard a noise in the house opposite, and, knowing that Petrus's slaves were coming out from their supper, exclaimed in terror that she was lost if they saw Hermas. Quickly he sprang up through the open window into the room—his only means of entrance—as Phœbicius had locked the door of the house and taken the key with him when he went early in the evening to a certain cave on the mountain where he, with others of his faith, was wont to sacrifice to the heathen god Mithras.

Miriam, a shepherdess, one of the Senator's slaves, who had often met Hermas on the mountain when she was tending her

flock, loved him in her wild, tempestuous way. She had noted his passionate admiration for Sirona, and, having seen him leap through the window, uttered a low cry of jealous rage and then fled up the mountain to warn Phœbicius.

Meantime Hermas, declaring his admiration for Sirona, had begged her to permit him to kiss her lovely golden hair; but she sharply refused, lecturing him severely for his boldness; and then, regarding him only as a big boy with whom she could while away a lonely hour, she allowed him to array himself in a suit of her husband's armor, while she taught him how a warrior ought to stand and walk, and Hermas confided to her his desire to go out into the world and be a soldier. Just as he was laying aside the armor to leave the house, Sirona heard Phœbicius's voice in the courtyard and told Hermas to fly. He sprang through a window that opened into the street, and ran swiftly toward the mountain. As he ran, someone behind him called his name, and he recognized the voice of Paulus, who, coming up to him, accused him of having been with Sirona, and asked him where his sheepskin was. Hermas excitedly exclaimed that he had left it there, having thrown it off when he put on the armor, and that the furious Gaul would find it. Paulus assured him that he would settle everything; then, giving the youth his own sheepskin, told him he must leave the place at once, as it might kill his father should he hear of his son's misconduct; for Paulus believed that Hermas had seriously wronged Phœbicius. He then told Hermas to make his way to the Egyptian coast and there to watch the hordes of Blemmyes, and if these wild bands should plot another attack on Pharan and the Sacred Mountain, he must manage to warn the watch of the Roman garrison on the mountain-peak. Paulus promised to take care of Stephanus in the mean time.

When Phœbicius had searched the house for the lover Miriam had said was with his wife, and succeeded in finding only a dirty sheepskin, he furiously accused Sirona of having received Polykarp, one of the Senator's sons. This young man greatly admired Sirona, and had given her roses, and the Gaul declared that the sheepskin was but a disguise he had adopted. Sirona did not reply to this, and the infuriated man informed her that he would prepare a room for her at the back of the house, which

had no window, and that there she should remain, locked in, until she confessed who had been with her that night.

While he was gone Sirona escaped through a window into the street, and, impelled by fear and hatred of the vile man who treated her so cruelly, she fled, without thinking where she could go, up the mountain road.

When Phœbicius discovered her flight he went to the Senator's, roused the household, and demanded his wife. He was assured that she was not with them, and when the Gaul asserted that Polykarp would know her whereabouts he learned that the young man had been away from home since the day before. Finally Phœbicius exhibited the sheepskin and declared that he would search until he found its owner.

Paulus, who had been standing near, spoke up and claimed the sheepskin as his own. None who heard this statement could at first credit it. How could the noble, pious anchorite whom everyone respected be such a sinner? The Gaul, disdaining any other punishment, seized a whip and mercilessly beat the brave old man, who bore without flinching the cruel blows and bitter words that were rained upon him. And then Phœbicius set out on his search for Sirona.

When the bishop at Pharan heard what had happened he expelled Paulus from his flock, publicly proscribed him, and condemned him to the severest penance. He was even denied the pleasure of caring for Stephanus; a messenger from the bishop and Miriam, the slave-girl, attending him, while Paulus, with his heart well-nigh breaking with grief for the injustice he suffered, sought a new cave up the mountain in which to live. In his wanderings he suddenly came upon Sirona, who was nearly crazed by fear and exposure, conducted her to the cave he found near by, and cared tenderly for her. When she was strong again she told Paulus how innocent of any wrong toward Phœbicius both she and Hermas were; telling him also of what she had endured from Phœbicius, and that nothing could make her return to such a wretch. She wished to go to Alexandria, where she would work and earn money to take her to her own people in Gaul.

Polykarp, having returned home and learned of Sirona's flight, went up the mountain in search of her, and, meeting

Paulus, demanded to be told where she was. He declared that no man loved her as he did, though he had been too honorable to speak a word of love to her; and he asserted his belief in her purity and innocence against the whole world, while, at the same time, he heaped upon the anchorite the most bitter words for having done anything to bring shame upon her. To his vituperation Paulus replied mildly, saying that he now knew they had all done Sirona an injustice; but he refused to explain why he had claimed the sheepskin as his own.

Paulus endeavored to draw the young man away from the cave where Sirona was listening to their talk, and when they had reached the plateau above, Polykarp heard Sirona call his name. With an answering cry he started in the direction whence her voice had come; but Paulus barred his way and refused to let him pass. In fury Polykarp struck him, and Paulus, once more the athletic Menander, seized him and flung him backward over his shoulder to the stony ground. Polykarp slowly rose and crept away, holding his hand to the back of his head, and when out of Paulus's sight he groaned and fell senseless to the earth.

Paulus returned to the cave and told Sirona that he had sent Polykarp home. He realized that it was jealousy that prompted his actions toward Polykarp, for he had determined that he and no other should send Sirona to Alexandria and see that her every wish was gratified. All he asked was to see her happy and to know that he had made her so. His brother's immense fortune was Paulus's to command, and his orders would be obeyed in Alexandria.

On the night of the day that had seen the encounter between Paulus and Polykarp, the anchorite entered the cave where Sirona was sleeping, and, fascinated by her beauty, knelt and was about to kiss her, when he saw upon her hand an exact duplicate of the ring he had taken from Magdalen's finger. Awakening Sirona, he asked where she got the ring; and, learning that Phœbicius had given it to her, told her to cast it from her, and rushing out into the darkness he threw himself down, crying out:

"Magdalen! dearest and purest! You, when you ceased to be Glycera, became a saintly martyr, and found the road to

heaven. I, too, had my day of Damascus—of revelation and conversion—and I dared to call myself by the name of Paulus—and now—now!"

Then he wandered away from the cave, ashamed and penitent, and hearing a sound of groaning not far away searched until he found Polykarp. In utter anguish of mind, feeling that he was a murderer, Paulus carried him to a near-by spring, and washed the blood from a wound in the back of the young man's head.

Suddenly he heard cries and a blast of trumpets; then Miriam rushed up, calling out that Hermas had returned, that the Blemmyes were coming, and that Paulus and the other anchorites must go up to the tower on the mountain, below which the soldiers would gather to repel the enemy. In case of attacks of this kind the anchorites gathered in the tower and aided the soldiers by hurling down heavy stones upon the invaders when they attempted to climb up to this "castle."

Hastily Paulus carried Polykarp to his cave, and, giving him into the care of Sirona, who wept at seeing his sad condition, told her what to do for him and that he (Paulus) must leave them to fight the invading Blemmyes. He added that if he did not return the next day she must go down and tell the Senator what he had done to Polykarp and ask their forgiveness. Then he hastened to the tower, where Hermas had carried his father, and where the bishop and other anchorites came.

Soon it was evident that the enemy was striving to reach the tower, and some of the soldiers from Pharan, led by the centurion, began to climb up to the tower. A voice called for assistance to mount the wall, and with Paulus's help Stephanus stood up and leaning over the wall offered his hand to Phœbicius, for it was he.

"Servianus!" cried Phœbicius, staring into the face of the man he had so foully wronged nearly twenty years before.

With a cry, Stephanus flung himself upon his enemy, who was on the edge of the wall; while Paulus, horror-struck, cried to Stephanus:

"Let him go—forgive, that Heaven may forgive you."

"Heaven! what is Heaven, what is forgiveness?" screamed the old man. "He shall be damned."

The stone on which the two were striving gave way, and the enemies fell together into the abyss.

Paulus wept in anguish and murmured: "He, too, has fought the fight, and he, too, has striven in vain."

When the enemy had been dispersed, Hermas, down in Petrus's house, told how Miriam had saved his life by receiving in her body the lance intended for him; and learning for the first time of the injustice Paulus had suffered for his sake he indignantly denied any wrong-doing and set off to find Paulus. Immediately afterward Sirona appeared, exhausted and with bleeding feet, and was welcomed by the Senator's family with loving words. Soon Petrus and his slaves were on their way up the mountain; but before they returned with Polykarp Sirona confided to his mother that in her despair on the mountain she had prayed to the Christian's God and would never again pray to any other. And in the overjoyed woman's embrace Sirona knew that she had found a mother.

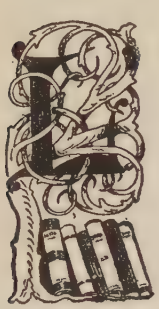
Paulus sat alone in front of his cave, watching the torches by Polykarp's litter until they were far down the valley, and bitter were his meditations as he thought how he had failed in his aspirations toward godliness. He would seek a lonelier spot in which he might be cut off from all the world. To Hermas's thanks for his great sacrifice he replied lovingly, and gave him a letter from Stephanus to Hermas's uncle, who, the old man knew, would obtain for him a place in the Roman army.

Ten days after Hermas's departure, Paulus was found dead in a remote cave. Tightly clasped in his hand was Magdalen's ring, and on the wall of the cave were these words, traced in charcoal:

"Pray for me, a miserable man—for I was a man."

UARDA (1877)

This story, like most of the historical romances of Georg Ebers, who was a well known student of Egyptian archeology, was written, primarily, to convey information on that subject under the form of fiction. Naturally in this, as in all his books, the story is subordinate to the descriptive detail of scenery, architecture, customs, and other features of ancient life.



ATE one summer evening in the year 1352 B. C., the guards of the Theban necropolis on the western bank of the Nile had driven all visitors to their boats, as the laws required, when Paaker, one of Pharaoh's "pioneers," a violent, headstrong man, demanded admission at the entrance of the House of Seti, one of the largest of the many temples in the City of the Dead. With him were Bent-Anat, daughter of Rameses II, and Nefert, Paaker's cousin, who, though once betrothed to him, had loved and married Mena, the King's charioteer, now with Rameses warring against the Hittites. They told how Bent-Anat, racing her chariot against Paaker's, had run over a girl, the granddaughter of Pinem, a *paraschites*, one of those who open the bodies of the dead for the embalmers. Bent-Anat had taken the girl to Pinem's hut, and sought a surgeon from the temple to attend her.

Pentaur, a young poet-priest, by birth a gardener's son, received the request and carried it to Ameni, the head priest, who granted it forthwith; but Pentaur, moved by the kind-heartedness of Bent-Anat, had absolved her of the uncleanness she had incurred by entering the *paraschites's* hut, and Ameni reproved him for so doing, since the offender had not been duly purified according to the law. As a punishment he ordered Pentaur to go to the hut the next day and inform the Princess, when she went there to learn of the girl's condition, that she had transgressed and must crave purification from the priests.

The night was past, and the Princess with her escort took her way to Pinem's hut. She alone had courage to enter where Nebsecht, the physician, was attending the girl. Pentaur stood by. He heard her beg forgiveness from old Pinem, and he heard it granted. Assured that the child would live, Bent-Anat then left the hut with Pentaur.

Meanwhile Paaker and Nefert rested without in the shade, and he seized the occasion to reproach her bitterly for breaking her troth. She gloried in her love for Mena. At last, going to find water, he came to a cave among the tombs, where dwelt Hekt, an old witch, who, divining his trouble, gave him a love-draught for Nefert.

Paaker paid her, but his conscience halted. He had sacrificed to the gods to blast Mena's and Nefert's marriage, but to use a love-potion was a crime under the law. The omens that he consulted, too, were inauspicious; but his passion conquered, and he gave her half the draught.

When Bent-Anat and Pentaur came from the hut, the priest pronounced her "unclean," as Ameni had commanded; but she, who before had admired, now scorned him for his subservient change of views; and when he pleaded the ancient institutions, she asked whether he, too, held with them. A spirit of free thought, and admiration of her and of her act, impelled him to avow his faith in her purity before the gods. He would sin, he declared, but against obedience, not against truth; and she looked at him with radiant eyes, asking his name. When she knew he was the poet Pentaur, she paid him new reverence, and his heart stirred at her words.

Nevertheless Bent-Anat took her away humbly to the House of Seti to seek formal purification; but when Ameni came to meet her his reproofs hardened her heart. She defied him, and, looking for support to Pentaur who stood near, she found it. Ameni divined the unspoken love of the two, and his look threatened Pentaur. Bent-Anat saw it, and again, for the poet's safety, humbled her spirit and asked for purification. Then she drove away, and Pentaur went to lecture to his disciples. He told them how all the gods were really only one, and Ameni reproved him for too free disclosure of mysteries to the laity, seizing the pretext to order him, as a punishment, to leave

the house of Seti and take charge of the lower temple of Hatasu.

Ameni reflected: "Mesu (Moses) fell away; and Pentaur may follow him, but nothing must bind him to the house of Rameses"; and then sent orders to every college of priests throughout the land that they should beseech forgiveness for Bent-Anat; such an insult, he felt, would go far to precipitate the contest for supremacy between Church and King, which Ameni ardently desired.

Paaker returned to his house and, to aid his hope of winning Nefert, bade his mother, Setchem, make peace with her sister, Katuti, and her niece.

Ani, the regent, cousin of Rameses, sat in judgment. Letters from the King had told of battles won, but the people thought only of their slain. Nemu, dwarf of Katuti, was arrested for talking sedition, but Ani spoke with him privately, reproved his untoward zeal, and released him. Then, going to Ameni, he took measures to lighten the command of Rameses to send the temple serfs to the army, and when the priest spoke of the blood of the Sun-God, pure in Ani's veins, and but half pure in those of Rameses, the descendant of a Semitic usurper, Ani reproved but listened. Later, in his house, he read the private letter of Pharaoh granting his request for the hand of Bent-Anat, provided she consented, and he smiled bitterly, doubting she would choose so old a man.

It was Katuti who had inspired Ani's ambitions. She chafed at the poverty of Mena, and bore a grudge against the King for aiding his favorite charioteer's suit with her daughter. New bitterness was added when Nemu brought a letter from Katuti's son, in the army, telling how Mena had chosen of the spoils a captive daughter of a Greek prince, and how he, her son, in an effort to retrieve the fortunes of the house, had lost his own share at play, and had even pledged his father's mummy for still greater debts. That pledge, she felt, must be redeemed, or ignominy would be their portion. Ani, by her advice, had narrowed his means by his treasonable liberality; and against Nemu's suggestion that Nefert seek aid of Paaker, her soul rebelled.

Nemu hurried to old Hekt, and soon learned of the love-

draught she had given Paaker: "Vinegar and turnip-juice," she said scornfully.

Pentaur had gone to the temple of Hatasu. He hated the sloth and fraud of these priests, and they combined to be rid of him. Bent-Anat, filled with love, came, veiled, to his confessional, but he resisted all temptation. There, too, came Prince Rameri, her brother, and Pentaur's other pupils who loved him and had escaped from the house of Seti; but he sent them back. Nevertheless, Septah, his enemy, chief of the prophets, who had pursued the young men, reviled him, not only for leading the boys astray but even for tempting the not yet purified Bent-Anat to an assignation in the sacred precinct, ending by degrading him from his dignity by virtue of Ameni's signet, but ordering him not to leave the temple.

It was Paaker that next sought Pentaur to have a dream interpreted and, with him, Nemu, filling his ears with tales of Mena's neglect of Nefert. Enraged by the pioneer's offers of gifts measured according to the favorableness of the interpretation, Pentaur refused to interpret the dream, and Paaker drove furiously away, Nemu ministering to his rage with all the slanders about Pentaur and with the words he said Pharoah had uttered when he had forced Katuti to give her daughter to Mena. Then he told the story of Nefert's brother's pledge and, by Hekt's advice, begged Paaker's aid, assuring him that Nefert still loved him, and, if an arrow should chance to find Mena, she would be his.

In front of Pinem's hut he and Nebsecht and Kaschta sat, and the soldier told how he had bought the mother of Uarda, a captive, how he married her and she had died after Uarda's birth, and how he had kept for her daughter a golden jewel she had, with a stone inscribed with strange characters.

Later, to Pentaur, Nebsecht inveighed against the cruelty of nature, but the priest reproved him. Then the physician spoke of his forbidden experiments in search of knowledge, and how he longed—greatest of all sacrileges—for a human heart to study. He told how he had tempted Pinem to steal one, and Pentaur pleaded with him to refrain for Uarda's sake. Much moved, Nebsecht sought for Pinem, but he had gone to his work.

Paaker had offered his aid to Katuti, and she, too, artfully

filled his mind with tales of Rameses's enmity and slighting words, boldly vaunting the better title of Ani to the throne. Soon came Ani himself, to tell how the army he had equipped had conquered the Ethiopians, and between the flattery and lies of the two the pioneer was ensnared in their disloyal plot.

Katuti next turned her craft against Nefert, telling of her brother's losses and pledge, of Paaker's generosity, and of Mena's unfaithfulness, but Nefert received her words with indignation and unbelief. Again Katuti consulted with Nemu, begging him to throw Paaker completely into Ani's power and spur him to kill Mena.

Nebsecht waited by the hut of Pinem. At last the old man came back. He had fulfilled his promise and brought the physician the heart of Rui, the prophet, but he was filled with terror and would take no reward save the knowledge that it was to be used to help Nebsecht cure the hearts of living men. Later, when the ram's heart he had placed in Rui's body was found there, and all marveled at the prodigy, Pinem grieved more deeply over his sin.

The sacred ram of Amon and the bull, Apis, were dead. Ameni bade that Pentaur be brought back to the house of Seti and the scholars be released, since only by the aid of their great reciter and of the trained choristers could they triumph over the rival priests of Amon. Afterward he promised Septah they should all be punished. As for the heart found in Rui, Ameni declared to be that of the sacred ram, a wondrous miracle. When he questioned the pupils, Prince Rameri declared himself their ringleader and Ameni, for the great political purpose he had in view, to discredit the house of Rameses, expelled him from the college.

To Katuti came Paaker. He was going, he said, to the army in Syria, and he contrived that Nefert should take the rest of the love-potion; but when, sure of her love, he would have embraced her, Bent-Anat was announced before Nefert could express her indignation and horror. Bent-Anat had come to command Nefert to dwell with her in the palace.

Then also came Ani. There was remorse in his soul for his treason against Rameses. If Bent-Anat had accepted him he would have renounced it, but she had frankly told him that

she loved another; whom, he did not know, but, when Nemu told of Pentaur, Ani was filled with jealousy. It was settled that the plot should be carried on. Ameni would represent him in Egypt, Paaker in Syria. His troops from Ethiopia should guard Egypt, and no letters but his would be allowed to reach Rameses. When he went out, the plaudits of the people rang pleasantly in his ears.

In Nebsecht's room Pentaur learned the truth of the so-called miracle of the heart. Then they were summoned to the priests' council, where Ameni told of the miracle and of a dream in which he saw a pious man on the throne: one who loved the priests, and Rameses and his rebellious son and his unpurified daughter were cast out. Pentaur's punishment, he said, would be postponed. He should speak for them to-morrow. But Pentaur refused to speak of the marvel of the heart, knowing it was no miracle.

It was the day of the Feast of the Valley, and Rameri, Nefert and Bent-Anat, the latter still unpurified in the eyes of Ameni and not allowed to take part, watched the procession from the palace. Rameri proposed that they should go in disguise and hear Pentaur's discourse. Bent-Anat agreed, thinking to see Pentaur, but Nefert understood and feared. Disguised, the three crossed the river. They heard Pentaur speak, they saw the miraculous heart; but when the herald announced it, Pinem, mad with remorse, rushed out, and, to the horror of the crowd, strove to seize it. They fell upon him and upon Uarda, who tried to save him. Then Pentaur rushed to the rescue, and when he, too, was almost overcome, Rameri sprang to their aid. At last, Bent-Anat disclosed her rank and ordered the people back. Pinem was dead, and the hut was burned, and soldiers took Pentaur before Ameni, because he had slain Egyptians in the fight.

Then the three tried to board a boat to go to Thebes, but Paaker appeared, and, not knowing them, forbade it until his mother's boat had gone. Furious, he struck Nefert with his whip, and set his favorite hound upon Rameri, who killed the dog and wounded Paaker's hand. Only when Bent-Anat again disclosed her identity did he yield, and go back to the banquet at the house of Seti.

At the banquet all was told that had happened, but, when the drinking began, Ameni withdrew with the regent, and ordered Pentaur brought before him. Frankly, the poet admitted what had happened: that his hands were defiled with the blood of four men killed and others hurt. Ani would have ordered him slain for the murder of one of his soldiers, but Ameni pleaded the priest's privilege. They would punish him severely, he promised and yet in his soul he loved Pentaur. Ani assented, and then, that Paaker should be more completely in their power, Ameni sent for Hekt, that he might learn about the unlawful love-philter, of which some rumor had reached him.

Paaker had returned home and quarreled bitterly with his mother, who commanded him to give up all vengeful plots against the house of Rameses.

Ani interrogated Hekt, renewed her privilege to practise her witchcraft, and swore she should be held blameless. Then she told a strange tale. In her youth she was a singing girl and had loved Assa, the reputed grandfather of Paaker. He had deserted her and, later, she had found opportunity to change Pentaur, who was really Assa's grandson, for Paaker, a gardener's brat.

As Bent-Anat and Nefert sat together in the palace, Rameri entered and told how, wandering in the City of the Dead, to see Uarda, now living in a new hut, he had heard tales of Ani's plotting against Rameses, but Bent-Anat only laughed and warned him against the girl's beauty.

The next day Ani, disguised as a steward of some noble, sought Hekt. Pentaur, he said, had been condemned to the quarries at Chennu, where he would doubtless soon be released and taken into the temple there. Ani wished him slain, but he had sworn not to interfere, and it must be accomplished without Ameni's knowledge, whose aid he still needed. After many vain plans, they at last decided that the captain of the prisoners' boat should misunderstand his orders and take them to the gold mines in Ethiopia, where Pentaur would be in the regent's power.

Again Prince Rameri, in disguise, went to Uarda. Their love was mutually confessed, and their kisses sealed it. As they were about to part, Scherau, a boy who aspired to be a sculptor,

ran up and told how he had overheard in Hekt's cave the plot against Pentaur's life, and, from a clay model of the false steward's face which the little sculptor had molded, Rameri knew it was Ani himself. There was no time to lose. Uarda planned that her father should save Pentaur by taking him north with prisoners he was to escort to the emerald mines at Ant-Baba. Rameri determined to journey to Syria and take news to his father, while Bent-Anat undertook a pilgrimage to the sanctuary of the Emerald-Hathor, in the north, to be purified. On the way Uarda came to her and begged to be of her household, and Bent-Anat granted the prayer.

Two months had passed. Pentaur, carried north by the device of Kaschta's, toiled at the emerald mines, and with him Nebsecht, also a convict. Led by their guards, they approached one day the sanctuary of the Emerald-Hathor, and Uarda recognized her father and Pentaur. Plotting Pentaur's release, she gave the guards drugged wine, and, while they slept, Pentaur and Nebsecht escaped.

As the priest gave thanks to "the One God," he saw beside him a tall man in a herdsman's dress.

"You seek the true God?" asked the stranger, who was Moses himself.

"Teach me to know the Mighty One whom you worship," exclaimed Pentaur.

"Seek Him," said Moses, "and you will find Him."

Then he disappeared.

Meanwhile the guards awoke and, finding the prisoners fled, sought them among the Amalekites of the region, who resented the search. While Bent-Anat's escort went to aid their fellows, the Princess and her friends escaped and came to the cottage where Pentaur had taken refuge. Recognition followed.

"Pentaur!" she said. The poet opened his arms, and Bent-Anat fell upon his breast.

Soon came the Amalekites, telling how they had slain the guards and the escort and protesting their love for Pharaoh Rameses, for whose camp the fugitives then set out.

Pentaur and Kaschta parted from them at Hebron, and Bent-Anat, by the written command of Rameses, went to Megiddo to await him.

Armed now as a soldier, Pentaur hastened toward Rameses's camp. A great battle was impending, and they found the Hittite army in the rear of the Egyptians and sought refuge in a cave. There they surprised Paaker's party holding Horus, his brother, a prisoner. To Horus, Rameses had given orders to spy out the enemy, but Paaker had ensnared him, sent out a false report to Pharaoh, and gone over to the Hittites to betray the Egyptians into their hands.

"Make haste," cried Pentaur. "These best three horses for me and Kaschta."

Meanwhile the battle raged. Paaker led a Hittite ambuscade against the King, now cut off from his army. Three of the traitor's arrows struck Mena's protecting shield, and one pierced his shoulder. Forgetting his duties, he descended and rushed with his ax upon Paaker, while Pharaoh was borne on in his chariot among the foe. He saw death closing in upon him, his shield shivered, his last arrow shot. Suddenly a tall Egyptian sprang into the chariot and seized the reins. Seeing the likeness of Paaker's father, Pharaoh deemed that Amon had assumed this aspect and come to save him.

"Help is at hand!" cried his new companion, and then the Egyptian left, aroused by Horus, fell upon the enemy's flank. Pharaoh was saved and the battle was won, but his mysterious friend, wounded by an arrow, had fallen.

Prince Rameri had been taken prisoner, but he was exchanged for the Greek princess whom Mena had chosen for his spoil, in order to preserve her safe in return for a kindness her father had once done him. Mena was wounded, and Paaker had disappeared.

The enemy conquered, Pharaoh, concerned by the reports of the conspiracy, set out for Egypt, whither also he sent an escort to guard Bent-Anat.

Three months later he reached Pelusium, where a splendid palace was prepared for his reception by Ani. With the latter came Katuti, who urged him to new plottings, now that Paaker had failed and though Ameni refused to go farther in the business because of Ani's double-dealing in the case of Pentaur. A room in the palace had been filled by Nemu with straw and pitch, to which he and Katuti and the escaped

Paaker, now blind of an eye and gray-haired, were to set the torch.

The crowd had gathered. Ameni was now prepared to welcome Rameses, believing the aid of Amon had changed his heart toward the gods. Soon Pharaoh arrived, accepted the greeting of Ani and bade him drive his chariot.

When the banquet was set, the regent left the hall and ordered Pentaur, whom he had recognized in the crowd, to be brought to his tent and guarded. It was Ameni who met the soldiers. He clasped Pentaur's hand in joy, and, by his authority, sent him to his own tent.

At the banquet, Mena and Nefert looked love in each other's eyes, and Rameses told Bent-Anat of his rescue by one who was the likeness of Paaker's father. Ameni listened eagerly. He would, he said, summon the poet Pentaur to celebrate Pharaoh's triumph. Bent-Anat turned pale. Pentaur came.

"You fought at Kadesh?" asked the king.

"As thou sayest," replied Pentaur.

Then he sang of the battle.

"Pay honor to this man!" cried Rameses and, amid the feasters' acclaim, Bent-Anat placed her wreath on Pentaur's head, as a bride crowns her husband.

Pharaoh looked grave—then bright and satisfied.

Ere he retired he had promised the poet to his daughter's love. Uarda had been decoyed by Nemu to his tent and bound fast. But when he came to Hekt and told exultantly of the plot the old woman crept to his tent and loosed Uarda and bade her save the King. Then she crawled back and died.

Pharaoh had retired to his room with Mena and Ani and he turned to the latter, begging his pardon for unfounded suspicions and bidding him sleep in the room with him as his guard. Ani turned pale, and Paaker, who had climbed up to the window, almost laughed in scorn as he lighted the straw and pitch; but when he heard Rameses tell how Ameni had disclosed that Pentaur and not he was the son of the old pioneer, he cried out in anguish of soul and fell to the ground.

The fire burst out, and Ani sought to escape, but Katuti, after she had fired the interior, had cut down the stairs. Meanwhile Mena had seen Nemu putting a torch to the palace at

another point and had shot an arrow through his heart. Then, by superhuman efforts, leaping from balustrade to balustrade and bringing a rope, he saved the King.

Katuti, waiting eagerly for news, learned, at last, that Ani alone had been burned, and when the guards appeared to arrest her she took poison and died.

Rameses had given his daughter to Pentaur. Then he sent for the captive Hittite king and his allied princes. Only the Greek king refused to prostrate himself, in spite of every threat. He was no captive, he said, and he would be an ally, not a slave. Pharaoh, however, felt that he could make no exception in the form of homage, and sent the Greek away in wrath, though he desired his submission and peace.

Uarda had lost her jewel in her escape.

"How like she is to the captive Greek princess," said Mena, when he saw her in Nefert's tent, and then came the Greek prince and his daughter Praxilla, with gifts and thanks. He told of sons slain and of his daughter taken captive years ago.

"I have it! I have it!" cried Scherau, rushing in.

Uarda took the jewel and showed it to the Greek king, for she had come to believe her mother to have been of that race.

The old man staggered, crying "Xanthe! Xanthe!" Then Uarda told of her mother's story and he knew the maid for his grandchild. This happy event led to a solution of the last political problem: Uarda was bethrothed to Rameri, but she was to return with her father for a year.

Seven months after the fire at Pelusium, Pentaur took Bent-Anat to wife, and joy smiled upon them.

By Pentaur's intercession Ameni and the priests were not slain for their share in the treason, but Rameses made them know that he, the King, was above them.

After a year Rameri sailed to the islands of the Greeks, ruled over them, married Uarda, and became the founder of a great and famous race.

THE EDDAS

(Iceland, Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries)

SAEMOND SIGFUSSON AND SNORRE STURLESON

HE EDDAS are two collections of Scandinavian pagan traditions, the first of which, after passing from mouth to mouth among the men of the North for centuries, was at length gathered and fixed by an Icelandic priest named Saemond Sigfusson, who lived in the twelfth century. This collection is known as the Elder Edda, the word Edda meaning grandmother. These fragments date from the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, and may even have been fixed in a sporadic fashion as early as the times of the first ethnic division of the Aryans. The collection contains thirty-seven pieces, almost all in verse, not rimed but alliterated. Sixteen are consecrated to the pure pagan traditions of Scandinavian mythology; twenty-one treat of the sagas or heroic legends. The Elder Edda was rediscovered in 1643 by Bishop Sweinsson. The Younger Edda is in prose and is attributed to Snorre Sturleson, who died in 1241. It was discovered in 1628 by Angrim Jonsson. In some sense it may be considered as the complement of the Elder Edda as well as a commentary on it, for much in the earlier poems would be inexplicable without its aid. It contains several important additions: The Blinding of Gylfi; the Conversation of Braji and an *Ars Poetica* for the use of young skalds. The Eddas are the source of the Nibelungen Lied, and probably of many of the legends spread afterward in the west of Europe. In some respects they show a close relationship to the Hindu epics and the Homeric poems. Women occupy a very elevated rank in these legends, and are more

idealized than even in the *Germania* of Tacitus. There are three manuscripts in existence—the Olervorm, the Codex Regino, and the Codex of Upsala.

The most curious and important of the Eddas is that of Snorre, for, in addition to the pieces already mentioned, it comprises divers mythological and historical poems, one of which, Voluspa, gives a detailed account of the entire Scandinavian cosmogony. We have at the beginning of things, chaos, a bottomless abyss named Ginungagap, and, at its two extremities, a region of quenchless fire, Muspelheim, and a region of eternal cold, Niflheim. From the meeting of icy mist and burning heat in the upper air were born the giant Ymer, father of the race of giants, and the cow Audhumbla; the purpose of the creation of the latter was to nourish the giant with milk. The cow pastured on the snow from the rocks, which contained salt; while she was licking the rocks there issued forth from them, on the first day, a head of hair; on the second, a head; on the third, a body that of the god Bure. Fair of face and mighty of stature was he, and he begat a son named Bor. From Bor sprang three new gods, Odin, Vele, and Ve. Of these Odin was the greatest; he was omnipotent and had creative powers. Meanwhile the giant Ymer had grown to enormous proportions, and his wickedness exceeded even his size. So the divine brothers put him to death, and out of his dead body they formed the world; from his flesh the earth, from his blood the sea, and from his skull the vault of the heavens.

They caught some of the sparks that were hurled out of Muspelheim and fixed them in the heavens as stars. The earth was surrounded by waters, beyond which was Gotunheim, the land of the evil frost-giants. There were other gods besides Odin and his brothers. Thor, strongest of gods and men; Loke, the wicked, with the brain of a god but the heart of a frost-giant; Tyr of the flashing sword; and, above all, Balder, most beautiful of all the gods in form and character, the god of kindness and self-sacrifice, who afterward perishes by the artifices of Loke. A shelter against heat and cold, both for gods and men, was the marvelous ash-tree Ygdrasil, whose roots went down to the home of the dead, were firmly fastened even in Gotunheim, and embraced Midgard, the dwelling of men.

The favorite abode of the gods was the city of Asgard, built on the most beautiful of all plains, Yda, which spread over the summit of a lofty mountain. Here they loved to dwell, and, that they might pass easily from earth to heaven, they created the shining bridge of Bifrost, which men call the Rainbow. All the palaces of the gods and goddesses were of pure gold, and that of Odin was called Valhalla. Hither came the brave warriors who scorned to die except in battle; every day they fought until covered with wounds. Then their wounds were at once healed, and they sat down at the banquet of the gods. For it shamed the warriors of the North to die in their beds; they dream of nothing but wounds and a violent death, and they will die laughing. These sentiments are magnificently expressed in the splendid death-song in the Saga of Ragnar Lodbroy, a viking taken on the coast of England by King Elli and flung into a pit filled with vipers.

Besides its warlike sagas and cosmogonic songs, the Edda contains some philosophical and ethical disquisitions which do honor to the common sense and morals of the skalds. We quote a few:

"Riches pass; flocks perish; friends die; we die ourselves; one thing alone does not die: the memory of an honorably-spent life."

"There is no disease more cruel than discontent with one's lot."

"Praise the beauty of the day when it has passed, the young maiden when she is married, the married woman when she is dead, the snow when you have tried it, the ice when you have crossed it, and the beer when you have drunk it."

The sagas in the Eddas are sometimes noble, occasionally humorous, not seldom brutal. The humorous tales have as their hero the god Thor, and, whether he goes a-fishing, or recovers his hammer in the most singular fashion, or encounters a frost giant, he is sure to present a comic figure. But these gods were not immortal. At last came the fatal Ragnarock, the Twilight of the Gods. The sun lost its glory and the cold was so keen that even in Asgard the gods themselves were chilled to the marrow. Among men there was utter despair and agony.

Then, as the sun was descending below the horizon, a wolf bounded into space and devoured it. Another wolf leaped at the moon and swallowed it also. All the powers of evil, which the gods had fondly believed they had chained forever, burst their fetters: the Midgard serpent, the host of Hel, the goddess of the underworld, the Zenrer wolf, and Loke the evil god. Then on the plain of Vigrid, a hundred miles square, the final battle was fought. Here contended the gods with monsters of every sort, frost-giants, fire-giants, and all Hel's army. Then, after gods and monsters and giants had all perished, Surt, the fire-god, flung his torch into the universe and all the worlds burst into a blaze. It was Ragnarock, it was the end of things.

But behind this universal cataclysm was the All-Father, the supreme god, infinitely greater than all the other gods; and, after ages had passed by, he brought back a new earth, a new heaven and a new sun and moon, and the earth was again beautiful. And many of the gods came back: Balder, fairer than ever, Hoeder his brother, who had innocently slain him, and Vidar and Vale. Also came the one man and the one woman who had alone been saved amid the general destruction of the universe, Lifthraser and Lif, and soon the earth was filled with their children and their children's children, and it was a new and beautiful earth.

The Eddas have been a treasure-house for modern poets of all lands, who have turned aside from the hackneyed stories of Greece and Rome to these fresh, vivid sagas. They have had an important influence on the romantic movement in literature, and are the source of the entire Wagnerian cycle.

MARIA EDGEWORTH

(Ireland, 1767–1849)

CASTLE RACKRENT (1800)

Lord Jeffrey, the famous critic of the *Edinburgh Review*, in a review of the first series of the *Tales of Fashionable Life*, credited Miss Edgeworth with having done more good than any other writer of her generation. This was the first of her novels to be published; it was without revision by her father, who had assisted her in the composition of her previous works. Its purpose was to depict the manners and methods of the Irish squire of the middle of the eighteenth century; and it portrays conditions and customs that existed at the time of the action, but no longer prevailed when the story was written. The character of Thady, the teller of the story, was drawn from life. Miss Edgeworth says in one of her letters, that, although she took liberties with his age, she became so acquainted with his character and his dialect that she could think and speak like him without effort. "When, for mere amusement," she says, "without any idea of publication, I began to write a family history as Thady would tell it, he seemed to stand before me and dictate; and I wrote as fast as my pen could go." The other characters are imaginary.

HAVE voluntarily undertaken to publish the memoirs of the Rackrent family, upon whose estate I and mine have lived rent free time out of mind. My name is Thady Quirk, but I have always been known in the family as "Honest Thady," though I remember being sometimes called "Old Thady" in Sir Murtagh's time, and now "Poor Thady." To look at me you would hardly think that I was the father of Attorney Quirk, a high gentleman, having fifteen hundred a year landed estate, who looks down upon "Honest Thady." But I wash my hands of his doings, and as I live so will I die, true and loyal to the family. The Rackrents are one of the most ancient families in the Kingdom, and their old name of O'Shaughlin relates them to the kings of Ireland. My grandfather, who was driver to the great Sir Patrick O'Shaughlin, used to tell how the

Castle Rackrent estate came to him from Sir Tallyhoo Rackrent, his cousin, on condition that he should take and bear the surname and arms of Rackrent.

Sir Patrick could, at table, sit out the best man in Ireland, let alone the three Kingdoms, and had his house, from one year's end to another, I can't tell you for how long, as full of company as it would hold, and fuller; for, rather than be left out of the parties of the Castle, many gentlemen made it their choice often and often to sleep in the chicken-house, which Sir Patrick had fitted up for the accommodation of his friends and the public in general. One night at the birthday feast he was very merry and could not carry his bumper to his head for the great shake in his hand. He made a joke of it and fell to singing, dropped down in a sort of fit, was carried out, and died that night. At the funeral his body was seized for debt; for which the heir refused to pay the debts of honor, as he had given out he would do, for the affront to the body.

Sir Murtagh, his son, who succeeded him, did not take at all after the old gentleman. The cellars were never filled, there was no open house, and the tenants even were sent away without their whisky. He married a widow of the family of the Skinflints, looking to the great Skinflint estate; but he overshot himself, and was never the better for her, for she outwitted him many's the long day. Yet she made him the best of wives, being a notable, stirring woman, looking close to everything, and was charitable in her way. They both managed to get a good deal out of the tenants, in the way of work and presents and duty charges and damages; and he always had many lawsuits on hand, most of which he gained at the cost of a power of money more than they brought him; for which he was obliged to sell parts of the estate. They had a great deal of sparring and jarring between them. In a dispute about an abatement, he burst a blood-vessel; and all the law in the land could do nothing in that case.

Sir Murtagh died without children, and the Rackrent estate went to his younger brother, Sir Kit, a dashing young officer, who came with led horses and servants and dogs, and had high sport for a time, spending his money lavishly. But he got tired of the place when the hunting season was over, and having set

plans a-going for improving the house and grounds, sailed for England. Then came demands for money, one after another, for hundreds of pounds at a time, which the tenants must make up, with the agent ferreting them out of their lives. At last Sir Kit came back with a wife, a Jewess, who had diamonds and money, which he was all the time trying to get away from her. When he could not do this he annoyed her by sending up pig-meat in some shape or other to her table, till she shut herself up in her room. My master said she might stay there, and turned the key on her. None of us ever saw or heard her speak for seven years after that. At one time she was reported to be dying; and three ladies in the country were spoken of for my master's second wife. There were quarrels, Sir Kit fought duels with their brothers, and was killed. He was greatly lamented, for he was popular in the country.

My lady went away with her money and jewels, and the new heir, Sir Condy Rackrent, came. He was of a remote branch of the family and had no fortune. I remembered him when he was a boy, running bareheaded and barefooted through the streets of O'Shaughlin's town, playing with the other boys, and had often taken him on my knees and told him stories of his family. He had been friends with the poor of the neighborhood, and was very popular with them. He was already entangled in debts, for he had borrowed money on the faith of his coming into the estate, and the interest had grown fast. He employed my son Jason to take care of his affairs, and Jason took some acres of land for his services. There was a hunting-lodge convenient to the land, which Jason wanted; but Captain Moneygawl of the Moneygawls of St. Julietstown wanted it too, and my master did not like to disoblige him. He invited the captain to come and look at the lodge, and they became great friends.

Old Mr. Moneygawl's daughter, Isabella, fell in love with Sir Condy. The old gentleman was displeased at this and locked her up. This raised Sir Condy's spirit, and he grew in mind to carry her off, although he did not care for her. He had already partly promised himself to Judy McQuirk, daughter of a sister's son of mine. So he tossed a halfpenny to decide which he should marry, and Miss Isabella won. He was

greatly cast down at this turn, but married the lady and brought her to the Castle. She complained because she had to walk in by the back way through the throng of servants and tenants; but the back road was too narrow for a carriage, and there was no driving through the front approach, because of the ruin of the piers, which had tumbled down. She was very liberal in her housekeeping and generous to the servants. My master and lady set out in grand style. They had the finest coach and chariot, with horses and liveries, and cut the greatest dash; and my lady planned great alterations in the Castle. But she could not abide in the smell of my master's whisky punch. A coolness grew up between them, and there was quarreling. The tradesmen had given my master new credit on a rumor of my lady's fortune; but that soon stopped, and duns came in for bills of years' and years' standing, till in a twelvemonth or so things came to such a pass that there was no making a shift to go on any longer.

When things became tight with them and two writs were out against Sir Condy, my son Jason offered him purchase-money for the lodge, and he was fain to take it to keep himself out of jail. Then there came a general election, and he was put up for Parliament. A committee was formed, and a deal of money was spent and entertainment given in the canvass. Sir Condy was chosen. Then came shoals of people from all parts, claiming the fulfilment of promises they said he had made, of which he had no recollection. The men who had subscribed to the expenses of the committee forgot to pay their subscriptions. All Sir Condy could do was to take himself out of the way as fast as possible to Dublin, where my lady had taken a house fitting for him as a member of Parliament. A great silence came over Castle Rackrent, and I went groping from room to room, hearing the doors clap for want of right locks, and the wind blowing through the broken windows, and the rain coming through the roof and ceilings for want of the slater, whose bill was not paid. A villain of an attorney had come down with a writ against my master on the very day of the election, but could not serve it. The impudent fellow was very plausible and persuaded me to introduce him to my son Jason. He got a correct list from him of all my master's debts. He afterward

went around to all the creditors and bought the accounts at a good discount, so that he was sole creditor.

Then he took out a custodian and got an execution on all the estate with the master's goods, even to the furniture of Castle Rackrent; and I could scarcely believe my own eyes when I saw my son Jason's name joined with that of the custodian; but he told me it was merely for form's sake and to make things easier than if the land was under the power of a stranger.

It was not till the month of June that my master and my lady came down to the country. He took me aside to the brew-house and complained of my son and other matters. He did not say an unkind word of my lady, but wondered that her relatives would do nothing for him or her, and they in all this great distress. That night he reproached her because her friends would not oblige him with the loan of money he had condescended to ask for three posts ago. The answer came the next day, addressed to my lady. It was only the old story over again—reproaching her for having married him. They talked the matter over, both acknowleged the mistakes they had made, and agreed that she should go back to her friends. Sir Condy of his own accord executed a jointure of five hundred pounds a year for her off the estate, and they parted good friends.

The execution came down, and everything about Castle Rackrent was seized by the gripers, my son Jason and Attorney Quirk among them. He brought down at once a heap of accounts upon Sir Condy's head. The balance was a terrible sight to my master, when Jason showed it to him. There was no way to settle it, since there was no cash, except to go to the land, and that was already under custodian. Then there was my lady's jointure to be added to the account, to swell the incumbrances. Sir Condy signed a deed conveying everything to Attorney Quirk, and betook himself to the lodge. Jason had never intended this, but could not refuse him the lodge at this unseasonable time. The people were very much excited about Sir Condy's going away, for he was very popular with them and the children were fond of him; and they would have mobbed Jason, but my master showed himself with him at the window and told them that it was all for the best and by his own desire.

One morning word was brought that my lady had been thrown from her jaunting-car and dragged, and was dying. Mr. Jason came in and offered Sir Condy two hundred guineas cash, with the promise of another hundred, for his chance in the jointure. Sir Condy accepted the offer and signed a paper conveying his right and title to the lands; but was vexed when he found out that he had been taken in; although it was some comfort to have ready cash convenient for immediate consumption.

There was a great horn at the lodge, of which the great Sir Patrick, Sir Condy's ancestor, could drink the full without stopping; and this was what no other man afore or since could do. The gauger came in to see Sir Condy, and they laid a wager as to whether either of them could do it. I filled the horn for Sir Condy, because my hand was steadier than his, little thinking what would befall him. He swallowed the hornful down and dropped like one shot. We lifted him up, speechless and quite black in the face. We put him to bed, and when he woke, he was raving with a fever on his brain. On the sixth day he was sensible for a few minutes, complained of a burning pain inside, said, "Brought to this by drink. Where are all the friends? Gone, hey? Aye, Sir Condy has been a fool all his life," and died. He had but a poor funeral, after all.

My Lady Rackrent did not die, but was only disfigured in the face, after the fall and bruises she got, and she and Jason, immediately after my poor master's death, set about going to law over that jointure.

THE ABSENTEE (1812)

This story was the concluding one of the series of *Tales of Fashionable Life* in six volumes, of which the first three were published in 1809, and the last three in 1812. The stories of this series, together with *Castle Rackrent*, published in 1800, constitute what are called Miss Edgeworth's novels, as distinguished from her more directly didactic works. In them she is credited with having struck a new vein of material, which could be developed only by new methods and by virtue of which she is entitled to a distinct place in the history of fiction. This was the illustration of national characteristics and peculiarities. The author of *Waverley* made three distinct acknowledgments of his indebtedness to her. In the last chapter of *Waverley* and in the general preface of the *Waverley* novels he said that he had been stimulated by her portrayals of Irish character and had sought to "emulate her in some distant degree," feeling that something of the same kind might be attempted for his own country. The great Russian novelist, Turgenef, has acknowleged a similar indebtedness to Miss Edgeworth for the suggestion of the idea of his pictures of the Russian peasantry.

A GROUP of persons waiting for their carriages in the crush room of the opera-house in London, talked of Lady Clonbrony and the gala she was to give the next week. The Clonbronys, they said, were Irish absentees. Lady Clonbrony was born in England but was Irish bred; and her highest ambition was to shine in English society. For that she exalted the little that was English in her, and tried to suppress what was Irish, so much that she overshot the mark, made more conspicuous how alien she was to the English, and exposed herself to ridicule by her affections and mistakes. Lord Clonbrony was nothing, nobody, and never heard of. A niece, Grace Nugent, who lived with them, could be well spoken of. Their son, Lord Colambre, was at Cambridge, was not of age yet, and had expectations. Just then Lord Colambre was seen talking with Lady Clonbrony, who introduced him to Miss Broadhurst, and the ladies became very anxious to pay their respects to Lady Clonbrony. Lord Colambre had heard as he passed by them a part of their conversation in which they had ridiculed his

mother, and would pay them none but the most formal attentions when introduced to them. The contemptuous manner in which he heard the word "Irish absentee" pronounced had, moreover, given him pain.

Going the next day to execute a commission for a Cambridge friend, Mr. Arthur Berryl, at Mr. Mordicai the coachmaker's, Lord Colambre found that gentleman haughty and not disposed to attend to his friend's demands. Incidentally he heard Mr. Mordicai in a conversation with his foreman, and not knowing who his visitor was, boast of the debtors whom he could get into his power. Among them was Lord Clonbrony. At this Lord Colambre began to wonder what the condition of his father's affairs might be.

At her gala Lady Clonbrony set much store on the presence of Miss Broadhurst, a young woman of large fortune and high standing, whom she was anxious her son should marry because of the wealth and dignity he would gain by it. The young lord had, however, been attracted by the amiable and congenial qualities of his cousin, Grace Nugent, and was not disposed to look further. Although Miss Broadhurst appeared at her best and was also warmly praised by Miss Nugent he was drawn no nearer to her, and she was not drawn to him; and all the persuasions and maneuverings of Lady Clonbrony and Mrs. Broadhurst could never induce them to think of marriage, although they otherwise held each other in the very highest esteem.

Lady Clonbrony suffered several mortifications at the gala, and incurred much ridicule, without having her position in society improved by it.

Lord Clonbrony had been a person of note in Dublin, a good landlord while he lived upon his estate, beloved by his tenants and respected by all. Removed to London, he felt himself out of touch with the fine society in which Lady Clonbrony was straining herself to shine, and chose for associates persons among whom he could be a superior. Among these was Sir Terrence O'Fay, a man of low extraction who had been knighted by an Irish lord lieutenant in a frolic, and often acted as his intermediary in business transactions. Just as Lord Colambre was about to talk with his father concerning the condition of family affairs, Sir Terrence came in, boasting of the success of an

expedient he had contrived to head off an execution, and suggesting other expedients for tiding over present embarrassments. Lord Colambre besought his father not to resort to paltry expedients, but to make him acquainted with the state of affairs, when they would find some honorable way of dealing with it. The father preferred to postpone this till his son came of age, and trust to Terry in the mean while. "But," he said, "there would be no more of this if people would but live upon their own estates and kill their own mutton."

Lady Clonbrony again urged her son, with the strongest arguments she could devise, based on family interest and the need of a stronger backing of money, to pay suit to Miss Broadhurst. He replied that he would do anything he could with honor that she asked, but this was impossible. His affections were engaged to another.

Lord Colambre set out the next day for Ireland in order to see the country, to judge for himself whether it was as undesirable as his mother represented it, and to look into the condition of the Clonbrony estate. He met a number of British officers in Dublin, among them Sir James Brooke, who gave him valuable information concerning Irish affairs, and with whom he formed a lasting friendship. Lord Clonbrony's agent in Dublin, Mr. Nicholas Garraghty, was out of town, but Lord Colambre was received by his sister, Mrs. Raffarty, a grocer's wife, who had a villa near Bray, where she gave entertainments in which her aping of the style and manners of high life only made her vulgar breeding more conspicuous. Lord Colambre went to one of her dinners with Sir James Brooke and the officers, and might have laughed with the others, but he thought of his mother similarly exposed to ridicule.

Riding in Bray, the party met an equipage conveying the maids of Lady Dashfort, a woman of rank and of great force in society, of whom none expressed a good opinion. It was understood that she was determined to marry her daughter, Lady Isabel, a widow, to an Irish nobleman; she was a woman of wonderful resources in scheming and of wiles against which no man was proof. It would be her sport and Lady Isabel's joy to beguile Lord Colambre from the object of his affections and break his mistress's heart; the fairer, the more beloved the per-

son, the greater the triumph. Lord Colambre called at Lady Dashfort's for a package of Miss Nugent's which one of the maids said she had for him. The mother and daughter lavished attentions upon him at the theater and wherever they met, till it became harder and harder to disentangle himself from association with them, and in spite of the warnings he had received, he became a constant visitor at their house. He accepted a proposal of Lady Dashfort's to travel with him in Ireland, show him the country and make him acquainted with its people, taking him among them and enabling him to see their life in their homes. It was her purpose to secure him for Lady Isabel, while she was determined that her daughter should not have to live in Ireland. She therefore planned the tour with the settled purpose of making Ireland ridiculous and contemptible in Lord Colambre's eyes, and to that end took him to those associations where its worst aspects would be prominent. It was also necessary to wean him from the object of his present affection, who, she had divined, was Grace Nugent.

At Lord Killpatrick's she had herself persuaded to exhibit her genealogy, which she had had prepared for use in a lawsuit. She made a show of passing over one of the medallions as being the little blot in the family escutcheon, concerning which not much should be said. It was that of the St. Omars, of whom "not all men were *sans peur* and none of the women were *sans reproche*."

"Are you, Lord Colambre, in any way connected with the St. Omars?"

"Not that I know of," Lord Colambre replied.

"Have you not a cousin of the name of Nugent?"

"Yes, Grace Nugent. Her mother was my aunt by marriage. Her maiden name was Reynolds, I think."

"I know that she took and bore the name of Reynolds, but that was not her maiden name. It was St. Omar; depend upon it." Lord Colambre was shocked, and wrote to his mother to learn the truth of the matter.

Lady Clonbrony replied to her son's inquiry that Miss Nugent's mother was a Miss St. Omar and was educated in a convent abroad; and that there was an affair with a Captain Reynolds which her friends were obliged to hush up. She

brought her infant child to England and took the name of Reynolds, but none of that family would acknowledge her. Mr. Nugent had married her, knowing the circumstances, adopted the child, and given it his name. This revelation seemed to put marriage with Grace out of the question. One day Lord Colambre accompanied Lady Dashfort on an errand to Halloran Castle in behalf of some of the English officers. Count O'Halloran was regarded by the Killpatricks as "an oddity," but was spoken of by the clergyman of the parish as a man of uncommon knowledge, merit, and politeness. Lord Colambre found him a well-informed, polished gentleman, though old-fashioned, a naturalist having a living acquaintance with animals, an intelligent antiquary, and a most agreeable host. Count O'Halloran returned their visit, when Lady Dashfort betrayed in the course of conversation a lack of moral sense and disregard for principle that recalled in their full force to Lord Colambre all the warnings he had received against her and wholly alienated him. A similar incident on the same day revealed Lady Isabel's character to him in its true light.

Abandoning the Dashforts with a determination to resume his tour in Ireland alone, Lord Colambre first called at Castle Halloran to take leave of the Count. The Count was on the point of starting for Oranmore and invited Lord Colambre to accompany him. There Lord Colambre met a family of exalted rank and high breeding, cultivated and hospitable, of a very different sort from the people he had previously been brought in contact with; and who he was happy to learn were interested in Sir James Brooke. All exhorted him to carry out his original design of seeing the country and visiting his father's estates for himself. During his stay at their Castle, Lord and Lady Oranmore showed him the neat cottages and well-attended schools of their neighborhood and those features that illustrated what could be done and had been done under the influence of great proprietors residing on their own estates and encouraging the people by judicious kindness. In order to get a more thorough and correct view of the conditions on his father's estate and to be able to scrutinize more accurately the character and conduct of his agents, he decided to go there *incognito*, without a servant, wearing a shabby overcoat and taking

the name of Evans. At the village of Colambre he was agreeably surprised by the air of neatness and finish in the houses, the good, well-kept street, and the excellence of the little inn and its belongings. The landlord of the inn told him that the town belonged to an absentee, one Lord Clonbrony, who lived beyond the seas in London—a great proprietor, who knew nothing of the property or the people. It was managed by Mr. Burke, a good agent, a highly-bred gentleman, who had a snug little property of his own, honestly made, and possessed the goodwill and respect of all; a man that would encourage the improving tenant and show no favor or affection, but justice. This account of the agent was confirmed by every person with whom Lord Colambre talked, and by everything that he saw. He visited the school, which was excellently managed by Mrs. Burke, accepted her invitation to dinner, and there found the clergyman and the priest meeting on the best of terms. As they went over the estate together, Mr. Burke told him how the owner had never shown any interest in what he had done for it, but was dissatisfied because he had not sent him more remittances, which could be collected only at the cost of hardship to the tenants. A fear he expressed that he should have to give up his agency was verified before Lord Colambre went away, when a letter came from Lord Clonbrony dismissing him and directing him to turn over his accounts to Mr. Nicholas Garraghty of Dublin.

Lord Colambre went on to Clonbrony, where this Mr. Nicholas Garraghty was agent. His driver, Larry Brady, told him of various devices employed by the agent, whom he called "Old Nick" and the sub-agent, his brother Dennis, or "St. Dennis," to make the most out of the tenants. Toward evening the carriage broke down, and Lord Colambre received a hospitable welcome for the night at the widow O'Neil's cottage. A niece of Mrs. O'Neil living with her had been named Grace after her own niece, Grace Nugent, by Lady Clonbrony; "and a very kind lady she was to us all," said the widow, "when she was living in the castle; but those times are long past." Mrs. O'Neil's son Brian and Grace wanted to marry, "but I'm afeared they must give it up; for they are too poor and the times is hard and the agents harder than the times. There's two of them,

the under and the upper, and they grind the substance of one between them and then blow one away like chaff." The O'Neils were anxious about the renewal of their lease, which Lord Clonbrony had promised in an indorsement on the original lease; but the rent must be paid the next day under threat of seizure and dispossession; and painful sacrifices had to be made to get the money. Clonbrony village presented a melancholy aspect on Sunday, with the shops all closed and the ale-houses open, the inn a miserable one, the church locked up, no services having been held in it for a twelvemonth, and advertisements posted of several farms to be set up by Mr. Garraghty, who was to be at the castle the next day to settle with the tenants. Lord Colambre found the O'Neils in high spirits when he returned to them that night, for they had received the leases ready for the agent's signature and, having what they interpreted as an assurance from Mr. Dennis that the renewal would be granted, supposed that all was settled.

Mr. Dennis came to the cottage Monday morning to receive the rent and complete possession, which he insisted upon as an essential preliminary to renewal, although "only for form's sake." The fire was raked out, every living thing was turned out of the house, Mr. Dennis giving Lord Colambre a helping push, the door was locked and the key given up with a piece of thatch; and all went to the Castle where Mr. Nicholas was to hold his *levée*. When Mrs. O'Neil presented the renewal lease for signature, she was told that the place had been promised to the surveyor. She pleaded Lord Clonbrony's promise of the renewal which had been written in pencil on the old lease, but it could not be found there. Her son Brian attested that he had seen the memorandum on the lease before it went into the agent's hands. An attempt was made to silence him, when Lord Colambre interposed in a tone of authority:

"Let him speak, let the voice of truth be heard."

"And who the devil are you, sir?" said Mr. Nicholas.

The answer was given by Mr. Garraghty's sister, Mrs. Raffarty, who appeared at the door, just come from Dublin: "Lord Colambre, I protest!" The new lease was signed.

Lord Colambre at once wrote to his father, advising him not to sign any papers or transact any business with the Garraghtys

till he saw him; then hastened to the post and to Dublin to catch the first vessel to London. This vessel was delayed by storm on the way, and the following one, bearing Mr. Nicholas and Mr. Dennis, reached port before it. Lord Colambre arrived at his father's just in time to interrupt his negotiations with the Garraghtys, and to explain the condition of affairs as he had seen them. Lord Clonbrony would have been glad to dismiss the Garraghtys at once, but was prevented by the entanglement of his accounts with them and the difficulty of raising the cash needed to complete a settlement.

Lord Colambre asked for full information concerning all his father's obligations, and proposed that as soon as he was of age, which would now be in a few days, he should join with him in raising whatever sums should be required to meet them, but on two conditions: that Mr. Garraghty should be discharged from the agency, and that Lord and Lady Clonbrony should cease to be absentees and go to live in Ireland. Just then Lady Clonbrony came with Miss Nugent from Buxton, disappointed with the news she brought that Miss Broadhurst was to be married to Sir Arthur Berryl, Lord Colambre's friend. She reproached her son for having let slip his opportunity to secure this lady and her fortune; while he was in no way sorry, but rejoiced that his friend had obtained the object of his affection. Lord Colambre was informed by his father the next morning that the condition he had imposed of their going to Ireland to live could not be fulfilled, while Lady Clonbrony averred that no earthly persuasion could induce her to give up her life in London. Lord Colambre responded that the adoption of his proposition was the only way of avoiding an execution which was out against the house and might be served at any moment. He pleaded with his mother, telling her at what cost to the resources of the estate and of suffering of the tenants their London life had been maintained; how Lord Clonbrony, who had lived in Ireland with gentlemen his equals, respected by men of the first station and character, and was spoken of by them in a manner that gratified the heart of his son, had been taken from all that was congenial and forced to live among strangers cold and reserved to him and to whom he was too proud to bend. "Oh, restore him to himself and to his opportunity to be useful and to exercise his

benevolence; scorn the impertinence of those who in return for the sacrifice of health, fortune, and peace of mind, give sarcasm, contempt, ridicule, and mimicry. Return home, and let me see you once more among your natural friends, beloved, respected, happy." Miss Nugent added her entreaties, and Lady Clonbrony at length yielded, saying, "Well, since it must be so let us go, and that before the matter has time to be talked about." The women went to Buxton, while the men were settling up affairs in London. The London bills were found to admit of considerable reductions for extravagant charges, and the examination of Mr. Garraghty's accounts eliminated a great deal from them, and showed that instead of being the large creditor he had assumed to be, he was really a debtor. He was dismissed with disgrace, and Mr. Burke was appointed sole agent for both the Colambre and the Clonbrony estates.

Lord Colambre's first task on the day he came of age was to execute a bond securing to Miss Nugent her fortune of five thousand pounds, which had been lent to Lord Clonbrony. He took it to her himself, and in the interview which followed, avowed his love for her and discovered that it was returned, but lamented that their marriage was impossible. "Gone, gone forever from me!" he exclaimed, as she drove off for Buxton with Lady Clonbrony.

Count O'Halloran, having come to London, called on Lord Colambre, and in the course of the conversation spoke of Sir James Brooke and his approaching marriage with one of Lord Oranmore's daughters. Lord Colambre remarked how happy Sir James was to secure the daughter of such a mother as Lady Oranmore, and spoke of his love for Grace Nugent, saying there was an insuperable obstacle to their marriage, which he did not name. Count O'Halloran talked of the years he had spent in the Austrian service and of his experiences and associations in connection with it. Among those who had been his friends there he mentioned with especial regard a young English officer named Reynolds, who had fallen after having distinguished himself in a glorious manner, and died in his arms. The mention of the name Reynolds aroused an intense interest in Lord Colambre, and he asked many questions. In the confidences of his dying moments young Reynolds had declared that he had been privately

married to very young English lady, a Miss St. Omar, who had been educated at a convent in Vienna. He had also given the Count a packet to be sent to England, which contained his marriage certificate and a letter to his father. Count O'Halloran had entrusted the packet to the English ambassador, who was about to return home, on his promise to have it safely delivered. The ambassador had since died, leaving his papers in care of Sir James Brooke, his executor. Lord Colambre, having explained the connection of this case with Miss Nugent, went to Sir James Brooke at his estate in Huntingdonshire, where the packet was found among the dead ambassador's confused papers. Then he and Count O'Halloran hunted up officer Reynolds's father, whom after some difficulty they found, still lamenting the loss of his sons and his lack of an heir. Old Mr. Reynolds was greatly rejoiced at the news they brought, confirmed as it was by the marriage certificate and his son's letter, and, by direct evidence of her identity, that he had a legitimate granddaughter in Miss Nugent, who was living with Lord and Lady Clonbrony. Lord Colambre related her history in full, explained her relation with his family, confessed his attachment to her, and extolled her character and virtues. It was arranged that Mr. Reynolds should go to Buxton with Lord Colambre and his father to see his granddaughter; but he was prevented by a violent attack of gout; and instead he gave them a written acknowledgment of Grace as his granddaughter, with her father's letter; and his visit was postponed till he should go to Ireland to arrange the marriage settlement and execute papers formally making Grace his heir. Lady Clonbrony was glad to learn that Grace was an heiress after all, and withdrew all objections to her marriage with Lord Colambre. The story was communicated to Grace with particular delicacy —for she had never known the doubt regarding her birth— by her friend Miss Broadhurst, now Lady Berryl.

Happy as a lover, a friend, a son, happy in knowing that he had restored his father to respectability and had persuaded his mother to quit the vanities of fashion for the pleasure of domestic life and had accomplished all that he had most anxiously sought, Lord Colambre returned to his native country to be no longer an absentee.

AMELIA BLANDFORD EDWARDS

(England, 1831–1892)

IN THE DAYS OF MY YOUTH (1872)

This story pictures student life in the Latin Quarter of Paris about the year 1850.

MY name is Basil Arbuthnot, and I was born and reared in Saxonholme, a small country town. My father, Dr. John Arbuthnot, was brusque in manner, outspoken, but kindhearted, and devoted to his profession. He was descended from James Arbuthnot—brother of the famous wit, physician, and courtier—who married a Frenchwoman who brought him a fortune, with which he built the substantial red brick house in which the descendants, including ourselves, lived for five generations. My mother died when I was a very little boy. My father would not permit me to go to school, but took sole charge of my education himself, and decided that I should be a physician. The profession was not to my liking, but I was fond of study. I devoted myself to my books, trusting to the future for some lucky turn of destiny. I led a quiet, studious life, with few amusements common to boys of my age, for my father was very strict. When I was six years of age he punished me for going to a peep-show, and bound me over by a solemn promise never to repeat the offense on any pretext whatever. I kept the promise until I was sixteen, and then occurred a crisis in my life, for I fell in love with the Columbine of a circus. She was beautiful and wore a spangled dress. I wrote sonnets to her by the dozen, and finally wrote her a letter filled with quotations from Horace, signing myself Pyramus. She proved to be middle-aged, ugly, ignorant, and married; she laughed at my letter, and called me

a little boy. My dream was shattered, I shed many tears, and was cured of my passion.

About six months later a Frenchman, Monsieur the Chevalier Armand Proudhine, came to Saxonholme to give a *soirée fantastique*, or exhibition of legerdemain, at the Red Lion Inn, and called at our house to ask my father to buy some tickets. My father curtly refused, since he looked upon all such entertainments as foolish and money spent on them as wasted. Before leaving our house the Frenchman was attacked with faintness, when my father immediately became sympathetic and gentle in his manner, and we did all we could to restore the poor man. M. Proudhine thanked my father profusely, and said that his little girl across the sea also thanked him, and what would she do if he were to die? My father then bought tickets for the performance, and when the evening arrived I was sent to the Red Lion Inn with a servant. The entertainment had hardly begun when it came to an end, for M. Proudhine was taken ill and I sent for my father. The next day the little Frenchman died, after trying in vain to give us a message for some one unknown to us, and left not a scrap of anything to tell us more about himself than we already knew, and was buried a few days later in a Saxonholme graveyard.

The years passed and I grew to be a young man. When I was twenty years old, my father told me he had decided that I should go to Paris and study under his old friend, the great Dr. Chéron. I had expected that he would send me to London or Edinburgh, but to go to Paris was like going to fairyland.

I avoided London and traveled by way of Newhaven and Dieppe, and stopped at the Cheval Blanc in Rouen. Here I made the acquaintance of Captain Oscar Dalrymple, a man about thirty-two years of age, who had lately sold out of the Enniskillen Guards.

A day later I left for Paris, arriving there on Sunday morning. I wandered about the streets, churches, and museums, all day, and dined at a fashionable restaurant in the evening. I was alone at the table until a gentleman took the seat opposite to me, and we soon entered into conversation. I was young, I was foolish, I drank too much wine, and I told him my whole history. I asked if he knew Dr. Chéron, and if he was an

ogre, and boasted that I should soon show him how much I knew. To all this my companion said but little, and remained calm and smiling and polite. At the conclusion of the dinner I was in such a condition that he took me to my hotel in a cab.

The next morning I called on Dr. Chéron, and my astonishment was unbounded when I recognized in him my dinner companion of the night before. He showed no sign of recognition whatever, but treated me with marked civility, and arranged the hours that I was to study under him in public and private. For three weeks I led a quiet, studious life, and then I called to see Captain Dalrymple. He took me to a reception at the house of the great Rachel, and then to the house of Madame de Courcelles, with whom he was in love. There he introduced me to Madame de Marignan, who said she took delight in civilizing handsome boys, and at once appointed me her *cavaliere servente*. After leaving Madame de Courcelles's house we visited an artist's club, Les Chicards, where were much drinking, singing, and telling of stories, and where I made the acquaintance of Franz Müller, an art student and a jolly fellow.

During the month that followed I was Madame de Marignan's slave: I saw her daily, I was at her beck and call; I sent her flowers and books; I neglected my studies, I spent more money than I had, I was soon deeply in debt. And I was really in love with her. At the end of a month I learned that she had a husband, which was a fatal shock to me, for I had believed her to be a widow and she had taken no pains to undeceive me. This revelation of her duplicity killed my love, and I never went near her again. But she had civilized me!

During all these weeks I had not seen Dalrymple, and now when I received a note from him reproaching me with neglect, I immediately called on him. His rooms were in disorder, and he was perturbed. He informed me that on the morrow he was to be married to Madame de Courcelles. Unfortunately she had been formally betrothed to her cousin, Monsieur de Caylus, an intrepid and daring officer, but a dissipated and selfish man, who had spent his own fortune and now wanted hers. She did not love him, and knew not how to break with him, but had consented to a secret marriage with Dalrymple, whom she loved.

They were married the next day, with me for witness, and

Dalrymple left immediately for Berlin, as he could not remain in Paris and watch the cousin's attentions to his wife.

At a supper in the Latin Quarter I met a *grisette* called Josephine, and took her to the opera. Her vulgarity shocked me, and, to add to my distress, across the house was Madame de Merignan, who watched us constantly. With her was a bald-headed man with a decoration in his buttonhole, whom I supposed to be her husband.

I had promised to take Josephine on an excursion, and I took her to Montlhéry. We went through the unoccupied château of St. Aulaire, and in one of the rooms was a portrait of a beautiful young girl with whom I fell in love. I saw no more of Josephine after this excursion, but frequented the restaurants and clubs of the Latin Quarter with my friend Müller.

I had called several times to see Madame de Courcelles, at Dalrymple's request, before I was fortunate enough to find her at home. After this I called frequently, and we discussed art, literature, and all high and noble things, and her influence was such that I soon turned from the wild, dissipated ways of the Latin Quarter and spent more time in my rooms, reading and studying. And presently I became aware that I had a neighbor, a young lady. After some time I made her acquaintance, but she was proud and distant, and although I fell deeply in love with her, I did not venture to tell her so. She was very beautiful, and it seemed to me that I had seen her face before.

One evening Müller, whom I had asked to make me a copy of the portrait at the château of St. Aulaire, called and brought the picture, and it so closely resembled my neighbor, Mademoiselle Hortense Dufresnoy, that I was startled and delighted. I knew now why her face was familiar to me.

One morning I read in the paper that the French Academy had awarded a prize to Mademoiselle Hortense Dufresnoy for the best poem on *The Pass of Thermopylæ*, and I took the paper to her and congratulated her. So she was a poet!

I was out late one night with Müller when I met Dalrymple. He took me to a gambling-house where he played *écarté* with De Caylus and insulted him, and was challenged to fight a duel. I was Dalrymple's second and De Caylus was killed. Dalrymple left Paris the next day with his wife.

Suddenly I was called to Saxonholme by the death of my father; but before I left I sent the portrait to Hortense Dufresnoy as she had admired it and said that it resembled her mother. At the same time I sent her a letter in which I told her of my love. On my return to Paris her rooms were vacant, and I found a letter from her telling me to forget her, as she had a duty to perform to which her life was concentrated. Words could not express the disappointment that her letter was to me. I had given up my medical studies, as my father had left me sufficient money to be independent, and I had no object in life. I decided to travel, and for three years I wandered over the Continent, and then returned to Saxonholme, where I lived a quiet life for five years.

One evening Mademoiselle St. Aulaire called to see me, who proved to be Hortense, whom I still loved as deeply as ever. She was seeking traces of her father, a member of the old nobility of France, who had became poor through the loss of his father's property during the revolution, had lived under an assumed name, and made a living as best he could. She had traced him to Saxonholme. M. Armand Proudhine was the man she was seeking, and I told her all I knew. I also told her again of my love and soon persuaded her to become my wife. We decided to leave England for some time, and in preparing the house for possible tenants the Chevalier's conjuring-table was found, and in examining it a secret drawer opened, and Hortense found the missing papers that were necessary to establish her claim on the property of the St. Aulaire family.

We moved to Italy, and are living near Dalrymple and his family, overlooking the Bay Spezzia, pending the settlement of the suit for the St. Aulaire property.

EDWARD EGGLESTON

(United States, 1837-1902)

THE CIRCUIT RIDER: A TALE OF THE HEROIC AGE (1874)

When this story was written the author had ceased to be a member of the itinerant Methodist Ministry, the heroism of whose members he sought to celebrate. He had abandoned the theological beliefs in which he had been born and bred, but he had not yet lost sympathy with the devotion of the men in whose fellowship he had toiled during his youth and his early manhood. He still shared their sentiment of self-sacrifice, though he had given up their narrow literalness in the interpretation of the Scriptures and of human duty. He still admired their heroism, and seeing clearly that it was a rapidly vanishing force in American life, he sought in this novel to make himself its historian.

HERE was to be a corn-husking frolic at Captain Lumsden's in the Hissawachee Bottom, in Southern Ohio; the men were to choose sides and make a match in the "shucking" of the Captain's corn. The guests were to have an indoor frolic afterward.

Morton or "Mort" Goodwin, a young man of the neighborhood, was one of the captains at the shucking. It was understood that he was in love with Captain Lumsden's daughter Patty.

Captain Enoch Lumsden was a Virginian, fond of boasting of his patrician lineage. In fact, he came of a very humble family, but his wife, who was dead, had been of better birth, and he claimed all her aristocratic kin for his own. He was the richest man in the settlement and the meanest. Men who had antagonized him in any way had found themselves driven out of the country by his oppressive influence. Men who remained felt it necessary to their comfort to cultivate his friendship by obsequiousness.

Just now, however, he was in the mood to be on good terms with all his neighbors. He had political ambitions and desired to go to the Ohio Legislature.

Mort Goodwin was the son of a melancholy hypochondriac, Job Goodwin, whose activities in life were restricted to sitting before the fire and prophesying dire things to fall upon mankind. His affairs were not prosperous, and therefore Captain Lumsden could not regard Mort as an eligible suitor for his daughter's hand. But, as a young man of spirit, Mort Goodwin had a certain influence, which Captain Lumsden thought it worth while to court in his own political interest. He therefore manifested a certain tolerance of Morton's suit, without in the least intending that it should come to anything.

During the kissing games that gave zest to the evening, Patty managed adroitly to exempt herself from their familiarity; and when the course of the games compelled Morton to kiss some one of the damsels thereabouts, he paid deference to Patty by selecting as the object of his attention the homeliest wallflower of the lot, who was duly grateful.

There was to be a "scrub" horse-race on the next Sunday, and Morton, as the owner of a young thoroughbred mare, Dolly, had planned to try conclusions on that occasion with his direst enemy, Bill Conkey. But at the last moment Morton's mother asked him to escort her to a Presbyterian service in the neighborhood, and, in loyalty to her, he gave up the horse-race in her behalf. She was a good woman of greater culture than was common in the settlement. She had told knightly stories to Morton in his youthful days, inspiring him to fight valiantly in a good cause, and on this occasion he thought it a better cause to escort his mother to church, at sacrifice of his own inclinations, than to beat Bill Conkey's bay.

On his way home, Mort discovered a placard on the farther side of a tree in an unusually obscure spot. It was Captain Lumsden's advertisement that as the guardian of his fatherless nephew Hezekiah, or "Kike," he purposed to sell a piece of southern land belonging to the boy, it being about the only valuable piece of property owned by the lad.

Mort fully understood. The Captain was keeping the matter as secret as he could while under requirements of the law. His

plan evidently was to post such advertisements as the law demanded in places so obscure that few persons would see them, and himself to buy the land, in the absence of other bidders, for a tithe of its value.

Full of knightly impulse, Mort went at once to inform Kike of the plot against him, and feeling sure that he thereby ended all chance of winning Patty, he went with Kike to see the oppressor.

Kike was a mere boy, but he belonged to his time and country and had in him all their daring and desperation. He angrily warned Captain Lumsden not to carry out his scheme of legal spoliation upon pain of having his barns burned, his cribs despoiled, and his live-stock slaughtered. A warning of that kind, in that time and country, carried a world of admonitory meaning with it.

Kike had a right under the law to choose a guardian for himself, and he straightway decided to choose Captain Lumsden's bitterest enemy and rival, Colonel Wheeler. Kike was a fever-and-ague wreck, but rather than compromise Morton by riding his mare on his journey to Wheeler's—a thing of which Captain Lumsden was sure to hear—he planned to walk the twenty miles necessary to the making of this arrangement. Morton was in heroic mood, however, and he managed by adroit trickery to make Kike ride the mare.

Soon after this Mort and Kike went away with neighbors on a big autumnal hunt. On their return they were astonished to find Captain Lumsden not only complaisant but aggressively friendly with both of them. This unexpected attitude the Irish schoolmaster, Brady, explained. He had been "parsing the sintence with Lumsden in the nominative case." That is to say, he had been flattering Lumsden and encouraging his legislative ambition, and he had warned him against any disagreement with Kike or Mort, as a thing sure to be effectively used against him in the coming campaign.

Colonel Wheeler was a cantankerous person, who rejoiced in nothing so much as in a fight. The Methodists were in exceedingly bad odor in that region, and, for that reason mainly, Colonel Wheeler was predisposed to espouse their cause. Moreover, his wife, whose only fault was that she never op-

posed him in anything, and therefore gave no play to his pugnacity, was a Methodist.

When Brother Magruder, a stalwart circuit rider, appealed to the Colonel for permission to preach in his house, the Colonel, foreseeing that the thing would excite the antagonism of his neighbors, and especially of Enoch Lumsden, eagerly consented. Here was a beautiful fight ready-made.

As soon as Lumsden heard of the arrangement he resolved to checkmate it. He sent out invitations far and wide for a dance at his house on the evening appointed for the Methodist meeting, and dance invitations from Captain Lumsden meant much in that neighborhood. At this auspicious time Morton Goodwin's attentions to Patty received every encouragement from her influential father, and he was altogether happy. Kike declined his invitation to the dance and went to Colonel Wheeler's house instead to hear Brother Magruder preach.

It happened that the preacher, in his searching denunciation of the sins that were common among the primitive country folk, laid special stress in his sermon upon revenge, the one virulent impulse of Kike's character at that time. Under the sway of Magruder's eloquence, Kike soon found himself kneeling at the "mourners'" bench, seeking forgiveness at the hands of God and the regeneration of his soul. Before the evening was over Kike Lumsden had professed religion, and had put out of his heart all thought of vengeance upon his uncle. Kike was a sincere, whole-souled person, and from that hour all of earnestness that was in him was devoted to the self-sacrificing religious life as the Methodists believed and taught it.

A little later he was actively exhorting in Methodist meetings, and one day, when the minister had received a disabling wound upon the jaw in conflict with some son of Belial, Kike was assigned to preach in his stead. He found a text and he thought out a dozen brief and simple things to say about it, but if it had been to save his life, he could not compose a sermon. But when he broke down in the effort to preach, and set about telling his own experience of religion instead, he became eloquently effective. The mourners' bench was thronged with weeping penitents.

Morton Goodwin, who was present upon this occasion, was

greatly moved by Kike's eloquence. He saw the wickedness of his own life, but his prejudice against Methodists and Methodism was so great that he resisted to the end. Then in disgust of himself he rode away to Jonesville, the county seat. There he encountered Burchard, the sheriff, and fell into card-play with him. He staked and lost all his money. Then he staked and lost his rifle. Finally he staked and lost his mare, Dolly.

Stripped of all earthly possessions, and desperate of impulse, he asked Burchard to lend him the rifle he had lost, in order that he might put an end to his miserable existence. With the easy generosity which costs the successful gambler nothing Burchard gave him back the rifle and the mare, on his promise to pay their value later, and Mort Goodwin set off for the western wilderness, knowing not whither he was going nor what he sought.

On his way his possession of a particularly fine mare, and his refusal to give anything like a satisfactory account of himself, led to his arrest as a horse-thief—a form of criminality which was deemed worse than any other imaginable in that time and country. Just as the settlers were deciding to hang him, Mr. Donaldson, the Presbyterian minister from his own neighborhood, came by on his way to attend an ecclesiastical gathering at Cincinnati. His testimony freed Morton, who set out at once for home.

On his way thither he stopped over night at a cabin where the celebrated Methodist evangelist, Valentine Cook, was to preach, and, in his mood of shame and penitence, Morton Goodwin was converted to religion.

It was almost a matter of course that Goodwin, having become a Methodist, should become a preacher, as had his friend Kike. Patty, who shared her father's dislike of Methodists, scorned him in his new character, but his suffering on that account only added zest to that self-sacrifice in which he rejoiced as a consecration. His own mother—a Presbyterian—was troubled that her son had allied himself with a sect so generally condemned as the Methodists were, but she rejoiced, at any rate, that he was saved from those evil ways into which her elder son Lewis had fallen years before. It was understood that that prodigal had been killed at Pittsburg.

Two years later — two years of perilous circuit-riding in

pestilential swamps—Mort and Kike met at the Annual Methodist Conference. Kike was well-nigh a wreck with fever and ague, but heroic in his endurance and in his readiness to be sacrificed in the Master's service. Mort had him removed for care to the house of Dr. Morgan, a physician who had been a Presbyterian clergyman and who still preached occasionally. There Kike remained for some months, falling in love with the doctor's daughter but heroically resisting the temptation to accept the doctor's offer, marry her and settle down with him to manage the farm, preach round about, and study medicine. Sadly but sternly he resolved to return to his work and lose his life in the service of the Lord.

Meanwhile Patty was bearing as best she could the loss of her lover, who was carrying on his self-sacrificing work on a distant circuit. She was bearing as best she might the increasing tyranny and querulousness of her father, who was in ill health and excessively bad temper. One day a tin pedler came to the Lumsden home with tinware and gossip in about equal supply. Among the news he brought was that Morton Goodwin was about to marry Sister Ann Eliza Meacham, a woman reputed to be "powerful in prayer" and very eloquent in exhortation.

Soon afterward Patty attended a meeting at which the marvelously persuasive Methodist preacher, Russell Bigelow, presided. By way of defiance to the teachings of Methodism she wore all of "gold and costly apparel" that she possessed, meaning to amuse herself with the antics of these fanatics. Before the service was over Patty had ostentatiously slipped off her jewels, torn the artificial flowers out of her bonnet, and succumbed to conversion. Hers was not an uncommon case in those days of emotional religiosity, but it was deemed a special demonstration of the power of preaching, because of Patty's well-known pride and exclusiveness.

In his intemperate anger her father literally turned the girl out of doors, abandoning her to whatever fate she might encounter.

Ann Eliza Meacham was by no means an unattractive young woman, and her religious fervor made her a conspicuous favorite with the Methodist ministers. Goodwin had never thought of

being in love with her, but he profoundly respected her gifts as an exhorter and her extraordinary devotion to the cause of Christ. He had had occasion to befriend her in a troublesome case, and his gallant defense was interpreted by everybody—and particularly by Ann Eliza—to mean a purpose of marriage.

When Quarterly Conference came Goodwin's presiding Elder—a potentate in Methodism whose word might determine whether or not the conference should pass favorably upon a minister's personal character and conduct—took him aside and urged him, under threats, to fulfil his obligations to Ann Eliza by making her his wife.

With Patty hopelessly lost to him—for he had not heard of her conversion—and with every influence that had weight urging him to that course, Morton, after long hesitation, yielded, and asked Sister Ann Eliza to be his wife.

Meanwhile he had much to do of a strenuous sort. There was a camp-meeting to be held and the ruffians of the region, including a desperate gang of suspected highwaymen under one Micajah Harp, had sworn to break it up by force.

With intent to meet force with force, the preachers chose Morton Goodwin to organize and command a camp-meeting police. He summoned to his assistance as a representative of the law Burchard the sheriff, the man who had gambled with him and won his mare and rifle, and had then given them back to him. He had himself sworn in as a deputy sheriff, and, with his band of camp-meeting police, defeated the enemy, arresting some of their number and dangerously wounding others—one man in particular, who strangely disappeared at the same time that Sheriff Burchard did. It was reported that Burchard had fled to New Orleans, but nobody knew this as a fact.

The desperadoes that Goodwin had beaten at camp-meeting, some of whose comrades he had lodged in jail, were bent upon killing the daring young preacher. To that end they assailed him with horse-pistols one night when he was preaching. By adroitly extinguishing the two pulpit candles, which alone lighted the place, he escaped with his life.

When Patty was driven from her home, she sought refuge with the Widow Lumsden, Kike's mother. After a little time she secured a post as school-teacher in the neighborhood of Dr.

Morgan's residence. One day Dr. Morgan came to her and asked her to go and nurse a mysterious man who lay badly wounded at the hut of a man named Barkins. The injured man would give no account of himself or of the way in which he had received his wounds.

It was a risky undertaking, but Patty went and ministered at once to the man's body and soul. He had been one of Micajah Harp's robber band. He was the man whom Goodwin's police had so terribly wounded at the camp-meeting, but though he softened under Patty's ministrations, he would give no account of himself for a long time. At last he told her that he was the erring son of Mrs. Goodwin—Mort's brother—the man of evil life who was supposed to have been killed at Pittsburg, years before. She read to him the parable of the prodigal son and urged its lessons upon his conscience.

This man, as has been said, was a member of Micajah Harp's band of robbers. As such he knew of their plans, and that they intended to waylay Goodwin on his journey from one "appointment" to another and to murder him there. He urged Patty to go to the rescue. With the utmost secrecy he charged her to find Goodwin and give him a warning, charging her to ride alone, to answer no questions and to deliver unopened a note from him to Goodwin.

Patty obeyed, and for the first time in years she met her former lover. When she asked him whether he were married he told her he was not, but added that he was soon to be. In answer to her questions he revealed the truth—that he did not love Ann Eliza, that he never had sought marriage with her, but that as the victim of circumstance and pressure, he must make the sacrifice.

By heeding her advice and making a détour of ten miles Goodwin escaped the ambush of his enemies.

In the course of his inquiries the desperado Patty had nursed learned of Mort's engagement to Sister Ann Eliza Meacham. It so happened that he knew all about Sister Ann Eliza Meacham, having himself been one of her many lovers in her unregenerate days in Pennsylvania.

Donning his highwayman's disguise of full beard and 'coon-skin cap, he waylaid Sister Ann Eliza and demanded of her

a written release of Morton Goodwin from his promise to marry her. The woman had had so many lovers in her unregenerate days—that is to say, before she had assumed the disguise of Methodist holiness—that she could not certainly make out which of them this man with the beard and the 'coon-skin cap might be. But at his dictation she wrote to Morton Goodwin, releasing him from his promise of marriage. She had a reserved purpose presently to write another note to him, saying that this one had been extorted by a highwayman. But the man anticipated that purpose and forestalled it. He told her that if she should do anything of the kind he would expose in detail her whole previous history and bring her into hopeless disgrace.

The prodigal son went back to his mother and confessed his sins, and in her house Morton met him. To his astonishment he discovered that this was none other than Burchard, the sheriff, who had won his horse and rifle at cards and had given them back to him; none other than one of Micajah Harp's highwaymen who had robbed him on another occasion; none other than his own elder and erring brother, Lewis, repentant now, but standing in double danger of the law on one side and of the vengeance of Micajah Harp's band of desperadoes on the other.

Morton protected him in every possible way, because he believed unquestioningly in repentance and the forgiveness of sins; and presently the errant one enlisted to serve in the war with Great Britain, which had just come upon the country.

Kike died, a willing martyr to the cause of the Master he had served.

Now that all obstacles were removed, Morton Goodwin renewed his suit for Patty Lumsden's hand, and it was successful. Even her father did not oppose it. Rheumatism had reduced him to a condition so helpless that without aught of contrition for his former cruelty and without the least abatement of his arrogance, he had appealed to his daughter to come back and care for him. He even characterized his own banishment of her from his home as "desertion" of him on her part! But Patty, in her new-found happiness, disputed none of these querulous contentions.

With the heroic, self-sacrificing Morton Goodwin for her husband, she was altogether happy, and so was he.

GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON

(United States, 1839)

DOROTHY SOUTH (1902)

This was the first of the series of novels that the author wrote after he severed his thirty years' connection with newspapers. It was the first of a trilogy, designed to depict the life and character of the Virginians, under different conditions. It enjoyed both a critical and a popular success, its sales reaching many scores of thousands. The story is autobiographical only to the extent that the picture it presents of Virginia life and character before the Civil War is that which the author, a Hoosier boy, had impressed upon his mind when he returned, in 1857, to the house of his forefathers. The book has been translated and published in several European languages. We present here the author's own version of the story.

ON a pleasant June day in the year 1859 a young gentleman, Dr. Arthur Brent, left the train at a courthouse station in Southside, Virginia, and set out to walk to Wyanoke, the plantation on which he had been born and on which he had passed his boyhood.

On his way he encountered Dick, a negro boy of Wyanoke, and, without revealing his own identity, questioned him about the plantation. With that pride in the family he had been born to serve which was common among negroes, Dick indulged in some picturesque lying by way of vaunting the wealth and glory of the Brents. Incidentally he mentioned Miss Polly and Miss Dorothy. Arthur Brent remembered Miss Polly as an elderly relative who was mistress at Wyanoke and whom he loved as "Aunt Polly." But he remembered nobody named Dorothy, and after searching his memory regarding her in vain, he decided that Dick's creative imagination had simply invented her. He then dismissed her as a figment of the imagination.

Soon after he passed through the outer gates of the plantation he was set upon by some hounds, and it might have fared ill with him but that a slip of a girl, mounted upon a huge horse, appeared and with a whistle called off the dogs. Paying no attention to him, she made her dogs sit upon their haunches, while she administered punishment to them. Then, with a scarcely perceptible bend of her body, she swept on out of sight.

After some speculation Arthur Brent satisfied his mind by wondering whether her name was Dorothy.

Aunt Polly received him lovingly. She was a maiden lady of uncertain age, healthy in body and mind, with a shrewd wit and unbounded dignity, which belonged to her in right of her lineage and her high personal character. She had ruled the Wyanoke household for a score or more of years, the late owner, Robert Brent, having been a bachelor. Aunt Polly had opinions of her own. She utterly rejected the theory that the world is round. She firmly believed that "the Yankees" had built railroads in the South with the fell purpose of conquering that region and possessing themselves of its plantations. She regarded Virginia as the only region in which any person of good taste could consent to be born or to live.

While Aunt Polly absented herself to order a "snack," the young woman of the hounds rode up, gave her orders to the negroes, and tripping into the house introduced herself to the master of the plantation as Dorothy South.

Arthur Brent was a physician and an enthusiast in medical research. He had studied in Europe and, returning, had converted his paternal inheritance into annuities, so that he might be exempt from financial care and free to prosecute his scientific researches in his New York laboratories.

He had suddenly, and greatly to his annoyance, found himself heir to Wyanoke Plantation by virtue of his uncle's will, and he had come down to Virginia to see how he might free himself from the burden. In common with many of the most distinguished Virginians of that time, he regarded slavery as an evil to be gotten rid of, and to that end he purposed removing the Wyanoke negroes to the West, settling them there on farms, and then returning to his scientific work. But he found an insuperable obstacle in the way. There was the usual plantation debt upon

Wyanoke, and until that should be cleared off he must not, in common honesty, impair the security by freeing the negroes.

Dorothy South interested him. He did not know who she was, but he found her living at Wyanoke and exercising there the authority of the daughter of the house. She was a girl just budding into womanhood. She had all the dignity of a woman, combined with all the frank outspokenness of a little child. She told him she was forbidden to learn aught of music or ever to hear music of a high order, but she did not explain why. She told him that all women require a master, lest they become very wicked, but she did not tell him whence this teaching had come.

He learned presently that she was the sole owner of Pocahontas, an adjoining plantation, that her father was dead, and that she had no knowledge of her mother.

When he asked her how he should address her, she frankly told him she didn't know until she should find out whether or not she liked him. For the present he might call her Miss Dorothy; if ever she should come to like him very much she would instruct him to call her Dorothy.

The two rode together early every morning, she informing him about plantation affairs. Discovering that she specially detested the overseer, he asked her why. She told him of the man's brutality to the negroes, and particularly of his having cruelly lashed a decrepit old gardener. Brent immediately altered the course of their ride, sought out the overseer and peremptorily discharged him. Thereupon Dorothy broke her horse into a full run, and, presently stopping, confronted Brent and said:

"Now you may call me Dorothy."

From that hour the two became comrades, and Brent's admiration for the girl's sincerity, high character, and open-eyed intellect was boundless.

Dorothy was a universal favorite and yet Brent observed that everybody spoke of her as "poor Dorothy." When he asked the reason at Aunt Polly's hands, that gentlewoman withheld all explanation, except that it was peculiarly necessary that Dorothy should marry a man of good family, and that it had been arranged between her father before he died, and a

neighboring planter named Madison Peyton, that she should some day marry her favorite playmate, Jefferson Peyton, Madison's son. From Dorothy Arthur Brent was not long in learning that since their childhood days the girl had outgrown the boy, morally and intellectually, and that she detested him now, because of his intellectual weakness and still more because of his constitutional untruthfulness.

He learned, too, that Dorothy's father had by his will made Aunt Polly the guardian of her person, and the late Robert Brent, Arthur's uncle, the guardian of her estate, a post now vacant because of Robert Brent's death, and awaiting the action of the court to fill it.

Arthur Brent's most intimate male friend in the community was Archer Bannister. His most intimate female friend was Archer's sister Edmonia. Every young man who had ever known her had fallen in love with her, and each, upon finding his suit rejected, had become her devoted friend. One of her former admirers, who never had married, gave it as his opinion that to fall in love with Edmonia Bannister was in itself a liberal education. With Arthur Brent Edmonia made a compact; by its terms he was not to fall in love with her, and, by way of consideration, she was to be in all things his sisterly counselor.

Impressed by Dorothy's ability as well as her character, and full of the impulse to teach, Arthur Brent ordered his library sent to Wyanoke, added largely to it by purchase, set up a chemical laboratory there, and set to work to teach Dorothy. He directed her reading and inspired it with his own enthusiasm. He taught her chemistry and physics until she became well-nigh as expert as himself.

There was an outbreak of typhoid on the plantation, and Arthur Brent attacked it as a general might assail an insurrection. He established two camps, one for the sick negroes and the other for the well. He abandoned the old negro quarters, burning the huts and filling up the infected well.

In spite of his remonstrances, Dorothy made herself from the first the chief nurse of the sick negroes, and Arthur Brent's chief executive officer in his campaign against the epidemic. The imaginative negro boy, Dick, who was now Brent's personal servant, not only rendered effective help to Dorothy in her

duties, but entertained the convalescents with ballads of his own composing, accompanied by the banjo.

While the sickness was at its height, Dorothy was summoned to court to choose a new guardian for her estate. It was fully understood that she was to choose Madison Peyton, the father of her predestined husband, and Peyton was present to accept the responsibility. But upon learning that she was really free to choose for herself, Dorothy surprised everybody concerned by naming Dr. Arthur Brent as her choice.

Peyton was already jealous of Arthur's influence over the girl and angry on account of it, and he now fell into something like a fit of fury. He tried to denounce Arthur in an address to the court, but the judge cut him short with a reminder that the law gave the girl a right to choose, and that the man chosen was one known to the court as a person in every way responsible and in every way fit, for which reason the court confirmed the choice and appointed Dr. Arthur Brent guardian of the estate of Dorothy South, Aunt Polly remaining guardian of her person.

In his anger, Peyton indulged in a series of declamatory denunciations of Arthur Brent on the court-house green, until Archer Bannister reminded him that Arthur Brent was rapidly adopting the "customs of the country," and might conclude to call him to a "pistol and coffee" account. Peyton apologized, but nursed his wrath impotently.

Arthur Brent had kept faith with Edmonia. He had resolutely restrained himself from falling in love with her, though at times the task had been extremely difficult.

Edmonia had not thought it necessary to set any guard upon her own emotions. She had long ago made up her mind never to fall in love with anybody. But the more she saw of Arthur Brent, the more she admired his qualities of mind and character, and to her own astonishment she discovered the appalling truth that her admiration had unconsciously ripened into a love for him, such as she knew she could never feel for any other man, and such as she had never imagined herself capable of feeling for any man.

It was during a conference at the fever camp that she made this discovery, and at the same time she made another that

appalled her. Brent had sought the conference. He had told her frankly that he was in love with Dorothy, and explained that he thought it unfair for him to use his influence and intimacy to win her, until she should have had opportunity to see something of the world, to meet other men of interest and character —in brief, until she should be equipped to make a deliberate and intelligent choice. To that end he asked Edmonia, whose own state of mind he did not in the least suspect, to take the girl to the North, introduce her to society there, and then take her to Europe for a time.

Edmonia was great enough of soul and self-sacrificing enough to undertake the mission, seeing clearly, as she did, that Dorothy's wholly unconscious worship of Arthur Brent was limitless.

When Edmonia assured Aunt Polly that she had already visited Europe and had not fallen off the earth, that estimable but incredulous gentlewoman consented to the proposed trip. Madison Peyton entered his protest, reminding the old lady that Dorothy was to be his son's wife, and suggesting that her prospective acquaintance with other people might render her ill content with her predestined lot in life. Aunt Polly was ready with her reply. If young Jefferson Peyton were to marry Dorothy, she said, he must prove himself worthy of her, and, more important still, he must make himself her equal in refinement, education, and culture. She would not hold Dorothy back from any opportunity of self-improvement. If Jefferson Peyton expected ever to make her his wife, he had much of self-cultivation to attend to. She utterly repudiated the old arrangement between the two fathers as a thing in any way binding upon her ward. Holding Madison Peyton and his son in contempt as she did, Aunt Polly laid down the law with startling emphasis.

Acting upon this hint, Peyton sent his son to follow Dorothy on her travels. She went to Richmond first, then to Washington, Baltimore, and New York. In the latter city she remained for some months before sailing for Europe. As a charming young Southern maiden, the owner of a plantation estate, she was greatly sought after in society, and she learned much of the world and its ways in the process of rejecting several offers of marriage. Better still, she had the good fortune to meet many

intellectual men in the metropolis, and learned from them much that enlarged and corrected her views of social polity.

Her first letters to Arthur Brent, after she left home, were intimately personal and as full of childlike candor as her talks with him had been. But little by little her communications became less personal, less intimate, and far more general. The first time she attended an opera she wrote to him confessing her sin, and his response was such that she sought and obtained permission to take violin lessons. It was Edmonia who reported a wonderfully rapid progress on her part; Dorothy's own letters had by that time become impersonal.

From Europe came the news that she was diligently studying chemistry under the savant who had been Arthur's own instructor first and his co-worker afterward. She had learned of the threatening conditions in America, and was determined to fit herself for service in the approaching war, as a manufacturer and compounder of medicines. The old French professor was so charmed with her skill already acquired under the tutelage of Arthur Brent, and with her alacrity in learning what he could teach, that he announced that he could teach her no more, at the same time gallantly declaring to Edmonia that if he had not Madame and the children at home he should fall in love with his pupil.

Young Peyton followed her diligently. He had learned the "patter" of polite society, but in no discoverable way had he improved himself intellectually or morally. He declared himself to Dorothy, and when she gently put his suit aside he was brutal enough to remind her that she was, for reasons unknown to her, under the necessity of "marrying into a good family," with the suggestion that it was rather condescending and generous in him to offer her an opportunity. From that hour Dorothy excluded him from her society and treated him with the contempt he deserved.

In the mean while Dorothy had learned more about herself than she had ever known before. On shipboard she had encountered and learned to love a fellow passenger, Madame le Sud. She was a woman of gracious presence, a violinist of extraordinary genius, and a person of every conceivable social accomplishment. She had been a woman of great per-

sonal beauty, and much of her beauty survived in spite of a hideous scar that seamed her face from the forehead down.

Madame Le Sud manifested a positively passionate affection for Dorothy, and Dorothy fully responded.

In Paris the two lost sight of each other for a time. Then came to Dorothy a letter urging her to visit her ship-acquaintance. She found her in a garret and in great poverty because of extreme illness. She was to undergo a dangerous surgical operation in a charity hospital, for lack of means to submit to it elsewhere. Believing that death was near, she revealed herself to Dorothy as her mother—her name, Madame le Sud, being simply the French form of "Mrs. South." To Dorothy she told her story, which in brief was this:

She was born in Virginia of as good a family as any in the State. Her father lived beyond his means and died bankrupt. Her mother took her to New York, and there she grew up in a company of artists, musicians, and litterateurs who called their society Bohemia. She, having a genius for music and a voice, was speedily sought after by impresarios and sent to Europe for study. After that she achieved triumphs both as a violinist and as a singer.

Then Dorothy's father found her and married her. She had a great longing to escape from the public life she was leading, and she looked forward to her reign at Pocahontas with anticipations of delight. But in all this she was disappointed. The people who visited her there were, in her eyes, Philistines who were in no wise in sympathy with her.

When her child came she was for a time content. But the very perfection of the service with which she was surrounded irritated and depressed her. Every possible want was anticipated. Everything that she would have liked to do for herself or for her baby was done for her. Once she sent the nurse away, in order that she might herself give the baby its bath, but the task was taken out of her hands.

She composed a lullaby for the child—words and music, putting into it all her mother love. Her husband, entranced with it, insisted upon her singing it to her own violin accompaniment, in the presence of guests one night. The cradle was brought in, and she, forgetting the others, sang and played to the child.

After a time someone made one of the conventionally proper remarks as to the music and her rendering of it, and she, feeling this to be a profanation, smashed her costly violin to bits over the piano, and, snatching the child from the cradle, retreated to the nursery. That night, with the baby and its negro mammy, she fled to Richmond and thence to New York.

There she found it difficult to maintain herself, because she could not appear upon the stage lest she should be found by her husband, who was ceaselessly searching for her. At last he found her, and entreated her to return to her home, but she would not. Her reluctance was due less to any fear of censure for herself than to a dread of the effect of criticism upon him. She knew that in her behalf he would stand like a porcupine with all quills out. But for the sake of her child, Dorothy, she tore her heart out, consenting that he should take the infant with him. She understood what the child's bringing up in the Bohemian life of New York must mean, and for the child's sake she consented to a separation that seemed worse than death.

After her child was taken away, she won a place for herself in New York fashionable life, where, as she now testified to her daughter, she saw far more of immorality than in the Bohemian existence she had known before.

Then came her calamity. In a mad frolic one night some one had seized a perfume bottle from the mantelpiece and poured its contents on her head. He had supposed it to be a perfume; it was in fact fuming nitric acid, and her beauty was marred forever.

She could not return to the stage with a face so painfully seamed. A manager did indeed propose that she should appear with a veil under pretense that she was a gentlewoman of great wealth and high social position, whose identity it was necessary, for social reasons, to conceal. But she rejected the financially generous offer made to her, and would have nothing to do with the fraud. In order to make a living she became dresser to an opera company, and in that capacity she had gone to Paris. Her illness had lost her this employment, and Dorothy found her in the direst poverty.

Before she had heard the story or learned aught of the

relationship, Dorothy removed her mother from her garret to a comfortable apartment, installed a maid in attendance upon her, and engaged a great surgeon to perform the needed operation.

In the mean while the threat of war in the United States had grown more and more ominous. The far Southern States had declared for secession, and an immediate rupture was prevented only by Virginia's refusal to share in the madness. All the other border States followed Virginia's lead with the avowed intention of doing to the last whatever Virginia should do. In the old mother State the constitutional convention elected to consider the matter was overwhelmingly pro-Union and its persistent rejection of every suggestion looking to secession promised for a time to avert war altogether. Of that convention Arthur Brent was a zealous member, and he rejoiced that even after the bombardment of Fort Sumter the Virginia convention remained resolute.

But when, a few days later, Mr. Lincoln called upon Virginia to furnish her quota of troops with which to make war upon her sister States, Virginia seceded, and the long-dreaded war was inevitable.

Dorothy in France had foreseen the need the South would have of medicines, saltpeter and other chemicals, and of the means of making such things. She bought and shipped to Arthur all she could of chemical appliances useful for such purposes, and then she hurried home to fit up her laboratory.

On the very day on which the ordinance of secession was adopted, she and Edmonia arrived in Richmond and summoned Brent to meet them at their hotel.

After the first greeting, Arthur observed with distress a certain reserve and distance in Dorothy's attitude toward him. It was due in fact to her maidenly modesty and pride of womanhood. It was caused by the same abashed self-consciousness that had made her letters to him grow more and more impersonal. But he did not know how to interpret it. It distressed him, and she fully shared the distress.

He was detained in Richmond for a day or two; then he mounted his favorite horse Grimlet and rode the thirty-five or forty miles to Wyanoke, whither Dorothy and Edmonia had preceded him.

The house was full of company on the evening of his arrival, but as Dorothy was going up the stairs he proposed that they two should have one of their old rides "soon in the morning," and she gladly assented. During that ride, and on the spot where she had long ago given him permission to call her Dorothy, he asked her to be his wife, and, adhering still to her old contention that every woman has need of a master, she replied:

"Yes, master."

When Arthur Brent presented himself before Aunt Polly, and, with stately deference, asked her permission to make Dorothy his wife, the dignified lady's reply was:

"Why, of course, Arthur. That is what I have intended all the time."

Madame Le Sud, Dorothy's mother, had obstinately refused to return to Pocahontas, when Dorothy desired to establish her in her proper place and to challenge deference to her. She refused even to resume the English form of her name. As Madame Le Sud she remained in lodgings in Richmond until the battling began. Then she went to the front as a field nurse, whose ministrations to the wounded under fire won for her the admiration and the loyal affection of the great Army of Northern Virginia. She fell at last a victim to her daring in ministration. Soldiers buried her where she fell, and soldiers placed a rude stone over the spot, carving upon it the loving legend,

MADAME LE SUD, THE ANGEL OF THE BATTLEFIELD

Four years later Dorothy and Arthur Brent stood together in the porch at Wyanoke. Dorothy reminded him that, with all of evil and sorrow that it had wrought, the war had brought forth good also.

"Slavery is at an end," she said. "You, Arthur, are free. You may again address yourself to your work in the world, without the embarrassment of other duty. Shall we go back to New York?"

In response he said:

"No, Dorothy, my work in life lies in the cradle in the chamber there, where our two children sleep."

"Thank you," said Dorothy, and silence fell for a time.

JOSEPH VON EICHENDORFF

(Austria, 1788–1857)

THE HAPPY-GO-LUCKY: LEAVES FROM THE LIFE OF A GOOD-FOR-NOTHING (1824)

The Happy-Go-Lucky is the idealization of vagabondage; it is the masterpiece of the last poet of the Austrian Romantic School. It has passed through many editions, has been frequently translated, and is to-day a popular book in Germany.

HE birds were twittering, the wheel of my father's mill was turning cheerily, as I sat in the sunshine and rubbed the sleep from my eyes. Then my hard-worked father said to me:

"You good-for-nothing! I can keep you here no longer. Spring is at hand. Off with you into the world and earn your own bread!"

His words met with my approval; so I took my fiddle, and departed, delighted to be free. When I reached the fields, I played and sang as I walked. Soon I noticed two fine ladies—the younger of whom was especially lovely—in a carriage listening to my music. The elder said to me with condescension, "Ah, my merry lad, you know how to sing very pretty songs." I, nothing loath, replied, "Please your Grace, I know some far prettier." "And where are you going so early in the morning?" she asked. I was ashamed to confess that I did not know, and so I said, boldly, "To Vienna." To my surprise, she told me to jump up behind, as they too were going to Vienna.

The new scenes pleased me; but when the sun grew hot I felt a longing for the cool mill-pool; however, that did not keep me from falling comfortably to sleep. When I awoke, the carriage had stopped before a beautiful castle. Finding my-

self alone, I hurried into the castle, where a tall gentlemen in state robes inquired what I wanted there. I was too confused to speak. Just then a lady's-maid appeared with the message that I could be the gardener's boy. To this I gladly agreed, and the gardener, scolding my lazy ways, led me off. Now I felt as if my freedom had gone, but I was certainly earning my living.

Life was charming in that garden; though, unfortunately, I had a good deal to do. Whenever the gardener was absent, I would dream of the sweet young lady, who had brought me to the castle; and sometimes I saw her walking in the garden with her guitar or her book. Once while passing the summer-house I was singing about a Lady fair, when I caught the sparkle of a pair of beautiful eyes. I was so startled that I went quickly on. At twilight the lady's-maid brought me a flask of wine —"The gracious Lady fair sends you this to drink her health, and a 'good-night' besides!"

Every day I now rose before the others were stirring, and hid myself under a bush near the castle so that I could watch the windows. Thence I sometimes saw the Lady fair in a snow-white robe come, still drowsy and warm, to the open window. She would stand there braiding her dark-brown hair, or tend the flowers, or with her guitar upon her arm, and sing out into the clear air so wondrously that to this day my heart faints with sadness when one of her songs recurs to me. And ah, it was all so long ago.

So the days passed, until one morning a fly blew up my nose, causing me to sneeze; and the Lady fair espied me. Thereafter when I ventured back I always found the window closed. Finally, I grew bold and paced beneath all the castle windows; but there was no Lady fair, though I saw the other lady, whose eyes twinkled kindly as she acknowledged my best bow.

One afternoon, when I was sitting by a lonely pond, a gay party of young people from the castle came upon me. The merry one of my two ladies made me row them across, and insisted upon my singing about the Lady fair. The sweet young lady gave me such an encouraging look that I sang with my whole soul; when they had all left me, I realized how forlorn was my lot.

There was a pretty toll-house on the highroad that passed the castle, and a gay little garden behind it connected by a breach in the wall with the castle-garden. The toll-gate keeper suddenly died, and I was installed in his place. After this, all day long I sat before my house in a scarlet dressing-gown dotted with yellow, and a tasseled nightcap—the property of the deceased toll-gate keeper—smoking the longest pipe I could find in the cottage. How I wished that some of the village folks who had said that I would never amount to anything could see me now! I cleared my garden of vegetables, and planted it with choicest flowers. Every day I plucked the loveliest nosegay, and at dusk I laid it upon a table in the castle-arbor. Whenever I brought a fresh nosegay, the old one had disappeared. One evening as I was attending to this sweet task, the Lady fair came slowly riding toward me. I stood spell-bound; and, when she noticed me, she paused. My joy was so great to see that she was wearing my flowers that I could not contain myself. "Fairest Lady fair, accept these flowers too, and all the flowers in my garden, and everything I have! Ah, if I could only brave some danger for you!" She looked at me with displeasure; but then, on hearing distant voices, snatched the flowers from my hand, and disappeared.

Thereafter I had no peace of mind; my nosegays remained daily unheeded in the arbor; so I weeded my garden no more. At this critical time, the lady's-maid came to my window. "His Grace returned from his travels yesterday," she remarked.

"Indeed?" I said, "then his lovely daughter will be very glad." She looked at me as if I were very stupid, but proceeded to tell me that there was to be a masquerade at the castle that night in his honor; that her lady was to be dressed as a flower-girl, and as she needed perfectly fresh flowers, she wished some from my garden. I should bring them to her at dark under the big pear-tree in the castle-garden, where she would meet me herself. Ah, how the world had changed! She remembered me and my flowers!

At the appointed time I was under the pear-tree with a basket of my loveliest flowers; but in vain I waited for my Lady fair. In desperation I climbed the tree and could see them dancing in the castle. Soft voices below now attracted

my attention, and a flower-girl with her maid appeared from among the trees. My heart bounded! Then the flower-girl removed her mask—it was the elder lady! They seemed to be searching for something. "What did you say, Rosetta?" the flower-girl asked shrewishly.

"I say what I always have said—that the Receiver is a lazy fellow; of course he is lying behind some bush sound asleep." Before I was able to reach the ground to defend myself, they had gone. Bewildered I gazed at the castle; the servants had assembled to serenade their master. The door opened and an elegant gentleman led out the beautiful Lady fair. The people could not contain their delight, and I too joined in the cheers.

All was now explained. It was only her aunt who had wished the flowers, and my Lady fair had never even thought of me; moreover, she was married, and I was a fool. Utterly miserable I sat all night in the tree. Aroused by the morning sun, I tossed my basket of flowers to the wind, and rushed to the house for my fiddle. My old love of travel again possessed me; so half merry and half sad I set forth for Italy, as poor as when I had come.

As I was meditating one night under a tree, two horsemen came out of the forest, whispering together and pointing in many directions. Surely they were robbers! Hastily I swung myself into the tree above me; but I had not drawn up my legs when one of the men came toward me. "Who is there?" a voice called directly under me. "Nobody!" I yelled in terror.

"Aha!" said the robber, "whose are these legs, then, hanging down here?"

There was no help for it. "They are," I replied, "only a couple of legs of a poor lost musician."

The robber said that they also were lost, and that I must show them the road to B——. Of course I didn't know the road; but as the man drew out a pistol I took the first road that came. With the morning light, one of the men stared at me, and then laughed so loud that I was irritated. "Why, it is actually the gardener—I should say the Receiver from the Castle." I did not recognize him at all. Still laughing, he

told me they were two painters named Leonardo and Guido, and that I must accompany them to Italy as their servant, which proposition delighted me.

At B—— we found a fine carriage with four post-horses awaiting us. Herr Leonardo gave me some beautiful clothes which he took from his portmanteau, and I mounted the box.

After passing an ideal life for some days, we stopped at an inn in Lombardy. While the painters rested in another apartment, I ate my supper, quarreled with a strange signor, who asked too many questions about our party, then fell asleep while listening to a song which Herr Guido was singing from a balcony above. Upon awaking I found it was day. I sought my masters' room and was dismayed to find it empty. Lying on their table was a purse of money with a card attached, which read, "For the Herr Receiver." I aroused the house, but no important information could be obtained. I did not know what to do; however, our carriage was at the door ready to start; so I sprang into it and dashed away. Day and night we drove, and wherever we went all arrangements had been made in advance. Nothing could induce me to leave the lovely carriage, though one day I was displeased to have the driver turn from the highroad into a lonely country. This postilion I discovered was not in uniform; and without answering my questions he drove on more rapidly. As I leaned out of the carriage, the crooked signor with whom I had quarreled at the inn crossed in front of our horses. Before long we drew up at a castle, where I received a royal welcome. Of course I did not understand a word, but evidently my arrival was expected. The old housekeeper chucked me under the chin, and called me *poverino*.

I lived like a fairy prince in that castle, which I learned belonged to a rich count; but whenever I asked the old woman his name, she would only smirk and pinch me. And once when I made known by signs that I wished a pipe, the maids burst into absurd laughter. So time passed until the old woman brought me a note—it was from my Lady fair. She bade me hasten back, as all obstacles were now removed; moreover, she could scarcely bear to live since I had left them. My joy was so great that I was ashamed to have the old woman see me. "Is she

not married then?" I thought; "Was that young officer her brother, perhaps, or is he dead, or am I crazy, or—? But no matter! It is clear enough, she loves me!"

To the inquisitive old woman I explained that I must go far away, which seemed to cause her surprise and displeasure. In the night, I heard voices on the stairs, and someone locked my door. There I was a prisoner, while the Lady fair awaited me. As I pondered upon what was best to do, I heard music beneath my window: in a flash, I was scrambling down the vines to the ground. I recognized my serenader as a tall, silent student, who lived at the castle, and who now led me to a gate, which he unlocked; then, falling on his knees, he began to swear horribly, murmuring frequently, "*Amore!*" So frightened was I that I fled through the forest.

After considerable traveling I at last reached Rome. As I strolled along, a lady in a garden began to sing—it was the voice of the Lady fair. Instantly I was over the wall; but the slender white figure glided like moonlight into the house. I knocked at all the doors and windows, and though I am sure I heard soft laughter, no answer came. Then I played all my songs—it was of no avail. I put my fiddle sadly away, and was so overcome with weariness that I fell asleep on the doorstep. A horror of the lonely house seized me when I awoke; so I clambered up the garden wall, and saw before me a splendid city. I burst into song, which attracted a young German, who was a painter; and the good fellow invited me to breakfast, and insisted upon painting my portrait. Two of his canvases that especially pleased me he said were painted from the famous masters Leonardo da Vinci and Guido Reni. He was astounded when I said that I had traveled with them, and looked at me as if he thought I was mad; then he burst out laughing, and asked me if I could play the violin. I said I could; and he went on to say that a countess had lately arrived inquiring everywhere for these two painters, and a young musician with a fiddle.

"A young countess from Germany?" I cried in ecstasy. "Was the porter with her?"

"Ah, that I do not know," replied the painter, "I saw her only once or twice. Do you know this face?" He lifted the

covering from a picture, and I beheld—the Lady fair! All the old memories came over me, and I ran out of the door.

Alas! I could not find the garden; in despair I lay down under a fine balcony, and fell asleep. Imagine my astonishment when I awoke to find myself covered with flowers. Suddenly my friend, the painter, arrived, and bade me go with him to meet some fellow countrymen; perhaps I might get tidings of the Countess. The proposal delighted me; and after a short walk we reached a garden filled with young folks. While two ladies were singing and playing the gate was opened abruptly and a young man and a girl entered quarreling violently. In the confusion that followed, the girl threw herself into my arms for protection, whispering to me, "You odious Receiver! it is all on your account. There, stuff the wretched note into your pocket; you will find out from it where we live. When you approach the gate, at the appointed hour, turn into the lonely street on the right hand."

I was dumfounded, for I now perceived that she was the pert lady's-maid of my first castle. The note read: "Eleven o'clock, at the little door." And there was also a map of directions.

Soon after I reached the rendezvous, a white figure approached the little door. I recognized the white cloak of the man who had quarreled with the lady's-maid; and, convinced that he was about to make further trouble, I followed him into the garden. The doors of the summer-house were open, and I could see the Lady fair resting on a lounge. The man began to creep toward her. Shouting "Murder!" I ran after him. Alas, who should he be but the lady's-maid! The Lady fair, disturbed by the noise, now joined us. I was almost suffocated; but when I met her gaze, I found that it was not the Lady fair at all, but a haughty stranger. So overcome was I that I could only bow. Meantime the uproar had aroused the neighborhood. Giving me a disdainful look the lady shut the door in my face, while the maid pushed me toward the gate, telling me spitefully that I was throwing away my luck by treating the Countess's advances in such a way. To my reply that I had meant the Lady fair, she interrupted, "Oh, she went back to Germany long ago. You'd better run after her!"

By this time, people from all sides were gathering; the maid, denouncing me as a thief, thrust me out of the gate, and I resolved to leave deceitful Italy forever.

Before long I had taken passage on the mail-boat for my castle. There was a rumor aboard that there was to be a wedding at the castle; some of the passengers would laugh whenever they looked at me, and various remarks were made about the bridegroom which vexed me. Immediately upon landing, I hurried to the garden, stopping for a moment at the old toll-house to see if all looked the same. Then of a sudden a song came from the garden, which was oddly familiar. "It is Herr Guido!" As I emerged from the bushes I paused in ecstasy, for there sat my Lady fair; another lady was near her, singing to a guitar, who, when she saw me, burst out laughing, and clapped her hands. Then as if by magic a gay lot of little village girls appeared, and circling around me sang a bridal air from *Der Freischütz*. I was utterly dazed.

All at once a young man appeared—it was indeed blithe Herr Leonardo. The little girls held their circle open, while Herr Leonardo led up the bashful Lady fair, and with an eloquent address gave her to me; while the other young lady crowned me with myrtle. Then the more I looked at the strange young lady the more I realized that she was in truth Herr Guido. Noticing my confusion, Herr Leonardo drew me aside, and with many intricate words told me that it was the Fräulein Flora and himself who had escaped in disguise, in order to elude a Somebody who also desired her heart, and whom the Countess favored. Their plan had been to conceal her in a castle belonging to Herr Leonardo; and they were on their way there, when they discovered the crooked signor, who was a spy; so they fled, leaving me to go alone to the castle, and thus mislead everybody. Now they were all happy once more, and the wedding was to take place immediately.

During this conversation the lovely Lady fair slipped off into the garden. I hurried after her, and at last her head lay on my breast; then we made sweet confession, and all mystery was cleared away. She was not married at all; it was only the Countess's son who had led her out on the balcony that night—so I needn't have run away at all. My sweet lady showed me a

little villa gleaming in the moonlight, which was our gift from the Count, because I had helped him and the Fräulein Flora to escape. "Good Heavens! sweetest Countess," I cried out, "are you talking of Herr Leonardo?" "Yes," she replied, "that is what he called himself in Italy: he owns all that property, and he is going to marry our Countess's daughter. But I am no Countess. Our Countess took me into the Castle, and had me educated under her care when my uncle, the porter, brought me here a poor little orphan child."

Ah, what a stone fell from my heart at these words. "God bless the porter," I said in an ecstasy, "for being our uncle! I always set great store by him."

"And he would be very fond of you," she replied, "if you would only comport yourself with more dignity, as he expresses it. You must dress with greater elegance." "Oh!" I exclaimed, enchanted, "an English dress-coat, straw hat, long trousers, and spurs! And as soon as we're married we will take a trip to Italy, where lovely fountains are playing, and we'll take with us the porter!"

GEORGE ELIOT

(MARY ANN EVANS CROSS)

(England, 1819–1880)

ADAM BEDE (1859)

This was the first long novel of the author, having been preceded by her translations and the *Scenes from Clerical Life*. The character of the hero of this novel is supposed to have been modeled on that of her father, Robert Evans.

HAT well-preserved, middle-aged bachelor, the Rev. Adolphus Irwin, rector of Broxton, vicar of Hayslope, and vicar of Blythe, sat at breakfast when Joshua Rann, clerk of the parish at Hayslope, was ushered in. After preparing the rector for the blow, Joshua announced in a voice of horror: "That Methodis' young woman as is a-stayin' at Martin Poyser's, Dinah Morris by name, was a-preachin' and a-prayin' on the green last night, as sure as I'm a-standin' afore your reverence."

The rector soothed Joshua's fears and was about dismissing him to the kitchen for a mug of beer when there was a knock, and a pleasant voice said: "Godson Arthur—may he come in?"

The new arrival was Captain Arthur Donnithorne, "the young squire," the people called him. He was a clear-complexioned young fellow—well groomed, high bred, white-handed, and yet looking as if he could deliver well from the shoulder and floor his man. No wonder he was as popular as his miserly old grandfather, "the old squire," whose heir he was, was unpopular.

"Humbly beggin' your pardon," said Joshua, still lingering. "There's one thing as I forgot to say. Thias Bede of Hayslope was found drowned in the Willow Brook this morning, and his

widow sent me to say she wanted him buried under the white thorn in Hayslope churchyard, if your reverence would be so kind."

"Poor Thias," said Mr. Irwin to Arthur, as Joshua disappeared kitchenward. "I am afraid drink helped the brook to drown him. I should have been glad if the burden could have been taken off my friend Adam's shoulders in a less painful way."

"He's a regular trump, is Adam," responded Arthur. "I used to think when I was a little fellow and Adam a strapping boy of fifteen that if I were a rich sultan I would make him my grand vizier."

A little later the two men were riding away to the cottage of the Bedes, where the widowed Lisbeth was sitting in her querulous grief, and her two sons, the grave and stalwart Adam and the milder and less capable Seth, were comforting her. But on the way Arthur must needs stop at the Hall Farm, occupied by Martin Poyser.

With Farmer Poyser was staying his wife's niece, Dinah Morris, and with him lived permanently his own niece, the orphaned Hester Sorrel. Young Donnithorne stopped at the farm to see Poyser about some business, but somehow he found his way into the dairy, where Hetty was at work.

And so, while Mr. Irwin talked with Mrs. Poyser, the heir of Donnithorne pleased himself with the sight of the beautiful dairy-maid and the sound of her melodious voice.

Among Hetty's many admirers was Adam Bede, foreman for Burge, the carpenter and builder. He might soon be taken into partnership, but he was a poor man after all, and it would be years before he could give Hetty the luxuries for which she sighed.

The truth was that Hetty had a vain and hard little heart, as well as a narrow intellect. But how was one to know this when all outward appearances indicated so exactly the reverse? So Adam worshiped her and Arthur dallied with her. Dinah was as unworldly as Hetty was worldly; she was beautiful, too, in her spiritual way. When Mr. Irwin had told her of the death of Thias Bede she had gone at once to Lisbeth.

The pale Methodist had a way with her that was dear to the

afflicted, and her presence in the cottage was like gentle music to Seth, who had loved Dinah long and loved her still, though she had told him that she "was called of the Spirit to higher things than matrimony."

Before Arthur followed Dinah to the Bede cottage in the company of Mr. Irwin, he found a chance to ask Hetty if she ever walked in the Chase. Hetty replied that she passed through a portion of it daily and mentioned the hour she might be passing by the big beech-tree.

So poor Thias Bede was buried under the white thorn; the cottage settled down to its former life; Dinah went back to Snowfield, in the next shire, where she worked in a mill; Adam sat long at night with Martin Poyser talking of carpentering and crops; and Hetty walked in the Chase and met Arthur Donnithorne in the soft summer evenings.

But after a while Arthur's conscience began to trouble him. He meant no harm, of course, but it was well to be careful. He thought he would confess to the rector and ask his advice; but when he reached the rectory the confession he had come to make suddenly became difficult, and so he talked of other things, among them of the fact that his grandfather had consented to have Adam Bede made overseer of the wood on the estate.

Some weeks later Hetty was gazing lovingly at a costly present Arthur had given her, when a knock caused her to hide it hurriedly. The intruder was Dinah Morris, who said: "Dear Hetty, it has been borne in upon me that you may some day be in trouble. If you ever are, will you remember that you have a friend in Dinah Morris, and if you come to her or send to her she will never forget the words of this night? Will you remember, Hetty?"

The solemn tone of Dinah and the word "trouble" caused Hetty's face to blanch.

"Why do you talk to me in that way?" said she. "What do you want to frighten me for? Why can't you let me be?"

One day, when Adam was talking to Hetty in the Poysers' garden, he offered to take one of the children which the girl was holding. As he took the child it snatched at a light chain around Hetty's neck and a gold locket flew from her bodice to the ground. Adam felt a puzzled alarm; but the girl took the

trinket with apparent indifference and looked so innocent and childish that as usual the big carpenter dismissed his doubts.

Another day, as he was passing a large beech in a glade near a little summer-house known as the Hermitage on the Donnithorne estate, he saw Arthur and Hetty before him holding each other's hands and kissing each other on the lips.

Hetty hurried away, but Arthur walked toward Adam, with an uneasy laugh, and tried to turn off the incident as an accidental meeting and the kiss as from a momentary impulse. He would have gone away, but Adam stopped him. "This," Adam said, "is not the first time you have met Hetty Sorrel! Instead of being the man I took you for, you are a light-minded scoundrel, though it cuts me to the heart to say so."

Though angry at first, Arthur finally acknowledged that perhaps he had gone a little too far—but no harm was done—and he was going away next morning for a long time—and Hetty would forget. He turned to walk away, but Adam placed himself before him.

"No, by God!" he burst out, "I throw your favors back in your face. Fight me where I stand. It is all the amends you can make me."

The fight that ensued ended with Arthur lying senseless on the ground.

Adam thought he had killed him, and the horror that rushed over him completely mastered his anger. But Arthur came around after a while and Adam assisted him to the Hermitage.

When Arthur was himself again, the two sat there facing each other and talked calmly.

"You see, sir," said Adam, "this isn't a trifle to me. The love I feel for Hetty is a sort of love as I believe nobody ever felt unless God had given it to 'em. And if it's true what you say that you have only been trifling and flirting, write Hetty a letter taking blame to yourself and tell her the truth. Nobody else shall know of it. Either do this, or tell me you've been lying and she can never be my wife."

Poor, weak Arthur! The easiest way out of the difficulty was the right one for him, always; so he promised. The next day he sent a letter to Adam, enclosing one for Hetty. Then he

made some good resolutions again and rode away to join his regiment.

When Hetty read the letter all her air-castles tumbled in hideous ruin around her. Arthur wrote that they must try not to feel like lovers any more; that the difference in their stations precluded all idea of marriage; they never could be as they would like to be to each other, but that if any trouble should come which they did not then foresee she could trust him to do all that lay in his power for her.

She sat sobbing and shivering far into the night and then threw herself on the bed and slept from sheer exhaustion. She would welcome any change now—even a marriage with Adam would afford some relief.

So, when Adam came again to sit with Martin Poyser, Hetty greeted him with a gentle smile which set the big man's heart beating violently. Arthur was right after all; it had been but a bit of "flirting" and had ended with Arthur's departure.

Thus in a few weeks it came about that Adam and Hetty were engaged, and the big carpenter was happier than he had ever dared to hope he would be. As the time of the wedding came near there was only one cloud in Adam's sunshine. Hetty seemed sad at times.

One day Hetty went over to Treddleston to get some of the wedding things she had forgotten to buy.

She turned off from the highway across the fields; she wanted to be where she could walk slowly and not care how her face looked as she dwelt on wretched thoughts. On the low ground was a dark, shrouded pool full with the winter rains. She sat down on the bank and gazed fixedly into the black waters. She had thought of this pool often in the nights of the month which had just passed, and now she was trying to guess what sort of bed it would make for her young, round limbs.

No! She had not courage to jump into the cold, watery bed; they might find her—and then they would know why she had drowned herself. No, she must go away—go away where they could not find her.

Long she sat there revolving one plan after another, and rejecting them all, until finally her thoughts took this one form: Arthur was at Windsor. She would go to Arthur.

Mrs. Poyser was surprised that night when Hetty said that she would like to go to Snowfield for a few days and bring Dinah back with her to stay over the wedding. As Adam put Hetty into the coach the next morning tears rose to the girl's eyes—tears for the misery of her own hard lot.

"God bless her for loving me so!" said Adam, thinking the tears were at parting from him.

At the next town Hetty left the coach and set her face toward Windsor. At last, pale, worn, and weary, she arrived there and sought an inn.

"Can you tell me how I can find this house?" asked the weary girl, handing the landlord the slip of paper on which Arthur had written his name and address.

"Why," said the landlord, "that house has been closed this two weeks. The officers who lived there are gone off with their regiment to Ireland."

When Hetty regained consciousness she was lying in bed too ill and weary to think clearly of her condition. Later in the day, by a great effort, she gathered herself together, dressed, and went down to the landlady. Dinah Morris had come into her mind. Oh, if she could only get back to Dinah!

When a fortnight had passed and Hetty had not returned there was some anxiety at the Hall Farm, and it was agreed that Adam should go to Snowfield and fetch her. At Snowfield Adam learned that Dinah had been away from home since before Hetty had left Hayslope, and that no such person as Hetty had been asking for her.

By diligent inquiry he learned that Hetty had been seen on a coach going south. He traced her for a short distance and then lost all track of her.

"God have mercy on us, Addy, what is it?" said Seth when Adam again appeared at the Bede cottage and his brother saw his haggard face.

"She's gone—gone away from us," replied Adam. "She cannot have loved me. She didn't like our marriage when it came nigh."

Though Adam was determined to admit no other reason than this for Hetty's disappearance, there was in his heart the fear that she had gone to Arthur. He must find out. But

first he would tell the people at the Hall Farm and then go and take counsel of Mr. Irwin.

As Adam told his tale to Mr. Irwin that gentleman strove hard to collect himself, and finally said: "Adam, there is a heavier sorrow coming upon you than you have yet known. You can bear sorrow manfully as well as act manfully. I have bad news of Hetty this morning. She is at Stoniton. She has been arrested. She is in prison."

"For what?"

"For the murder of her child," replied the rector.

"I'll go find him," exclaimed Adam, springing to his feet. "He sha'n't escape me this time. I'll follow him to the ends of the earth."

"No, Adam," said the rector. "The punishment will fall without your aid. You will stay and see what can be done for her."

At first there was murder in Adam's heart, but suddenly there rushed upon him the memory of that day in the Chase when he had thought he had killed Arthur. "God help me!" cried he, burying his face in his hands.

At Hetty's trial the evidence was all against her. When the sentence of death was pronounced upon her she fell with a shriek to the floor.

She had refused to see Adam, and Dinah had been unable to move her out of her stony apathy. But the night before the day set for the execution Dinah, watching and praying in the cell with the miserable girl, was rewarded at last. Hetty burst into tears and confessed her crime, but declared that she had never really meant to murder the child—she had thought someone would find it before it died.

Then her narrow little soul expanded, and in the shadow of death Hetty was conscious of thoughts and feelings before unknown to her. Fervently she prayed with Dinah and hoped that she might be forgiven. She could forgive Arthur now, and for Adam she felt a great sorrow that she should have so meanly rewarded his great love.

She sent for Adam to come to see her the next morning, and said very gently: "Adam, I am very sorry. I have behaved very badly toward you. Will you forgive me before I die?"

"I forgave thee long ago, Hetty," said Adam, with a sob.

"Will you kiss me again, Adam, for all I have been so wicked?" Adam took the blanched, wasted hand she held out to him, and they gave each other the solemn, unspeakable kiss of a lifelong parting.

It was a gray, clear morning when the waiting, watching multitude descried the fatal cart making its way toward the scaffold. By Hetty's side stood Dinah Morris. Dinah was scarcely conscious of the crowd, but Hetty, when she caught sight of the multitude, clutched her companion convulsively.

"Close your eyes, Hetty," said Dinah, "and let us pray unceasingly to God."

The cart had nearly reached the foot of the gallows when a great cry arose. To the startled Dinah it seemed the yell of demons. Hetty's shriek mingled with the sound, and they clasped each other in mutual horror.

But it was not a shout of execration—not a yell of exultant cruelty. It was a shout of sudden excitement at the appearance of a horseman cleaving the crowd at full gallop.

He has something in his hand—he is holding it up as if it were a signal. The sheriff knows him; it is Arthur Donnithorne, carrying in his hand Hetty's hard-earned release from death. Returning from Ireland, he had been suddenly confronted with the news of the ruin he had wrought.

Within the hour he had ridden away from the Abbey again, resolved to make the only amends now permitted him. Bringing every influence to bear of which he was capable, he had succeeded in having Hetty's sentence commuted to transportation for life, and, by the exertion of almost superhuman effort, was able to deliver the commutation to the sheriff at the very foot of the gallows.

The Bedes and the Poysers resolved to leave Hayslope forever and seek a living in some distant place where their shame and their sorrows would not be known. No longer could they live as tenants of the man who had done them all so much wrong. But Adam took a farewell walk in the Chase, where he met Arthur under the great beech. The two men gazed at each other sadly—as lost spirits might gaze on the shores of Styx.

Arthur poured out his heart in words of remorse, begging

Adam not to go away from the place—to induce the Poysers not to go. He had done enough harm already to both of them—he did not wish to be the cause of their leaving the homes to which they were attached. As for himself, he was going away for years—perhaps forever. He was going to Spain with the army, and might expiate his crime by a soldier's death.

At last Adam consented to stay, and the next morning Arthur Donnithorne left the home of his ancestors, which he was not to see again until he returned to it, broken in health and worn with wars, many years later.

Dinah was much at Hayslope now, either with the Bedes or with the Poysers. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, she and Adam drew together. Dinah was the first to discover how dear they were to each other and announced that she must go back to Snowfield. When Adam, startled by this into a sense of his true feelings toward her, avowed his love, she replied that the Lord had called her to other things than marriage—and so departed.

But after a while Adam also had what Dinah used to call "a direction of the Spirit," and he went to Snowfield after her. He came upon her suddenly and took her in his arms.

"Oh, Adam!" she said. "It is the Divine will. My soul is so knit with yours that it is but a divided life I live without you."

"Then we will never part any more until death parts us," Adam replied.

THE MILL ON THE FLOSS (1860)

This was the third of the author's stories; and despite its grim tragedy it achieved a phenomenal success.

R. TULLIVER, the owner of Dorlcote Mill on the river Floss, was a man of safe, traditional opinions. Perhaps in only one case had he really trusted his unassisted intellect to guide him to a conclusion: which was that rats, weevils, and lawyers had been made by the devil.

As is natural in conservative persons to whom ideas do not come with unnatural prodigality, Mr. Tulliver's one great mental achievement became a triumphant and sacred belief. It stood as the one great positive fact in the universe to his mind, which was willing enough in other matters not connected with milling and farming, to admit that this was a puzzling world. Among the puzzles of this puzzling world, not the least were his two children. "It's the wonderful'st thing," he was wont to say. "I picked the mother because she wasn't o'ercute. But you see, when a man's got brains, there's no knowing where they'll run to; an' a pleasant sort o' soft woman may go on breeding you stupid lads and 'cute wenches till it's like as if the world was turned topsy-turvy. It's an uncommon puzzling thing."

The honest miller's perplexed estimate of his family was two thirds correct. In his object of marrying a stupid wife he had been extraordinarily successful. Mrs. Tulliver was a perfectly good-natured, very fair, and most completely dull person, who shook her head in alarm at her strange daughter Maggie, half dreading that this child with, as she said, "a brown skin like a mulatter," and black hair that refused to curl like the well-conducted blonde locks of her own family, had been sent as "a judgment on her."

Her blonde sisters, Glegg, Pullet, and Deane, shared Sister Tulliver's grief over the plainness and bad temper of this unhappy child, and lost no opportunity to regret volubly that Maggie was so unpleasantly different from her neat, exquisite, dainty cousin Lucy Deane, with her liquid hazel eyes and her yellow curls.

Maggie had become quite accustomed to the open talk about her ugliness on the one side, and about her sinful cleverness on the other. She hardly grieved over her looks, and gave her admired cousin Lucy the free and unreserved homage that a subject pays to a queen. The admiration and love for which her childish heart hungered being withheld from her on the score of appearance, she strove to astonish people with her learning; and thus, while she was still a child, she devoured a wonderful mass of books, from DeFoe's *History of the Devil* to Jeremy Taylor's *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*.

Although Mr. Tulliver was quite correct about two of his household, he wronged his son Tom. That healthy, self-willed young animal was indeed immensely stupid over his books; but he knew very well what he was about, which was to get the best out of life, as a plain duty that every human being owed to himself and to the world. Maggie adored Tom as something almost too wonderful for the comprehension of a mere girl; and Tom was good to Maggie—a fact which he was careful to impress on her frequently. He was a stern young patron, and disciplined Maggie freely by debarring her from the splendor of his society; a punishment that subjected the girl to a double torture, filling her strange brain with hot rage and her heart with humble, bitter grief.

The three sisters were all highly satisfied with their own wisdom of life and conduct, and all agreed in despising their Sister Tulliver's husband, who, in turn, did not fail to repay in kind. Sister Glegg was the chief of the clan, not merely because she was known to have a thousand pounds which she would leave to her various relatives, but because she had a bitter tongue, which never suffered for lack of systematic exercise. Sister Glegg's particular virtue was to wear her second-best and third-best garments, leaving her best ones carefully laid away. This

meritorious economy gave her a commanding position from which to assail other folks' vanities.

Sister Pullet presented a most unsisterly contrast, affecting fashionable attire and usually decked with so many ribbons and feathers as to look like a brig with all sail spread. Sister Deane was the wisest of the three—a fact which she proved in her own natural, negative manner by carefully refraining from speech while in the company of her militant sisters. The three had married well, and were very proud of their successful husbands, whom they kept thoroughly under their thumbs. They united in pitying their Sister Tulliver as one who most emphatically did not have her husband under her thumb, and who, in addition, was doomed to ruin sooner or later through that husband's stubbornness and freehandedness.

The miller made injurious reflections on their freely tendered advice and went his own way. One part of that way was to go to law frequently, despite his hatred of lawyers. As a result of his frequent lawsuits, he gradually gained the conviction that one lawyer in particular had been made with the devil's most complete art—Mr. Wakem, the leading lawyer of St. Ogg's, who had the fortune, or misfortune, to represent the miller's opponents as a rule, and, equally as a rule, to win the case. Tom Tulliver inherited his father's hatred, an inheritance that proved extremely embarrassing when Tom and Wakem's son Philip happened to be sent to the same private tutor.

Philip was humpbacked, as the result of a fall in childhood. His deformity made him painfully sensitive, and though he tried his best to make friends with Tom, that clumsy, nonsensitive, buoyantly healthy young desperado often made him wince. Poor Tom was forced in sheer self-defense to boast to Philip about his physical prowess, for the lawyer's crippled son stood head and shoulders above him in every other respect.

When Tom was hurt in one of his adventures, Maggie was sent to visit him for a few days. Philip saw the dark-eyed little girl and felt drawn toward her as he had not felt toward anybody in all his lonely young life. Maggie responded. This melancholy boy's face, with the soft, waving brown hair framing it, seemed to her like the faces of heroes in her beloved books. When she was going, Philip said to her:

"I'm very fond of you, Maggie. I shall never forget you, and when I'm very unhappy, I shall always think of you and wish I had a sister with dark eyes, just like yours."

Maggie had never heard her eyes praised before. "Why, I think you're fonder of me than Tom is," said she, rather sorrowfully. "Should you like me to kiss you, as I do Tom?" And she put her arms around his neck and kissed him.

So the last two years of childhood passed, till Tom was sixteen, watching the down on his lip with eager impatience, and Maggie, though only thirteen, was as tall as Tom, with her heavy hair coiled in a beautiful mass on her proud young head. And then they went forth together into a new life of sorrow, never more to see the sunshine undimmed by remembered cares. They entered the thorny wilderness, and the golden gates of their childhood closed behind them forever.

Mr. Tulliver had lost his greatest lawsuit. Wakem had won it. Dorlcote Mill and the farm were swept away, and the proud, stubborn miller was ruined. Riding homeward after his world had thus crashed about his ears, he suddenly fell from his horse in an apoplectic fit and was borne home insensible. Paralyzed, and only half conscious, he lay for two months while his lands and goods were sold to satisfy the creditors, recovering at length to learn that Wakem was the owner of the mill and was willing to employ him to manage it. The offer caused him a violent struggle. There were times when he felt that it was quite too hard for human nature to bend his neck to that hated yoke. But he was weakened by his illness, and was overcome by his love for the old place, where Tullivers had lived for long generations. He was also moved to accept by the thought that he might save enough out of his poor salary of thirty shillings a week to pay off some of the many debts that had not been satisfied by the sale.

On the night that he made his decision, he called to Tom to bring the great family Bible, which was almost the only possession that the sale had left in the household. "Write, Tom," said he. "Write as your father, Edward Tulliver, took service under John Wakem, the man as had helped to ruin him, because I wanted to die in the old place, where I was born and my father was born. And then write as I don't forgive Wakem for all

that; and for all I'll serve him honest, I wish evil may befall him. Write that. And now write as you'll remember what Wakem's done to your father, and you'll make him and his feel it, if ever the day comes. And sign your name."

"Oh, no, father, dear father!" said Maggie, sinking down by his side. "It's wicked to curse and bear malice. You shouldn't make Tom write that."

"Be quiet, Maggie," said Tom. "I shall write it!"

To save something toward paying his creditors became the one object of Tulliver's life now. He was metamorphosed into the keenest grudger of morsels. Mrs. Tulliver could not economize enough in their food and firing to satisfy the once open-handed man, and he would eat nothing not of the coarsest quality.

Tom, though depressed by the dreariness of the home and strongly repelled by his father's sullenness, entered thoroughly into his feelings about repaying the creditors. He had obtained employment with the big St. Ogg's firm of Guest and Company, of which his Uncle Deane was a member, and he brought his savings home regularly to be put into the little tin box where the shillings mounted up with such pitiful slowness to pay a debt of half a thousand pounds.

The new life was terrible to Maggie—Maggie with her strange dreams, with her hunger for love. Her father no longer stroked her hair as he used to do, when she sat down on her low stool beside him at night, though he was more dependent on her than ever. Tom, weary and full of his new business ambitions, did not respond to her caresses. The poor mother remained hopelessly bewildered under the blow that had fallen on her placid existence.

The girl fell back on the meager remnant of books that had been left by the creditors. She studied Virgil and Euclid, and spent her days in the fields with the Latin dictionary and Tom's thumbed school-books. One day she chanced on a worn copy of Thomas à Kempis, and she pushed her heavy hair back from her sad brow as if to see a sudden vision more clearly. That chronicle of a solitary, hidden anguish, struggle, faith, and triumph came to her in her need and filled her heart with the writer's fervor of renunciation.

Her new inward life shone out in her face with a tender soft light that mingled an added loveliness with the enriched color and outline of her blossoming youth. With the arrival of spring, she took to walking again in a spot dear to her in childhood—a hollow hidden by great trees and known as the Red Deeps. Maggie was seventeen now, broad-chested, dark, beautiful, and graceful. So thought one who came quickly toward her. She blushed, then held out her hand in glad surprise to Philip Wakem.

The next day they met again. Maggie told Philip that it must be their last encounter. But Philip pleaded with all the ardor of a soul that had longed passionately for only one being through many years; and Maggie, eating her heart out in her barren life, faltered. There were many meetings after that, and at last the girl acknowledged to Philip that she loved him. But she declared that she would never do anything to wound her father.

The next day Tom discovered her secret. Grasping her by the wrist, he said: "Either you vow solemnly with your hand on my father's Bible that you will have no further meetings with Philip Wakem, or I tell my father everything."

She realized the terrible clutch her brother had on her. Her father could not bear the shock of such a disclosure. She laid her hand on the Bible and said:

"I give you my word that I will not meet him or write to him again without your knowledge."

Her heart bled for Philip. Yet, how was it that she was conscious of a certain dim background of relief in the forced separation from him? Surely it must be because the sense of deliverance from concealment was welcome at any cost.

Three weeks afterward, Tom came home early and brought his father the joyous news that he had earned enough by lucky investments to pay the creditors in full. The next day Mr. Tulliver rode into town and met the men whom he had been ashamed so long to meet. On his way homeward he came face to face with Wakem, and before he knew it, he had his enemy down and was beating him savagely with his riding-whip. The excitement brought on another stroke, and the next morning he was dead.

The household of the mill on the Floss was broken up forever. Maggie became a teacher in a distant school. Tom took lodgings by the river and threw himself eagerly into his work of money-getting, and Mrs. Tulliver went to live with her Sister Pullet.

It was two years before Maggie returned again to the scenes she loved: then she came to see her cousin Lucy Deane, now grown into a young lady with the charms not only of beauty but also of wealth to attract admirers. Little Lucy confided to Maggie as soon as they met that she was in love with Stephen Guest, the heir of the great firm, a tall, accomplished, clever and handsome young man, with the confident and easy bearing of one accustomed to the consideration accorded to wealth. He stopped as in sudden amaze when he saw Maggie. Then, recovering himself, he bent low over her hand and paid her a compliment. Lucy looked on with delight. The affectionate little creature had been much perturbed lest her lover and her beloved cousin should not like each other.

The succeeding weeks passed like a dream to Maggie. All her old visions of the beauty and poetry of life, all her ardent aerial fancies returned with tenfold strength that they had been so long repressed. Stephen sang duets with Lucy and hung over her with devotion; yet in spite of himself, his glances seemed to be impelled more and more irresistibly toward Maggie's rich, dark beauty. And each day Maggie was more and more troubled by those unwilling glances.

Then Philip came back from a sketching tour; and Tom consented ungraciously that Maggie might speak with him during his visits to the Deane house. But he exacted a pledge from her that she would not let him make love to her.

Tom's ambition, which was to own the mill, seemed almost in his grasp now; for his Uncle Deane had proposed to take him into the firm by buying Dorlcote Mill and making him manager of it. There was only one difficulty. Wakem, whom Tom hated with all his father's bitterness, would never let the son of his foe have it at any price. But now Lucy took it into her kind, pretty little head to play the good fairy. She had a long talk with Philip, with the result that he told his father the secret of his love.

First the lawyer flamed out with bitter hatred and threatened to disown his son if he should dare to press his suit. But Philip was the only being whom Wakem loved. After a sleepless night he capitulated, and the papers were signed between himself and Uncle Deane while Tom was away on a business trip. Lucy's joy at her success was dampened by the reception of the news by Maggie, who, trembling and quite pale, said that she was going to take another situation at once.

Mr. Stephen Guest, too, announced his intention of going for a short trip as a cure for headaches; but he did not go. He also began his mornings with a resolution not to go to the Deane house that night or any night till Maggie should have left: and every evening found him there.

When the day set by Maggie for her departure drew near, Lucy arranged that her father should drive her to Lindum, some miles down the river, and that Maggie should be rowed down and meet her there.

When Stephen Guest appeared next morning and told her that Philip, who had been expected to row, had been prevented by illness, she would have changed the plan. But Stephen said to her entreatingly: "Let us go. We shall not be long together." They glided along rapidly, helped by a fast tide. Neither spoke. Both were lost in thought and each knew the other's thought.

Suddenly Stephen, who had been rowing more and more swiftly, rested his oars. The sudden change roused Maggie. She saw that the boat was far out in the open mouth of the river; and a terrible alarm took possession of her.

Stephen said in a strange, dreamy, absent voice: "Yes, we are a long way out."

He moved and sat down beside her, and gently drew down her clasped hands. "Maggie," he said, "let us never go home again—till no one can part us—till we are married."

A storm of passion swept over the girl. A great yearning came to her to give way to her love. Why should Lucy have everything? Then she woke with sudden horror, to cast off the fatal intoxication.

Stephen, too, awoke to honor and his duty again. But the weather had changed ominously while they were drifting, and

now a fresh breeze was blowing them on. Stephen, realizing that it would be a wretched business to struggle back to land, hailed an approaching vessel with sudden decision. The two were taken on board and landed the next morning at a near-by port.

Here Stephen again broke forth with protestations of his love. He told her in anguish that after what had happened she could not go back. Maggie's eyes opened wide in a terrified look at the face that was close to hers, but she remained steadfast. "Stephen," she said, in agony, "don't ask me. I don't know what is wise. But my heart will not let me do it. I see—I feel their trouble now. I cannot take good for myself that has been wrung out of Lucy's misery."

Again Stephen implored her frantically to marry him. She refused piteously. At last she fled and entered a stage-coach which, she thought, was bound for St. Ogg's. In her bitter trouble she did not realize that she had made a mistake till she was set down in York at midnight.

Two days afterward a tall dark-eyed girl paused near Tom Tulliver where he stood before Dorlcote Mill, master there at last, but with no gladness on his face. "Tom," she began faintly, "I am come back to you—for refuge."

Tom glared at her with tremulous rage. "You have disgraced us all," cried he. "You have been using Philip Wakem as a screen to deceive Lucy, the kindest friend you ever had. Go and see the return you have made her. She's ill—unable to speak. You shall not come under my roof. The sight of you is hateful to me."

With something like a moan, Maggie turned and walked slowly to St. Ogg's, where she found refuge in the house of a humble friend by the riverside, giving little attention to the scandalous tongues in St. Ogg's, which were not silenced even when a letter arrived from Holland in which Stephen told his father all the facts and said he had gone away because he could not come to any other resolution at present.

One day, when Maggie was sitting alone in the twilight racked with anxiety about Philip and Lucy, she felt a light hand on her shoulder and Lucy's arms were thrown around her neck. From Philip came a letter telling her, as only Philip could tell

it, that he understood all and that despite everything, she had been the blessing of his life. As Maggie knelt by her bed sobbing that night, her prayer took form again and again in the moan: "Oh, God, is there any happiness in love that could make me forget their pain?"

September came. The floods in the upper country of the Floss had been continuous. For the past two days old men in St. Ogg's had been talking of sixty years ago when the same sort of weather brought on the Great Flood. Maggie, sitting alone, felt a sudden cold touch on her feet. It was water flowing over the floor!

She hurried through the house, awakening the family and seeing them safely bestowed. Then her whole soul centered on the thought of her brother at the mill. There was a boat beside the house, and before she could think twice, she was out in the fierce stream.

She saw that the bridge was down; that a stranded vessel lay far up the watery field. Huge things drove by her; but at last she reached the mill, in water to the first story, yet still firm.

Tom answered to her first hail. He stepped into the boat and took the oars. It was not until they were on the wide water again that the full meaning of what had happened rushed upon his mind. Then a mist gathered over his eyes and the lips found a word they could utter:

"Maggie!"

Maggie could make no answer except a deep sob of that mysterious, wondrous happiness that is one with pain.

At that moment Tom, looking before him, saw death rushing on them. Huge fragments, clinging together in fatal fellowship, made one fearful mass with the fearful stream.

"It is coming, Maggie!" Tom said, in a deep, hoarse voice, dropping the oars and clasping her.

The next instant the boat disappeared. Brother and sister had gone down in an embrace never to be loosened: living through again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love and roamed the daisied fields together.

SILAS MARNER (1861)

This novel is the shortest of George Eliot's, and in the opinion of some critics it is her most perfect work. It was a kind of interlude in her literary career. She said in a letter to her publisher: "I am writing a story which came across my other plans [she had published *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss*, and was contemplating another long novel] by a sudden inspiration. It seems to me that nobody will take any interest in it but myself, for it is extremely unlike the popular stories going. It is a story of old-fashioned village life, which has unfolded itself from the merest millet-seed of thought." Again she wrote: "I don't wonder at your finding my story, as far as you have read it, rather somber; indeed, I should not have believed that anyone would have been interested in it but myself (since Wordsworth is dead)—if Mr. Lewes had not been strongly arrested by it. But I hope you will not find it at all a sad story, as a whole, since it sets—or is intended to set—in a strong light the remedial influences of pure, natural relations. It came to me first of all quite suddenly, as a sort of legendary tale, suggested by my recollection of having once, in early childhood, seen a linen-weaver with a bag on his back. But as my mind dwelt on the subject I became inclined to a more realistic treatment." The book met with an immediate and large sale and was received enthusiastically by the reviewers. This, perhaps, was due quite as much to its dramatic perfection as to its appeal to the best impulses of human nature. As with several of George Eliot's other stories, the scene is in one of the midland counties of England, and the time is near the beginning of the nineteenth century.

SILAS MARNER, a linen-weaver, occupied a cottage in the outskirts of the village of Raveloe, near a disused stone-quarry. He lived like a hermit, and was a mystery to the villagers. The boys who peeped curiously in at his windows fled in terror when he came to the door and fixed his gaze upon them. They, like their parents, were superstitious, and believed in the power of the evil eye, which could dart almost any ailment into a victim. The weaver's neighbors believed, moreover, that he could cure rheumatism and some other diseases, as well as inflict them.

Raveloe was a prosperous village, surrounded by fertile farms. Silas Marner had lived there fifteen years, and his neighbors knew no more of his origin or his history than on the day he settled among them. He never entered the barroom of

the Rainbow, and never talked with anyone except on his business, though to this he made exception in one contingency. He had much knowledge of herbs, and occasionally used it to help the sick. The most famous case was that of Sally Oates, whom he made to sleep peacefully as a baby, "when her heart had been beating enough to burst her body, for two months and more, while she had been under the doctor's care." He was young and strong when he came to Raveloe, but was absolutely indifferent to all the charms of the marriageable maidens.

Marner was born, and had lived to young manhood, in a hamlet called Lantern Yard. He was a devout member of a dissenting sect, and was believed by his fellow-members to have peculiar religious gifts, because he had once fallen at a prayer-meeting and remained unconscious for an hour.

He had a friend named William Dane, who appeared to be much like himself, except that, in their discussions of the assurance of salvation, Silas confessed that he never had anything better than hope mingled with fear, while William declared that he had had a positive assurance of his own eternal safety ever since he dreamed that he saw the words "calling and election sure" standing by themselves on a white page of an open Bible.

Silas became engaged to a young woman of his own social rank, and he was especially pleased when he found that she did not object to William's occasional presence at their interviews on Sunday. When Silas had the fit mentioned above, William's comment differed radically from that of his other friends. He said it looked to him more like a visitation of Satan than a mark of divine favor. Soon afterward the manner of Silas's sweetheart toward him began to change.

It happened that the senior deacon was taken dangerously ill, and as he had no family the young men watched with him. One night Silas watched, expecting to be relieved by William; but he fell asleep, the patient died, and William did not appear. The next day it was discovered that the purse containing the church's money had been purloined from the deacon's drawer, and in its place was Silas's pocket-knife. Accusation followed, he demanded a search, and Dane found the empty purse in Silas's chamber. Silas still affirmed that he was innocent, and the church officers resorted to prayer and the casting of lots.

The lot declared that Silas was guilty. He then told William plainly that he knew him to be the thief and the author of the plot. His sweetheart broke the engagement and soon married Dane, while Marner turned against Lantern Yard and went to Raveloe.

Here he became a miser as well as a hermit, having lost faith in every friendship and every power except that of money. He lived frugally, saved a large part of his earnings, and kept the money in an iron pot, which he hid under the floor of his cottage. Often at night he took it up, and gloated over the growing heap.

Squire Cass, the ranking man in Raveloe, had two sons, Godfrey and Dunstan. Godfrey, the elder, was less wild than his brother, but had married secretly a young woman of the servant class, which seriously embarrassed him when he fell in love with Nancy Lammeter, who was in his own circle. Dunstan knew the secret, and used his knowledge to blackmail his brother, who was in terror lest the truth should be revealed to their father. On one occasion Godfrey collected rent from a tenant named Fowler, let Dunstan have it, and left the Squire to believe that Fowler had not paid. When the Squire was threatening to put the case into the hands of his lawyer, Godfrey asked his brother to return the money.

"Suppose now," said Dunstan, "you get the money yourself, and save me the trouble. Because I'm such a good-natured brother, you know. I might get you turned out of house and home any day. I might tell the Squire how his handsome son was married to that nice young woman Molly Farren, and was very unhappy because he couldn't live with his drunken wife, and I should slip into your place as comfortable as could be. You'll get the hundred pounds for me, I know you will."

"I have no money; I can get no money."

"Borrow of old Kimble."

"He won't lend me any more, and I sha'n't ask him!"

"Well, then, sell Wildfire."

Wildfire was his valuable horse, the last thing left, and it was agreed that Dunstan should ride him in the hunt on the morrow and sell him. Dunstan accordingly rode Wildfire, shrewdly sold him for a hundred and twenty pounds, to be paid on delivery at the purchaser's stables, and then was tempted to join

in the hunt. The horse took one fence too many, was pierced by a hedge-stake, and died, while Dunstan, unnoticed by the other riders, walked away with his riding-whip in his hand and his boots splashed with mud. A mist was gathering, and soon darkness came on, when he saw a glimmering light from Marner's cottage. He had already thought of borrowing the weaver's money, and resolved to tempt him with representations of the interest it would earn. He groped his way to the door and knocked. All was silent, and he soon found that the door was not fastened and Marner was not within.

He entered, reasoned with himself that Marner might be dead—probably was dead—and he might as well have the money as anyone. It was not difficult to discover which bricks in the floor were loose, to lift them, and to take the two leathern bags of coin. He replaced the bricks, went out, and was seen no more.

Soon afterward Silas returned to his cottage, where his supper was cooking on the fire. After he had warmed himself, he thought to get out his gold and enjoy the sight of it while the cooking was being completed. He swept away the sand, removed the bricks, and was struck with horror when he found the savings of fifteen years mysteriously gone. He dropped his candle, put his hands to his head, and questioned his memory. Perhaps he had put the money somewhere else. He searched every nook and corner of the cottage. Then he gave a wild cry of desolation, when he realized that every guinea was gone, tottered to his loom and sat down.

He thought of all the probabilities, and fixed upon Jem Rodney, known to be a poacher, as the thief. He then rushed to the Rainbow, as the place where he was likely to find the authorities of the village. But all these were at a ball, and only the men of the peasant class were there taking their toddy and exchanging gossip. When Marner suddenly appeared among them they supposed that he must be again in a trance.

"Master Marner," said the landlord, "what's lacking to you? What's your business here?"

"Robbed!" said Silas. "I've been robbed! I want the constable—and the Justice and Squire Cass—and Mr. Crackenthorp."

"Lay hold on him, Jem Rodney," said the landlord. "He's off his head. He's wet through."

"Come and lay hold on him yourself, Mr. Snell," said Jem. "He's been robbed and murdered, too, for what I know."

"Jem Rodney," said Silas.

"Aye, Master Marner, what do ye want wi' me?"

"If it was you stole my money," said Silas, "give it me back —and I won't meddle with you—I'll let you have a guinea."

"Me stole your money," said Jem. "I'll pitch this can at your eye if you talk o' my stealing your money."

This was followed by loud protests from several members of the company.

"Now, then, Master Marner," said the landlord, "what's this you've got to say—as you've been robbed? Speak out."

Silas told his story, under frequent questioning; and his simple, earnest manner convinced his neighbors of his truthfulness.

"I was wrong," he said. "There's nothing to witness against you, Jem. Only you'd been into my house oftener than anybody else, and so you came into my head."

"How much money might there be in the bags?" asked the farrier.

"Two hundred and seventy-two pounds twelve and sixpence," said Silas, with a groan.

The result of the conference was that a committee was appointed to inform the magistrate and the constable.

Next day, when half the villagers assumed the rôle of detective, a tinder-box was found in the mud near the stone-quarry, and it was remembered that a pedler who had a tinder-box had passed that way a few days before. This looked like a strong clue, and all articles that had been bought of the pedler were carried to the Rainbow. There was a general feeling that for the clearing up of this robbery a great deal must be done at the Rainbow, and that no man need offer his wife an excuse for going there while it was the scene of severe public duties.

Godfrey attempted to enlighten his father as to the state of affairs at the breakfast-table two days later.

"There's been a cursed piece of ill luck with Wildfire," he began.

"What! broke his knees?" said the Squire. "I thought you knew how to ride better than that, sir. I never threw a horse down in my life."

"It's worse than breaking the horse's knees—he's been staked and killed. Dunsey took him to the hunt to sell him for me, the other day, and after he'd made a bargain for a hundred and twenty with Bryce, he went after the hounds and took some fool's leap or other that did for the horse at once." Godfrey had obtained this information at a casual meeting with Bryce.

"Fowler did pay that hundred pounds. He paid it to me last month. And Dunsey bothered me for the money, and I let him have it, because I hoped I should be able to pay you before this."

The Squire turned purple with anger.

"You let Dunsey have it, sir? Why should you let Dunsey have the money? There's some lie at the bottom of it."

"There's no lie, sir," said Godfrey. "Dunsey bothered me, and I was a fool and let him have it. But I meant to pay it, whether he did or not."

"Where's Dunsey, then?"

"Dunsey isn't come back, sir."

"What! did he break his own neck?"

"No, he wasn't hurt; for the horse was found dead, and Dunsey must have walked off."

"And what must you be letting him have my money for?"

"Well, sir, I don't know."

"You don't know? You've been up to some trick, and you've been bribing him not to tell."

"Why, sir, it was a little affair between me and Dunsey; it's no matter to anybody else. It's hardly worth while to pry into young men's fooleries."

"Fooleries! It's time you'd done with fooleries. I know one while you seemed to think o' marrying, and I didn't offer to put any obstacles in your way. I'd as lief you married Lammeter's daughter as anybody. I suppose if I'd said you nay you'd ha' kept on with it; but for want o' contradiction you've changed your mind. The lass hasn't said downright she won't have you, has she?"

"No," said Godfrey, "but I don't think she will."

"Think! why haven't you the courage to ask her? Do you stick to it you want to have *her*—that's the thing?"

"There's no other woman I want to marry."

"Well, then, let me make the offer for you, if you haven't the pluck to do it yourself."

"I'd rather let it be at present," said Godfrey. "I think she's a little offended with me just now, and I should like to speak for myself. I hope you won't try to hurry it by saying anything."

"I shall do what I choose," said the Squire.

Marner's misfortune produced a kindly feeling toward him in the village, which was expressed in various ways. Mr. Macey called one evening and said:

"You're a deal better off to ha' lost your money nor to ha' kept it by foul means. I used to think, when you first came into these parts, as you were no better nor you should be. You were younger a deal nor what you are now; but you were allays a starin', white-faced creatur', partly like a bald-faced calf. But there's no knowing; it isn't every queer-looksed thing as Old Harry's had the making of—I mean, speaking o' toads and such, for they're often harmless, and useful against varmin. And it's pretty much the same wi' you, as fur as I can see." Macey then asked whether he had a Sunday suit, and advised him to attend church.

Mrs. Winthrop, the wheelwright's wife, came to Marner with the same errand, accompanied by her little son Aaron and carrying a gift of lard-cakes.

To her appeal that he attend church, he answered:

"Nay, nay, I know nothing o' church. I've never been to church."

"No! Could it ha' been as they'd no church where you was born?"

"Ah, yes, there was churches—a many. But I knew nothing of them—I went to chapel."

Mrs. Winthrop was afraid to inquire further, lest "chapel" might be some haunt of wickedness.

While Godfrey Cass was taking draughts of forgetfulness from the sweet presence of Nancy Lammeter, with whom he

danced at the grand New Year's ball, willingly losing all sense of that hidden bond which at other moments galled him so as to mingle irritation with the very sunshine, Godfrey's wife was walking with slow, uncertain steps through the snow-covered Raveloe lanes, carrying her child in her arms. This journey was a premeditated act of vengeance which she had kept in her heart ever since Godfrey, in a fit of passion, had told her he would sooner die than acknowledge her as his wife. There would be a great party at the Squire's on New Year's eve, she knew; and she would go in her dingy rags, with her faded face, once as handsome as the best, with her little child that had its father's hair and eyes, and disclose herself to the Squire as his eldest son's wife. Molly knew that the cause of her dingy rags was not her husband's neglect, but the demon Opium, by whom she was enslaved.

Overcome by the combined effects of the cold and the drug, she sank down in the snow. The child, attracted by a long ray of light, "toddled through the snow, the old grimy shawl in which it was wrapped trailing behind it, and the queer little bonnet dangling at its back—toddled on to the open door of Silas Marner's cottage, and right up to the warm hearth, where there was a bright fire of logs and sticks, which had thoroughly warmed the old sack (Silas's greatcoat) spread out on the bricks to dry. The little one squatted down on the sack, and spread its tiny hands toward the blaze in perfect contentment. Presently the warmth had a lulling effect, and the little golden head sank down on the old sack, and the blue eyes were veiled by their delicate half-transparent lids."

Marner had stood holding the door open, looking out into the night in a state of catalepsy, and did not observe the entrance of the child. When he came to himself, closed the door, and turned toward the hearth, it seemed to his blurred vision as if there were gold on the floor. In amazement he fell on his knees and bent his head to examine the marvel. "Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream—his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? He rose, pushed the logs together, and, throwing on some dry leaves and sticks, raised a flame. But the flame did not dis-

perse the vision. It was very much like his little sister. He had a dreamy feeling that this child was a message come to him from his far-off life. It stirred fibers that never had been moved in Raveloe—old quiverings of tenderness—old impressions of awe at the presentiment of some Power presiding over his life.

But there was a cry on the hearth. The child had awaked, and Marner lifted it to his knee. It clung round his neck, and burst louder and louder into that mingling of inarticulate cries with "mammy" by which little children express the bewilderment of waking. He had plenty to do through the next hour. Porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar, stopped the cries of the little one.

He discovered that the child wore wet boots, and took them off. This suggested that she had been walking in the snow, and, taking her in his arms, he followed the little tracks till he came to a clump of furze bushes, and there he discovered a human body half covered with snow. With the child in his arms, Silas appeared unceremoniously at the Squire's house where the party was in progress.

"How's this?—what's this?—what do you do coming in here in this way?" said the Squire.

"I'm come for the doctor," said Silas.

"Why, what's the matter, Marner?" said the rector.

"It's a woman," said Silas, just as Godfrey came up. "She's dead, I think—dead in the snow at the Stone-pits—not far from my door."

"Hush!" said Mr. Crackenthorp. "Go out into the hall there. I'll fetch the doctor to you. Found a woman in the snow, and thinks she's dead," he added in a low voice to the Squire.

The ladies pressed forward, and became interested in the pretty child.

"What child is it?" said several at once, among the rest Nancy Lammeter, addressing Godfrey.

"I don't know—some poor woman's who has been found in the snow," he answered, saying to himself, "After all, *am* I certain?"

"You'd better leave the child here, then," said Mrs. Kimble, the doctor's wife.

"No—no—I can't part with it," said Silas abruptly. "It's come to me—I've a right to keep it."

The doctor, the rector, Godfrey, and others hastened away to the place where Silas had seen the dead woman, and carried the body into the cottage. When the doctor came out he reported that she had been dead several hours, that she was emaciated and in rags, and that she wore a wedding-ring.

Marner persisted, against all arguments, in keeping the child, saying: "My money's gone, I don't know where—and this is come from I don't know where." Godfrey handed him a half-guinea to buy clothes for the child and hastened away. Godfrey allowed the poor woman to be buried as a pauper, and kept his secret.

Mrs. Winthrop took an active interest in the child, gave it some of the clothes that her Aaron had outgrown, and was usually at hand when advice was needed. Silas, in work hours, tied the child to the leg of the loom, with a string long enough to give it a little range, but short enough to keep it out of danger. And ere long the little one was baptized, receiving the name Hephzibah (for Silas's mother), shortened to Eppie. The rearing of this child, and watching its growth, widened Silas's view of life, banished his selfishness, sweetened his temper, and brought him into sympathy with his kind.

Godfrey Cass married Nancy Lammeter, and became reasonably happy as to all things except that they had no children. At times he had proposed that they adopt a child—preferably Eppie—but this she had strenuously opposed.

Sixteen years after Dunstan Cass disappeared, the stone-quarry was drained, and there, between two great stones, was the skeleton of a man, and with it were Dunstan's watch and seals, Godfrey's gold-handled hunting-whip, and the weaver's money. All these things were gathered up and taken to the Rainbow, and Godfrey hastened home to be the first to tell his wife of the discovery. Then he proceeded—under the excitement produced by this incident—to confess to her the secret of his life. She now consented gladly to the plan of adopting Eppie, only regretting that she had not known the truth years earlier, when they might have had the pleasure and advantage of bringing up the child. But when they visited Marner's

cottage and proposed to adopt Eppie, she refused, saying that she did not wish to be a lady and could not give up the folks she had been used to. Then Godfrey told them that he was her father, and intimated his disposition to enforce his natural claim. But Marner stoutly withstood him, saying: "Why didn't you say so sixteen years ago? When a man turns a blessing from his door, it falls to them as take it in." And Eppie still refused, concluding her reasons with this declaration: "I'm promised to marry a working man (Aaron Winthrop) as'll live with father and help me to take care of him."

Godfrey and his wife then abruptly took their departure, and in their conversation as they walked home under the starlight he said: "I wanted to pass for childless once, Nancy—I shall pass for childless now against my wish."

ROMOLA (1863)

George Eliot lived long enough and studied hard enough in Florence to become thoroughly familiar with its physical features and mental characteristics, and to become saturated with its history. *Romola* is the memento of her residence and studies there. Its action, confined almost wholly to the space within the city walls, begins in 1492 and covers a period of six years, the most troublous period, probably, in the entire history of the city. The story weaves its way through an intricate succession of historical events, and many historical personages make their entrances and exits as subsidiary figures in the development of the plot; one great figure, Savonarola, is a leading, and indeed an essential factor in working out the destinies of the two fictitious persons whose lives make the center of interest.

IT was Bratti, the dealer in odds and ends, who first saw the stranger in Florence, lying asleep under the loggia of Dante's birthplace. Bratti's attention was not so much attracted by the young man's physical beauty, which other eyes never failed to recognize, as by the valuable ring exposed on his finger. It suggested that these mud-stained garments would presently be cast aside for clothing more suited to the means of a man who owned such a bauble; and Bratti had an eye single to the purchase of the old clothes. He awoke the stranger and guided him to the market where he might obtain food. There was much excitement there over some political news, and while Bratti was learning the details, the stranger obtained a glass of milk from a pretty little peasant girl, whose name was Tessa. Finding that he had no money, he paid her with a kiss. The girl, to whom affection was unknown, save as she lavished it on the animals in her charge, was so delighted that she gave him bread also, and came in for a scolding from her employer on account of her prodigality. The handsome stranger interceded for the child and then rejoined Bratti, who, having learned that he was a scholar, introduced him to the barber whose shop was patronized by the most learned men of Florence. Among them

were some of great wealth, and to them the stranger disposed of a number of jewels, all he had, in fact, except his ring, which he valued for sentimental reasons, as it was the gift of his adoptive father.

The stranger told the Florentines that he was Tito Melema, of Greek parentage but reared in southern Italy by a scholar who had been lost in a shipwreck from which he himself escaped only with his clothes and the jewels. As Tito himself was a scholar, and as he was of pleasing address, he found favor quickly, and was introduced, among others, to Bardo de' Bardi, a blind scholar who continued his research and annotations in his helpless old age by the eyes of his beautiful daughter, Romola, who all day long read for him and wrote at his dictation. Bardo cherished one overmastering ambition, in which his daughter shared loyally. He had a considerable library and a valuable collection of antiquities which he wished to be preserved intact. As his material fortunes were at a low ebb, he could not be assured against the dispersion of his treasures unless the State would take them over; and to this end he bent his hopes, toiling meanwhile to finish some literary work that should make his name immortal. Tito, who had obtained scholarly employment sufficient to support him, readily agreed to help the old man, and so became a daily visitor at Bardo's house. Bardo inquired about his prospects, and Tito frankly told him that he expected to receive five hundred ducats for his jewels.

"Indeed," said Bardo, surprised at the value of the gems, "enough for a man's ransom."

This was a commonplace remark, a man's ransom being an ordinary way of measuring value in those days, but Tito started uncomfortably. Bardo, blind, saw nothing, and Romola, wise in books but utterly unsophisticated otherwise, received no permanent impression from his momentary and quickly suppressed agitation. Bardo then told Tito about his son, who had deserted scholarly pursuits to become a monk, conduct which the old man regarded as so unfilial as to be unforgivable. In this, as in other matters, Romola accepted her father's view unreservedly.

Life became very pleasant for the shipwrecked Greek. His unassuming manner, coupled with his brilliant talents and attainments, won him favor everywhere. Moreover, he fell speed-

ily in love with Romola, and she, attracted by his beauty and his kindness to her father, returned his affection. No shadow came until the day when the sale of his jewels was consummated, and the pile of golden ducats lay on his table. The money was his to do with as he pleased. Bardo's careless remark, "A man's ransom," rang in his ears. In his imagination he saw an old man who had rescued him from poverty and tenderly cared for him, who had loved him with all the affection of a natural father, toiling in the hot sun, laden with chains, living from day to day in the only hope left to him—that Tito, his beloved son, would some day come to buy his freedom. Here was the means to achieve a result toward which none of his friends in Florence would have advised anything but his most strenuous efforts.

But Tito loved his present life and his alluring prospects; and he was not sure that Baldassare Calvo, his adoptive father, was a slave in the hands of the Turks. He reviewed the circumstances of their journey to the East: the galley on which his father was a passenger had been captured by the Turks, but there had been resistance; a man had been seen to fall overboard; he was doubtless drowned. Why might that not have been Baldassare? These ducats came from the sale of Baldassare's jewels; but if Baldassare were dead, the jewels and the money derived from them belonged to him, the son who had been faithful to his father as long as that father lived.

So the tortuous reasoning ran, and Tito, having convinced himself that Baldassare was dead, put his money out to usury.

About three weeks after this, while the fair was in progress and the streets were crowded, he heard a cry of distress. A peasant girl was being roughly handled by fun-makers. Tito rescued the girl from her tormentors and found that she was Tessa, she who had given him bread and milk on his first morning in the city. Tessa was overjoyed to see him and expressed her pleasure in such an ingenuous way that Tito was charmed and amused at once. He conducted her part way to her home, kissed her, comforted her as he would a much younger child, and talked to her in that serio-comic way that good-natured persons affect with little ones; and he was still more amused to note that she took everything literally. At last she unwillingly

let him go and he set out for the Bardo house, where he was already overdue. On the way a Dominican monk, whose features were strangely suggestive of some forgotten acquaintance, accosted him and gave him a letter. The monk had identified Tito by his ring. The letter was from Baldassare. It read:

"I am sold for a slave. I think they are going to take me to Antioch. The gems will serve to ransom me."

The monk, who seemed spent with illness, answered Tito's questions. "I had it at Corinth," he said. "The writer is in slavery; you will go and release him. I am unable to talk now, but you may find me at San Marco. My name is Fra Luca."

This matter so startled Tito that he resolved, if the monk intended to remain in Florence, to confess his true history and seek for his father; no other course would be safe; but he did not come to this decision until he had passed a night on it, and when he went to San Marco to find out how much the monk knew, and what his plans were, he learned that Fra Luca, dangerously ill, had been sent to Fiesole.

"He will die," thought Tito, and he decided to take no action looking to the release of Baldassare. It was fresh from this solution of his secret problem that he declared himself openly to Romola. Bardo viewed their desires complacently, but Bernardo del Nero, an aristocratic relative upon whose advice he depended in all matters of importance, insisted that the wedding should be postponed until Tito had been in Florence a year. Bernardo distrusted the Greek; it was only national prejudice, nothing more, but he wanted the stranger to prove himself thoroughly; and his advice was followed.

A day or two later, Tito learned quite by accident that Bardo's son was in Fiesole. Then he knew what made Fra Luca's features seem so familiar; he was Romola's brother. There was terror at the Greek's heart lest Fra Luca recover and expose him. He knew not what course to take in view of this possibility when, one evening, he met Romola hurrying to San Marco in company with her aged cousin, Monna Brigida. Romola told her lover that her brother was dying; that he had been brought back to San Marco, and that he had sent for her to make a revelation. It was not proper for Tito to accompany

her to the monastery, and he turned back, certain now that disgrace and the ruin of all his hopes were at hand.

He wandered the streets until he found himself in the thick of a peasants' fair. There again he encountered Tessa, and again she needed a guiding hand. She was weeping when he found her, and she took to his consoling with perfect trust in his wisdom and sincerity. There was mental distraction in inventing one device after another to soothe the unhappy girl. She was indeed miserable in her home, often beaten, always ill fed, and warmed by no spark of affection. She innocently wished to attach herself to Tito as his servant, and wept again piteously when he told her that he must leave her. A mountebank was performing mock marriages for the amusement of the peasants in a corner of the square, and when Tito passed that way with his childish companion, they paused to watch the merriment. Solely with the idea of enlivening her, Tito led Tessa before the pseudo-priest, and they went through the foolish ceremony, he laughing, she manifestly cheered. Tito was amazed to discover immediately afterward that she had taken the thing seriously. The ignorant little girl believed that she was now his wife, and her distress was so great, and his good nature such a dominating note in his make-up, that he could not find it in his heart to undeceive her. All he could do was to delude her still further; he told her that unless she kept the marriage a secret she would never see him again; that he had to go on a journey at once, but that some time he would come for her; and so, at last, he got rid of her for that night.

Fra Luca had thrice dreamed that Romola married a man who proved to be Satan himself. He interpreted this as a heaven-sent warning, and, as he lay gasping his last, he besought his sister to be advised and take refuge in a convent. That was his revelation. Fra Girolamo Savonarola stood by and gave the vision the sanction of his own belief in it.

Romola was depressed by this scene but not seriously influenced by it. Her whole teaching had been against belief in monkish visions; and memory of the episode dealt rather with the solemn fact of death, and that her brother had died without the least expression of regret for having disappointed his father. Tito did not visit her house until, alarmed at his absence, she

sent for him. He nerved himself for exposure and went; and when he learned the truth his heart rebounded so gaily that he had to check himself lest he utter his joy that Fra Luca was no longer a menace to him.

On the very day of his betrothal to Romola, Tito met Tessa again. She had been following him. Again she was tearful, in need of protection, and again he had to put her off with promises that some day he would come for her. Not even then could his tender heart permit him to tell her the cold truth, that she had no right to lean on his protection. Frightened at the possibility of never seeing him again, Tessa obeyed and returned to her dismal home, leaving him unhampered to attend to the joyous ceremony of betrothal.

After Romola and Tito had been married two years, Bardo was three months dead. Political events had been advancing Tito's fortunes and personal importance; for he was not only useful as an interpreter in the many negotiations with the French, but accident had disclosed that he was a ready and effective public speaker. The French King came to Florence, ostensibly as a friend: he was received with much honor, and great crowds assembled to see him pass. Tito was waiting, with several dignitaries, at the steps of San Marco. A squad of French soldiers had recently passed, driving three prisoners and compelling them to beg for their ransoms. One of the prisoners, an aged man, refused to beg, and the onlookers, indignant when the soldiers beat him, suddenly attacked the party and cut the prisoners' bonds. In the confusion the old man escaped. He came staggering to the steps of the church, intent on finding sanctuary there. As he began to mount, he stumbled and clutched at Tito's arm for support. Tito saw him then for the first time, as his attention had been directed elsewhere, and he looked upon the face of Baldassare Calvo.

The two men looked at each other, silent as death; Baldassare with dark fierceness, Tito with lips all bloodless, fascinated by terror. It was but a moment, and when the spell was broken by an inquiring remark from one of the dignitaries, Tito said, "It is some madman, surely," and shook himself free. Baldassare disappeared within the church, where he stood in rapt attention while Savonarola preached eloquently of divine ven-

geance. The old man took the words to himself personally, and while he listened, half consciously framing the one ambition of such life as might be left to him, Romola saw him, and his eager face made an indelible impression on her memory.

Before he went to bed that night, Tito bought a coat of mail. Baldassare sold his one jewel, which he had preserved by wearing it as if it were a scapular, and bought a dagger. He also made cautious inquiries about Tito, learning as much as he needed to know from Bratti, the dealer in odds and ends, who sold him the dagger, and who some months previously had found a customer for Tito's ring. Baldassare had seen and recognized the ring in Genoa, and learning that it had been bought in Florence, he had come to this city in the fond hope of being reunited to his son, against whom he had harbored no suspicion until he heard himself denied.

Baldassare was indeed on the verge of madness. His scholarship had fled from him. He bought the cheapest Greek book he could find and tried to read it, knowing that he ought to do so readily, and fearing that until he could his faculties would be so lacking that he could not execute his design of revenge. He obtained permission to sleep in an outhouse of a little building in a retired part of the city where a simple peasant woman lived with her baby and a deaf servant. The mother, a pretty, trustful creature, was good to the strange old man, and talked to him, thus disobeying a command of her husband, who had told her that she must make no acquaintances. It seemed to her that there could be no harm in talking to a stranger who had no name, and who would go away some time, but when Tito came to visit her she confessed her sin with no little terror lest he should not forgive her.

Tito was very gentle in his rebuke to ignorant Tessa, and when she had described the old man until he was sure it could be none other than Baldassare, he went alone to the outhouse and opened the door. He stood in the clear moonlight, and Baldassare knew him. Before a word could be spoken, the old man leaped and struck. His dagger blade snapped in two pieces, and Baldassare, under the parrying force of Tito's arm, fell back on his straw couch with the useless hilt still in his grasp. They had few words then. Tito offered to beg for-

giveness; Baldassare uttered the one purpose of his remaining life, to make Tito know agony; and they parted.

Baldassare had no money for another dagger, which was bound to fail, as the first had, against a coat of mail, and he undertook to gain his revenge by exposing Tito's falseness. He managed to enter a house where Tito was a guest at a political discussion, and did begin an accusation; but his command of words failed him, and when Tito explained easily that this man was an insane servant of his father's who had been discharged for various offenses, the Florentines believed him and consigned Baldassare to an asylum.

Romola had been conscious of subtle changes in Tito for a long time, but she attributed his demeanor to absorption in political duties, and she was, therefore, utterly unprepared when he informed her that he had sold her father's library and collection to several foreign purchasers. This, from her point of view, was sacrilegious treachery; but the law was on her husband's side, and pride kept her from appealing to, or making her distress known to Bernardo del Nero, for whom she felt affection and respect second only to her feeling for her father. As soon as the precious goods had been removed from the house by their new owners, Tito went away on a political mission. Romola took advantage of his absence to leave home. Disguised as a nun, she started for Pisa, meaning to devote herself to scholarly pursuits; but Savonarola met her just without the city walls, recognized her, and persuaded her to return. He knew nothing of the circumstances that led her to desert her home, but he pointed out the sacredness of her marriage vows and laid the greatest emphasis on the argument that Florence needed her. Swayed by his overwhelming personality, Romola turned back, and when evil days fell on the city, when famine and pestilence stalked the streets, she gave her whole energy to succoring distress. She did not tell Tito of her attempted flight, but they drifted steadily farther apart.

Plots and counterplots were then in progress in Florence. Savonarola was the mainstay of the party in power; but there was widespread discontent, and an irreconcilable minority determined on the return of the Medicis to the head of the state. Tito had much congenial work to do. He had become the most

skilful of dissimulators; trusted by all parties, wholly faithful to none, he planned, when the time seemed ripe, to leave Florence for a higher post at Milan or Rome. He awaited only the moment when some crowning stroke of diplomacy, which in his career meant literally double-dealing, should enable him to make the most advantageous terms for himself.

A day came when asylums and prisons were emptied to make room for the sick who were not criminals. Thus Baldassare was released, and Romola found him dying of starvation. She resuscitated him and gave him money. He used it to buy a new dagger. Then he learned that Romola was Tito's lawful wife. He sought a meeting with her and told her about Tito's treachery to him, and about Tessa. He promised to show her where Tessa lived; but illness came upon him, and Romola never saw him again. It was a three-year-old boy who led her to Tessa. The boy was lost, and Romola found his home for him. He was Tessa's son, and now there was a daughter also. The simple peasant was readily induced to talk in such a way that Romola learned her history and her relations to Tito without a suspicion on Tessa's part that she was betraying secrets.

Romola would have accused her husband, but on that day conspiracies ripened into the arrest of five distinguished citizens who were charged with treason. Among them was Bernardo del Nero. Romola besought the influence of Savonarola to save Bernardo; and until his fate was decided she could not think of her own affairs. Savonarola could, or would do nothing, and Bernardo was executed. Then Romola fled from Florence a second time. She wandered aimlessly to the shore of the Mediterranean. There she bought a boat and lay down in it to let winds and currents bear her where they would. She awoke on the shore of a village that was then in the grasp of the plague, and remained there, nursing the sick, helping to bury the dead, and teaching the ignorant people how to live, until all danger was passed.

Then the argument Savonarola had used against her desertion of Florence recurred to her with growing force from day to day; there was a certain duty she owed her husband, for he might be in distress; her city, in any event, had work for her, and she returned.

Meanwhile Savonarola's hold had been broken; the eloquent priest was excommunicated, a prisoner, and under trial for his life. Tito had had a leading share in shaping the underhand events that brought this about. It was his final stroke, and the time was now come for him to leave Florence. He sent Tessa and her children to wait for him near one of the city gates while he visited his house for the last time to get jewels and money. Tito had overcome scores of difficulties, he had dealt successfully with many traitors, many who were jealous of his growing power; he was glad now to shake off all these perils and the disagreeable necessity of consorting with inferior men. It was an inferior man, one to whom Tito had shown favors, who inflamed the leader of an armed band against the Greek by reporting slighting remarks which he alleged Tito had uttered against him. The leader, drunk with wine and the fury of fighting, led his men to attack and sack the Bardo house. Tito met them on a bridge; they recognized him and would have killed him but that he threw away his purse, and when they scrambled for it, he leaped over the parapet into the river. He planned to swim until he had passed beyond the city walls, and then join Tessa. Successive nights with little or no sleep had weakened him. He did swim beyond the last bridge, but he was then exhausted, and floated to the margin unconscious, landing at a spot where a rivulet entered the main stream. At that spot Baldassare lay, watching the rivulet for such scraps of food as might come down its current. He saw the motionless body come ashore; he knew Tito's face; he bent over him and anxiously, patiently resuscitated him; and when Tito opened his eyes, and knew that it was his father who looked down at him, Baldassare drove his knife to his son's heart. The fierce energy of the blow drained the last drop of the old man's vitality, and his body was borne with Tito's, by a wagoner who chanced that way, to the city for identification and burial.

This had passed when Romola returned. Public attention then was fixed on Savonarola. Under torture he had recanted his prophecies, and then recanted his recantations. Emissaries of the Pope came to Florence and decided that he must die. Romola awaited the tragic event in eager hope that at the final moment the man who had so swayed her destiny would utter

some clear word on which she could depend as the undying truth. The piazza where the pyre was raised was crowded with spectators. Romola was at a window far away from the terrace where the judges stood. She looked toward the palace and saw Savonarola led out in his Dominican garb; she saw him standing before the Bishop, and being stripped of the black mantle, the white scapulary, and long white tunic, till he stood in a close woolen under-tunic that indicated no sacred office, no rank. He had been degraded and cut off from the Church Militant. There were two degraded brethren with him. They passed before the papal emissaries, who pronounced them schismatics and heretics. At yet another tribunal they heard the sentence of death. Then the three figures, in their close white raiment, trod their way along the platform to the pyre amid yells and grating tones of insult. Romola saw Savonarola mount the steps and look around on the multitude; but she heard only what he heard—taunts and curses. She covered her face and knew only that Savonarola's voice had passed into eternal silence.

Romola went to live with her cousin, Monna Brigida. She inquired patiently for Tessa, but learned nothing until one day she saw in Bratti's stock of odds and ends a necklace that she recognized as Tessa's. The pedler told her how it had been pawned to buy necessaries; and by pursuing the inquiry along the line suggested by this clue, she found Tessa and her children living in dire want just outside the city gate where she had been told to wait for Tito. Romola gently told her that her husband would not see her again, not because he was displeased but because he was dead; and she took the grieving woman and her children to her own home and kept them there, never giving Tessa a hint that she was not Tito's legal widow.

FELIX HOLT, THE RADICAL (1866)

The scene of *Felix Holt* is laid in a mythical midland county of England, and the action, covering about nine months, begins in 1832. It was the sixth of George Eliot's novels.

THERE were two sons in the proud Transome family, owners of a great estate in Loamshire, and naturally the younger had to strike out for himself. This was especially necessary because mismanagement and litigation had reduced the revenues from the property to a point where the owner could not maintain his position with the largeness of life incumbent on a country gentleman. Harold, the younger, went to Smyrna, and in fifteen years became independently rich. Then the elder, who had been little better than an imbecile, died, and Harold became the head of the family. He returned at once to England with the ambition of restoring the family to its former prosperity and importance, and of winning a place for himself in the councils of State, his first step to the latter end being, necessarily, election to Parliament.

His return had been eagerly anticipated by his mother, whose life had long been joyless. She almost hated her elder son, who had seemed to inherit only his father's notorious weaknesses of mind and body and none of his mother's strength. The father still lived, a childish, timid wreck of manhood, such as he had always been, utterly incapable of comprehending, much less solving the ordinary problems connected with the management of property. This burden, therefore, had fallen on Mrs. Transome, and she had been guided and materially aided by Matthew Jermyn, the family lawyer. It was understood in the county that Harold would stand for Parliament, and it was taken for granted that he would ally himself, accord-

ing to family tradition, with the Tories; so it was an unspeakable shock to his mother when he coolly announced that he should offer himself as a Radical candidate. Moreover, he chilled her by a hardness of manner and utter inability to appreciate a woman's finer feelings; and soon after his return she found herself more unhappy than before.

Dark events long past gave added reason for her misery when Harold declared his intention of investigating Jermyn's accounts, and punishing him severely for peculations, if he discovered any, as he was quite certain he should. Mrs. Transome had an awful horror of her son's having a quarrel with Jermyn, between whom and Harold there was to her eyes a striking resemblance. She urged the young man to forgive any transgressions, if such were proved, in view of the fact that Jermyn, at times when money had to be raised to save the estate, had managed to raise it, and that he had successfully fought various suits by members of the Bycliffe family, who stubbornly maintained an ancient claim to the property. Harold made light of his mother's suggestion of extenuating circumstances; but for the present he felt bound to tolerate Jermyn because the lawyer's services were essential in managing the parliamentary canvass.

The electoral campaign could not affect Felix Holt directly, because he had not the property qualification entitling him to a vote; but he was interested, nevertheless, as he was in any movement that involved even a remote possibility of improving the condition of the working people. He was the son of a quack doctor who had gained enough money by his nostrums, which were popular in Treby, Felix's native town, to enable him to educate his son at Glasgow. But education showed Felix that these nostrums were the opposite of beneficial to the human system; and when he came home, his father having died, he refused to make and sell the medicines. In other words, from conscientious scruples, he threw away a good business and learned watch-repairing in order to support his mother and himself. He added little to his income but much to his usefulness by turning his cottage into a day-school for children whom he taught simultaneously with working at his bench. His mother was deeply grieved at her son's contempt for his father's medicines; and she besought her pastor, Rev. Rufus Lyon, an "in-

dependent" minister, to reason with Felix. Solely to oblige his mother, Felix called on Mr. Lyon, and thus met the minister's daughter, Esther.

There was a startling dissimilarity between Mr. Lyon and his daughter, which everybody noticed, none more than Felix. He wondered how such an earnest man, devoted, soul and body, to his calling, could have had such a daughter. Esther had private pupils in French, and expended all her earnings on personal adornment. She read Byron and French novels, avoided going to church service when she could decently do so, thought on the surface of things, expressed herself wittily, that is, insincerely, affected fine perfumes, and abhorred the smells of the kitchen. Needless to add, Esther craved admiration, and she promptly took umbrage at Felix Holt, for he gave her the contrary. He dared to scold her—apparently it never occurred to him that it is audacious to scold a pretty woman—deriding the heroes of her books, condemning her taste, actually condemning taste on general principles as something wholly secondary in life's requirements, telling her that a woman ought so to mold her character as to inspire some man to do noble deeds.

Of course Esther felt that she hated Felix Holt, but with all that she wanted his admiration. He had startled her. Such blunt expressions, not to say truths, could but influence her in one way or another; and it was only a few weeks after her acquaintance with Felix began that she surprised her father by unwonted manifestations of affection and consideration for him.

The contrasts between father and daughter would have been understood by Felix if he had known the secret of her life. Her mother was a Frenchwoman who had married an English officer. He was captured with many others in France, and when an exchange of prisoners was arranged his name was not on the list. Among the lucky, however, was Henry Scaddon, who resembled him somewhat, and who consented to let Esther's father take his name and go to England. He sent for his wife to follow him, but he died before she could find him, the fact being that, unknown to his wife, he had been imprisoned for Scaddon's crimes. She did, however, learn that her husband was dead, and she was in sore straits with her baby daughter when Mr. Lyon chanced upon her. He loved her at sight and eventually married her,

married, and that there was a daughter born of the union; it followed that the daughter, known as Esther Lyon, was heiress to the claim of Bycliffe, and that the estate would be rightfully hers in the event of the aged publican's death.

This discovery was invaluable to Jermyn because it gave him a whip over Harold Transome. The shrewd lawyer had not failed to observe Harold's hostility, and reckoned correctly enough that, as soon as the election should render his services no longer necessary, there would be an overhauling of accounts that could not result other than ruinously to himself; for Jermyn had plundered the estate right and left.

Christian was in the dark as to the reasons underlying Jermyn's inquiries, but he perceived that there was a secret somewhere affecting important personages; and, with an eye to his own profit, he made patient investigation by which he came eventually in contact with a London lawyer, one Johnson, who had been an associate of Jermyn's in the Transome-Bycliffe litigation. Putting together what both men knew, and some further facts that Christian wormed from Mr. Lyon, both became convinced, as Jermyn had, that Harold Transome could be ousted, once the aged publican was dead, and that Esther could be put in possession of the estate.

Jermyn assured Mr. Lyon that Christian was not Esther's father, but said nothing of her possible prospects. The minister, infinitely relieved, felt that the time had come to tell Esther the whole truth about herself. He was again relieved that she did not upbraid him. On the contrary she was more affectionate and considerate than before. The influence of Felix Holt's strong personality, and his high ideals, was effecting a revolution in her in spite of herself. They were often together, but there was never an open confession of the love which both were conscious of. Felix took the attitude that he had a mission in life, to right abuses so far as lay in his power; his nature was too stern to permit him to fall into the idle ambition for doing great things; he was not content to do little things that lay to hand, but he would do them, and to that end would not handicap himself by assuming responsibilities that might tend to warp him from his course.

"Thousands of men," he said once, "have wedded poverty

because they expect to go to heaven for it. I wed it because it enables me to do what I most want to do on earth. I will try to make life less bitter for a few within my reach."

On another occasion he nearly lost his self-control. It was clear that Esther loved him, and his own passion all but burst from his lips. There were startling utterances on each side as they stood quivering on the verge of that understanding which their human natures cried out for; neither could misunderstand the other. At length Felix said: "It would be easier for me to give myself up to loving and being loved as other men do—" He broke off here, and eventually concluded: "We will always be the better for thinking of each other. This thing can never come to me twice over. It is my knighthood. That was always a business of great cost."

Esther cried bitterly after he left. If she might have married Felix Holt, she could have been a good woman. She felt no trust that she could be good without him.

Election day came, and the riot Felix had feared broke out with such violence that the magistrates had to send for military assistance. Before it arrived, Felix tried desperately to get control of the mob. By a suddenly conceived ruse he drew the attention of one group of rioters from a hotel, where women were imperiled, and put himself at their head, his first object being to divert them from their purpose of sacking the spirit-vaults. In a narrow street they were confronted by armed constables, one of whom aimed a blow with a saber at a workingman. Holt wrenched the saber from the constable's hands and called on the crowd to follow him. In the scuffle the constable was borne to the ground. He died there of spinal concussion.

Seeing Holt with a saber, knowing him to be a Radical, led because he had the gift of leadership, the crowd followed him. He took them toward the fields, hoping that in the open country they would lose their cohesion and disperse; but the wilder spirits broke from him and sped to the Debarry manor. He vainly tried to head them off. He was at the door of the manor itself, apparently directing the looting that had begun, when the soldiers arrived and fired. Felix fell with a bullet in his shoulder. He was not dangerously wounded, and was removed to jail.

after which she lived four years. He had then brought up Esther under the belief that he was her own father.

One day Felix went to Sproxton in the course of his regular efforts to interest workingmen in educating their children and taking an intelligent interest in public affairs. There he encountered one of Transome's political agents who was undertaking to engage the support of miners for his candidate by arranging that they should be liberally treated to beer during the canvass. This was a common practise in politics at that time, but it disgusted Felix for the very reason that it was in the Radical interest. It also alarmed him, for he foresaw the possibility that these miners, who had no votes and could only be used to make a noise and terrify voters at the polls, might be made drunk, and so disorderly, and dangerous to each other and the community generally.

He strode home wrathful, and determined to face Transome and demand that he reform his methods. On the way he found a purse and other articles that apparently belonged to one of the Debarrys, an aristocratic family whose eldest son was standing for Parliament in the Tory interest. Holt had such aversion for aristocrats that he could not bring himself to go to the manor and deliver the articles. Instead, he handed them to Mr. Lyon, who willingly undertook to find their owner. While the minister was examining the articles a locket fell to the floor and opened. He saw in it irrefutable evidence that it had once belonged to Esther's father. Deeply disturbed, he wrote to Philip Debarry, the manifest owner of the purse, asking him to send the owner of the other articles to prove property and take them away. In response to this letter, Maurice Christian, an upper servant of the Debarrys, called and described the locket and its contents. Mr. Lyon was so distressed at the thought that this man might be Esther's father, a part of whose name was Maurice Christian, that he could not cross-examine him, but surrendered the articles, leaving Christian in wonderment at the minister's perturbation.

Shortly after this, Transome and Jermyn called on Mr. Lyon in the course of their canvassing; for an independent minister was sure to be on the Radical side. Felix Holt dropped in during the conversation and took advantage of the occasion to denounce

Radical election methods, warning Transome of all the dreadful consequences he feared. Transome took the matter seriously and rebuked Jermyn harshly; but the response was that nothing unusual was being done, and that it would be impossible to undo arrangements already made. On the same occasion Mr. Lyon impulsively asked Jermyn for a consultation, and that evening privately told him the whole story of Esther's life and his fear that Christian was her father.

Jermyn was more deeply interested in this revelation than he cared to confess to Mr. Lyon, for past events enabled him to understand much that was unsuspected by the minister; but the lawyer merely assured him that he would investigate the matter, and to that end he sent for Christian. When they were alone, Jermyn said, "Your name is Henry Scaddon," and he proceeded to relate the various offenses which had caused Scaddon to flee the country some twenty years previously. The lawyer knew these things and much more, as the result of patient research at the time of the last Bycliffe suit for the Transome property. The last claimant was Maurice Christian Bycliffe, who, when he came from France to prosecute his claim, was imprisoned, at Jermyn's instance, under the name of Scaddon, by which name he had succeeded in reaching England.

The legal status of the Transome property depended on a transaction a century old, by the terms of which the present holders were entitled to hold as long as any descendant of a certain ancient Transome survived; if at any time that line of Transomes should become extinct, the entire property would go to the Bycliffes. Maurice Christian Bycliffe had entered his claim to the estate in the belief that no survivor of the original Transome existed. Jermyn discovered an aged, poverty-stricken publican whose descent from the original Transome could be established. This was enough to defeat Bycliffe's claim, as long as the old publican lived; but before it was necessary to produce this survivor, Bycliffe died in prison. Nothing, therefore, was said about the old publican, because Bycliffe was known to be the last of his line, and after his death there could be no further claim to the property. In other words, the family of which Harold was the head was entrenched unassailably. But Jermyn now questioned Christian and became satisfied that Bycliffe had

In due course he was indicted for the murder of the constable. Another victim of the riot was the aged publican whose life stood between the Transome property and Bycliffe claimants.

Transome was defeated. Almost his first action after the election was the beginning of proceedings to compel restitution from Jermyn for his many peculations. It was time for Jermyn to crack his whip. He informed Harold that evidence was in his control that a Bycliffe heir existed. "Withdraw your suit against me," said he, "or I will take the steps necessary to establish the claims of this heir and oust you from the property." Transome doubted the genuineness of Jermyn's evidence, but the lawyer would give him no clue to it. He merely threatened. To gain time, Transome consented to a temporary withdrawal of his action.

By this time Christian had collected all the facts he needed for his own purposes, and he offered to sell Transome a secret. The upshot of their negotiations was that Christian revealed the truth about Esther. Transome, with a sense of relief that Jermyn could no longer strike at him in the dark, took the information to his mother. His attitude was that, if it proved true that Esther was the rightful owner of Transome Court, it must be surrendered to her, or some satisfactory compromise effected whereby the present holders could remain in possession. Mrs. Transome agreed with him, for, whether she would or not, she had to, his dominating will brooking no opposition. At his suggestion they called on Esther only to find that she had already been apprised of the situation by Lawyer Johnson, who had seen a bigger plum for himself by fighting for her than by keeping faith with Jermyn.

Esther pleaded that some way be found to arrive at an agreement without litigation, or other form of conflict. Mrs. Transome, primed to this by her son, invited Esther to spend an indefinite time at Transome Court, so that she might come slowly to a correct decision as to her own wishes. Mr. Lyon assented, and Esther accordingly went to the great house, where she speedily became a favorite.

From the moment when Christian named Esther as the Bycliffe claimant, Transome had perceived the possibility of

marriage as a way out of the difficulty. He was too much a man of the world not to think of such a device, but he was also, with all his dominating manner and calculating selfishness, a man of honor; moreover, already a widower with an heir in the shape of a healthy little son, he had not designed to marry again. So, when he found himself falling sincerely in love with Esther, he was pulled in various directions, and in his mental turmoil he held with sufficient steadfastness to his conception of honor not to propose to her. But she knew he loved her, and she was sorely distressed. The course open to her could hardly be called a temptation. Her girlhood dreams had pictured her surrounded by wealth and refinement; her inherited tendency was to luxurious, easy living; worst of all, she had to regard companionship with Felix Holt as unattainable, no matter what the outcome of his trial. On the other hand, the glamour of life at Transome Court diminished steadily; the influence of Mr. Lyon's self-sacrificing life and character, added to the violent awakening of her better self by Felix Holt, enabled her to perceive the impossibility of happiness, or even of contentment, under the conditions of wealth.

She heard of Felix through Mr. Lyon, and knew that Felix took it for granted that she would marry Transome. On the day of the trial she visited him in jail. They talked at cross purposes till the very end of the quarter-hour allowed them. At last she turned from him mutely, with a face quite corpse-like above her dark garment.

"Esther!"

She heard Felix say the word, and went toward him with the swift movement of a frightened child toward its protector. He clasped her and they kissed each other.

The evidence of fact was all against Felix. He refused to be guided by a lawyer, and made one of his radical speeches to the jury. Mr. Lyon and some others gave evidence of his good character; Transome himself went on the stand and told how Felix had foreseen the riot as the result of electioneering methods; but the prisoner's speech clearly undid such little good to his case. Then Esther arose in court, went to the stand and told how he had called on her before the rioting became dangerous, how he expressed his regret for it, and his aversion

to violence. "His nature is very noble; he is tender-hearted; he could never have had any intention that was not brave and good," she said.

This act of Esther's made a great stir among the spectators, but the prosecutor had his way of looking at Holt's action, the judge viewed it in much the same way, and the jury brought in a verdict of guilty of manslaughter. Felix was sentenced to prison for four years.

The leading men of the county were so moved by Esther's appeal that they organized a movement for the reference of Holt's case to the Home Secretary. Political lines were ignored in this. Transome, the defeated Radical, and Debarry, his victorious Tory opponent, took part in the meeting. Its business was over, but the gentlemen were lingering, discussing various matters informally, when Jermyn came in. Transome had ignored the lawyer's recent letters and recommenced chancery proceedings against him. Jermyn sought him at this public meeting in order to utter a threat so terrible that Transome would grant him a private interview. What he said was: "Mr. Transome, I must speak to you in private. You will repent else—for your mother's sake."

The personalities indulged in by the Tory agents during the campaign had recalled certain scandalous gossip of long ago; Harold Transome was partly cognizant of this, and his response to Jermyn's innuendo was to strike the lawyer on the face with his whip. Jermyn clutched him. "Let me go, you scoundrel!" said Harold fiercely, "or I'll be the death of you!"

"Do," said Jermyn, in a grating voice; "I am your father."

The scene was brought to an end by the interference of others, and Harold hurried home to get a silent confirmation of Jermyn's accusation from his wretched mother.

Esther was in Mr. Lyon's kitchen when Felix made his first call there after his release at the command of the Home Secretary. While still ignorant of the blow that had fallen on Harold, she had come to her decision: she would remain poor; but when there came an understanding with Felix she told him how she had compromised her claim to Transome Court for a modest fortune that would enable her and her future husband to give all their

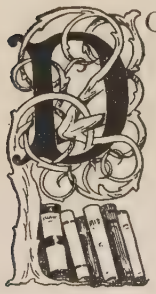
time to benevolent work without having to devote the best part of their energies to gaining a mere livelihood.

"I mean," she concluded, "if you approve. I wish to do what you think will be right to do."

Felix saw that her course was right. They were married soon afterward and went to another town to live, while Harold and his mother retained possession of Transome Court.

MIDDLEMARCH (1872)

Save for a brief excursion of some of the personages to Rome, the entire action of this story takes place in and around a manufacturing town in the midlands of England. It begins in 1829 and covers a period of three years.



OROTHEA BROOKE was of a cast of mind so serious that she shrank from wearing any of her dead mother's jewels, even when she was nineteen, and several years had elapsed since she had been left an orphan. Her disposition was early given to dreams of doing good in the world, and she felt herself unfitted temperamentally for such a place in society as she was entitled to by birth. So she willingly surrendered the jewels to her younger sister, Celia, and when Sir James Chettam came a-wooing she actually believed that the nobleman's interest was centered on Celia. The elder sister was the only one so deceived, but the Baronet had not proposed the marriage which everybody in the county had put on the calendar for the not distant future, when Dorothea abruptly took her fate into her own hands and as abruptly gave it to the keeping of a man more than twice her age, who believed sincerely that he had found in her an ideal helpmeet for the final quarter of his life.

The sisters lived with their uncle, Mr. Brooke, at Tipton Grange, not far from the thriving manufacturing town of Middlemarch. About five miles distant was Lowick, the rural parish where dwelt the Rev. Edward Casaubon. Dorothea never had seen him until one day when he was among Mr. Brooke's dinner-guests, but she was favorably predisposed toward him because of his fame as an earnest student and she looked forward eagerly to making his acquaintance. She knew that he had devoted his life to research with a view to correlating all the mythologies of the world and proving their common origin. It was with nothing

short of awe that she regarded his vast learning, and she hung upon his utterances with rapt attention, feeling irritated when Mr. Brooke and Sir James Chettam would not let the conversation run along dry courses of ancient days, but insisted, as ordinary men will, on introducing topics of contemporaneous interest.

There were other things about Mr. Casaubon which she knew in a vague way, and which did not displease her. He was not only a clergyman, and studious, but he was rich and honorable. It was generally known that when he came into his property he had sought out some distant relatives, as remote as second cousins, and benefited them materially. His course in this matter was almost eccentric, from the common point of view, for these distant connections had no legal claim upon him or on the estate, and that he should have gone out of his way to seek them was a token of his fine sense of moral rectitude.

Mr. Casaubon observed Dorothea's earnestness, her unusual intelligence, her ingenuous admiration of himself, and proposed marriage. She accepted him in the profound belief that she could be useful to him in his studies, doing his hack-work and taking his dictation; and the privilege of being his eyes and his untiring hand gave her such holy joy in prospect that she was totally unaware of missing any of the rapturous transports which normally color the period of betrothal. So absorbed was she in the vision of her useful future that she actually undertook to study Latin, under Mr. Casaubon's direction, with a view to reading intelligently to him in that language.

There was a visit to Lowick before her marriage for the purpose of inspecting Mr. Casaubon's house and deciding upon any changes in its furnishings or arrangements. Dorothea found nothing to change. As she traversed the rooms with her *fiancé*, asking natural questions, she saw some miniatures of his family, and learned that one was his mother's sister who, he said, had contracted an unfortunate marriage and had been cast off in consequence. Mr. Casaubon gave no details of the unhappy history, evidently preferring not to speak of it, but before Dorothea returned to the Grange, she encountered, sketching in the grounds, a young man who was introduced to her as Will Ladislaw, Mr. Casaubon's second cousin. He was the grandson

of the lady whose miniature had attracted Dorothea's attention. She understood that Mr. Casaubon had provided for young Ladislaw's education, and was still making him a generous allowance until he should have established himself in a career; and that Ladislaw, who was three or four years older than Dorothea, had not as yet chosen a career, or done anything remarkable. Dorothea glanced politely at his sketches and frankly disclaimed sufficient knowledge of art to pass judgment on them. Ladislaw was amused at her ignorance, or assumption of it, and thought her a disagreeable girl because she was going to marry his musty old cousin. The very thought of his cousin as a lover sent him into convulsions of laughter when he was alone.

Mr. and Mrs. Casaubon made Rome the objective point of their wedding journey. Thus were two aims accomplished: the temporary isolation which the wisdom of centuries has decided to be best for newly wedded persons and the opportunity for further research in preparation for Mr. Casaubon's *magnum opus*, the *Key to all Mythologies*. They had been but five weeks in Rome when there was a measure of disillusionment on each side that left Dorothea in tears and her husband uncomfortably perturbed. She had been left much to her own devices while he prowled around the libraries, but that was by no means the root of the trouble, for this procedure had been understood as necessary before they set forth from England. Indeed, the shadow of disillusionment crossed the path when they trod it together. Mr. Casaubon had accompanied his wife to several picture-galleries, and to other "sights." "Does this interest you?" he would say courteously; "if it does, we will linger a while," and there was no retreat from the inference that "this" did not interest him. He would remark gravely of celebrated frescoes, or statues, that these works were highly commended, which was quite as much as to say—But they do not appeal to me. With dreadful self-accusation Dorothea realized that her husband's manner of discussing the glories of the wonderful city jarred on her; but she comforted herself with the conviction that when they were at home, and he was again busy with his writing, she could be of real use to him. So, when he spoke of their approaching departure, she eagerly reverted to the desire nearest her heart, and suggested that now that he had accumulated such

a mass of material it would be delightful to begin the actual writing of his book; she could help him in sifting the notes, and arranging them.

Her husband's reply, delivered quietly, was unmistakable in its full meaning. "My love," said he, "you may rely upon me for knowing the times and the seasons adapted to the different stages of a work which is not to be measured by the facile conjectures of ignorant onlookers"; and, with more remarks of the same sort, he gave notice that advice and criticism were not what he wanted. That was the key to the disillusionment on his side. Instead of warm, unwavering admiration, he felt that he was in danger of getting criticism from his wife, and that if they were to continue in harmonious relations any tendency on her part to view his work in a critical spirit must be discouraged. Therefore, when he had gone to a library, Dorothea returned from a dismal tour of a gallery, and wept. On this very day Will Ladislaw, who had accidentally discovered their presence in Rome, called at their apartments.

The young man was not long in revising his opinion of Dorothea. Her physical beauty charmed him, and he felt rebellious that she should be chained to such an animated parchment as his cousin. When he gave some wondering expression to this rebellion, he was amazed at the nobility of character that shone through her replies. From this to love, on his part, was a quick transition, but Dorothea had no suspicion of the depth of his feeling for her. Mr. Casaubon received Ladislaw with cold courtesy. He did not like the young man, partly because Ladislaw was still desultory in his occupation, partly because he perceived that his own absorption in research was not unreservedly admired by his youthful cousin. The older man's attitude might be summed up in this: he felt in duty bound to give his cousin a proper start in life, but he did not approve of him. At a later time, when work on the *Key to all Mythologies* had been resumed at Lowick, Ladislaw wrote that he was in England and intimated that he would visit Lowick. Mr. Casaubon, without having shown Ladislaw's letter to Dorothea, told her very plainly that he did not wish the visit to take place. He wanted complete freedom from such distractions as had thitherto been inevitable, and es-

pecially from guests whose desultory vivacity made their presence a fatigue.

Dorothea was hurt. With all her submission to her husband's ideas and known needs, she had spirit of her own, and on this occasion it flared forth in a protest that he should attribute to her a wish for anything that should annoy him. He observed that she was hasty, and she replied that the haste had been on his part; whereupon Mr. Casaubon dignifiedly closed the conversation. His dislike of Ladislaw proceeded from a certain kind of jealousy; not of the grosser sort, for it never entered his head that Dorothea would or could demean herself in any way contrary to the strictest propriety; he feared that his vivacious young cousin, no respecter of persons, would inspire his wife to a still more critical view of his life-work. That his wife could not possibly conceive of this suspicion in her husband's mind may go without saying, but she was brought suddenly to see something perfectly concrete and terrifying to her conscience. A few minutes after their brief exchange of unpleasant words, she saw that her husband was deathly ill. A clever physician, Dr. Lydgate, who came over from Middlemarch to attend the case, told her that Mr. Casaubon had a weak heart and that he must be guarded from all manner of excitement.

In her distress and absorption over her husband's ailment, Dorothea could not write to Ladislaw, and begged her uncle, Mr. Brooke, to do so for her, to tell him that he must not come to Lowick. Mr. Brooke willingly complied, and with the best intentions invited Ladislaw to visit the Grange instead. At that time Mr. Brooke cherished a dream of standing for Parliament, and had bought a newspaper for the purpose of having a political organ. Greatly attracted by Ladislaw's brightness, he offered him the editorship, by which it came about that the young man lived near Dorothea and saw her at frequent intervals.

Mr. Casaubon did not inform his wife of the fact, but after his recovery he forbade Ladislaw to enter his house, and Dorothea learned of this decree from the young man himself when they happened to meet elsewhere. From that time she never went knowingly where he was, and Ladislaw never sought clandestine meetings, but that they should meet occasionally within the narrow confines of country society was inevitable.

One night Mr. Casaubon asked his wife to promise to abide absolutely by his wishes after his death. She supposed that he had the completion and publication of his great work in mind, and her loyalty to him and to her ideals commanded her to comply; but there was something so solemn in her husband's voice that she was made hesitant. She had her own doubts now about the advisability of draining the whole strength of a life into a study of dead myths. Could she consent to carry on a work to which she could not give whole-hearted devotion? She begged for time to think, and Mr. Casaubon regretfully allowed her until the next day. When it came, he arose before her, and as soon as she appeared asked for her answer. She pleaded for a few minutes longer, which he granted and went into the garden to wait for her. Presently she followed him, her resolution taken; she would say Yes. Dorothea found her husband dead in a summer-house. When his papers were examined it proved that he had written a codicil to his will, which was in Dorothea's favor, to the effect that all his property should be disposed of otherwise in the event of her ever marrying Will Ladislaw. That, then, had been the event he wished to avoid by binding her by a sacred promise to regard his wishes.

Ladislaw had become very friendly with Dr. Lydgate, who was comparatively a newcomer in Middlemarch and who had aroused considerable hostility by his progressive ideas. His methods differed from those of the established physicians, and his confident earnestness was misinterpreted for unwarranted assumption of superiority. He had been placed at the head of the new hospital by its founder, Nicholas Bulstrode, the banker, and was content to fight his way to recognition because of the incalculable advantages the hospital gave him for research in his favorite professional studies. Lydgate had married Rosamond Vincy, the beautiful niece of Mr. Bulstrode, and had gone materially in debt to furnish his house in a manner suited to her former luxurious manner of living. When he found that the income from his practise did not meet current expenses, and that therefore he was drifting steadily into deeper debt, he had to ask his wife to help him economize. Rosamond was utterly unable to meet the emergency. True, she submitted to necessity, but ungraciously, and distressed her husband by

undertaking to borrow money from their relatives without his knowledge, until their refusals to lend opened his eyes to the facts. From such circumstances arose a domestic situation that was extremely trying to both husband and wife. Eventually, with seizure of his goods in prospect, Lydgate felt compelled to ask Mr. Bulstrode for a loan of one thousand pounds. Bulstrode advised him to go into bankruptcy, and that ended the conversation. Before the necessity for a loan had been broached, Mr. Bulstrode had informed Lydgate that advancing years and consideration for his health dictated a relief from business cares; that he intended to withdraw from active affairs, and that the attention and financial support he had hitherto given to the hospital must be sought for elsewhere; he suggested that Mrs. Casaubon might be glad to fill the breach so far as money was concerned, and that it would be well for Lydgate to call upon her and interest her in the hospital.

There was a reason for Bulstrode's course that he did not mention, a reason that he would have been the last to make known. He was not only prominent in the business community, but a deeply religious man. In a sense his life was a constant prayer, for everything he did, whether in philanthropy or in commerce, was conceived and executed with regard to the question whether it would contribute to the glory of God. He had been a resident of Middlemarch for twenty years, and during that period nobody could point to a single instance wherein his deeds failed in consistency with his professions. But one episode in his past apparently would not bear inspection, for, some months previously to the death of Mr. Casaubon, a dissolute looking man named Raffles had come to Middlemarch, and Bulstrode had given him two hundred pounds as an inducement to depart and never return. Unhappily for the banker's peace of mind, Raffles broke his engagement. He not only returned and demanded more money, but he called at Bulstrode's house and threatened to settle in the town. Bulstrode told his wife that the man was a former employee who had gone to the bad and whose mind seemed to have broken down; and he got rid of the fellow temporarily by a further gift of money.

When next Raffles came to Middlemarch accident brought him into contact with Ladislaw, the mention of whose name

caused the stranger to look at the young man sharply. He spoke to Ladislaw, asking whether his mother's name were not Susan Dunkirk? Satisfied as to this point, he told Ladislaw some things about his family that the young man himself had not known or suspected. It appeared that his grandmother, Mr. Casaubon's aunt, had married a man who was ostensibly a pawnbroker, but whose great fortune had been built on the profits arising from receiving and disposing of stolen goods. Dunkirk's wife never had known the secret of her husband's ill-gotten wealth, but his daughter, Susan, had suspected, if not discovered it, and, inexpressibly horrified, had refused to be dependent on her father. She had become an actress, eventually falling in love with and marrying a Polish exile, Ladislaw's father. The revelation of his grandfather's scoundrelism was bad enough, but the greatest surprise conveyed by Raffles was the fact that Dunkirk's confidential clerk had been Nicholas Bulstrode, who, upon the death of his employer, had carried on the business and married the widow. It followed, then, that as Ladislaw was the only living heir to Dunkirk, he was legally entitled to the hundred thousand pounds and more that Bulstrode had accumulated by the time of his first wife's death, which had preceded his advent in Middlemarch.

The discovery of Ladislaw gave Raffles a firmer hold upon Bulstrode's terror, for, until Raffles informed him, the banker did not suspect that his first wife's grandson was in the vicinity. Bulstrode reasoned with himself that Raffles would surely tell Ladislaw; so in order to forestall trouble, he sent for the young man and made an abject confession, offering to give Ladislaw an annuity of five hundred pounds and a generous recognition in his will. To Bulstrode's further terror, Ladislaw declined to have anything to do with him. So the banker was in daily dread of exposure, for Raffles might return any moment and either tell the story deliberately, or reveal it when indiscreet from drinking. Therefore he was arranging to withdraw from Middlemarch and live where the effects of exposure would not be so humiliating to his pride.

About this time Mr. Brooke abandoned his designs on Parliament and sold his newspaper. Ladislaw's occupation in Middlemarch came to an end, and he decided to go to London.

He had meantime become aware, as had everyone in the county, of the extraordinary provision affecting himself in Mr. Casaubon's will. This alone was enough to prevent him from declaring his love for Dorothea, and the revelation of discredit in his family appealed to him as another equally insuperable bar to the desires of his heart. He did not know that Dorothea had an independent fortune of seven hundred pounds a year unaffected by the dreadful codicil, and if he had known it he could not have asked her to marry him with the shameful facts in the records of his family. It was certain beyond peradventure that every member of Dorothea's family, including the Chettams (for Sir James had by that time married Celia), would oppose her union with Ladislaw by all the pressure at their command; they would do this even without knowledge of Bulstrode's secret; and if that should be exposed, as was possible at any time, it was unthinkable, to him, that Dorothea herself, however she might love him, would consent to marry him. He went to London convinced that life had nothing in it worth his striving for, but when he bade good-by to Dorothea he could not refrain from expressions that persuaded her that he loved her. He held himself so well in check that she had to infer his meaning, but she did infer it, and thus came suddenly to realize that she loved him.

Bulstrode gained but brief respite from Raffles's persecution, for although the fellow received from him a large sum he was robbed of most of it, and took himself forthwith back to Middlemarch. He came in the last stages of alcoholism, and Bulstrode put him in his country house, where only the keeper and his wife lived, and sent for Lydgate. The doctor thought the man would pull through, and he advised the employment of a professional nurse, but Bulstrode was determined to do the nursing himself, as he dared not trust the man's maudlin talk to be heard by anyone else. It even occurred to him that in his ravings Raffles might say things that would arouse Dr. Lydgate's suspicions, and he repented, therefore, that he had refused to loan the doctor the money for which he had asked. The banker invented a plausible excuse for changing his mind on that matter and offered Lydgate a check for a thousand pounds. The loan came just in time to save Lyd-

gate's goods and the wreck of his domestic peace, and was accepted gratefully.

According to the doctor's directions, no liquor was to be given to Raffles in any circumstances, and strictly limited doses of opium were prescribed. Bulstrode undertook to regard these directions, and for a night and a day did so faithfully, with the ever-present thought that if Raffles should die his anxieties would be at an end. Overcome with fatigue on the second night, he gave the care of Raffles to the keeper's wife, communicating Lydgate's directions to her. Toward daybreak she aroused him, saying that the sick man was pleading pitifully for spirits. Bulstrode heard her sympathetic repetitions of the plea for several minutes and finally gave her the key to the spirits vault. She eased the invalid's pain with more opium than had been prescribed, and gratified his craving with a quantity of brandy. Raffles died the next afternoon.

Five days after the burial of Raffles, Bulstrode's secret began to buzz in every quarter of Middlemarch. Raffles while intoxicated had told the whole story in a neighboring village. Passing the effect of the scandal on Bulstrode himself, it reacted frightfully upon Lydgate, for his financial difficulties were common gossip, and their sudden relief by a check from Bulstrode, just at the time when the death of the informer was most desirable from the banker's point of view, was seized upon to point the finger of suspicion at the doctor. Even his enemies admitted that no evidence existed that he had contrived the death of Raffles, either directly or indirectly, but there was such wagging of heads that his meager practise was bound to fall away entirely, and he quickly perceived that he was avoided by most of those who had been his supporters. Dorothea, having heard the gossip, denounced it as false, and she would have gone to Lydgate to tell him of her faith in him if her friends had not dissuaded her. The opportunity came when he called to talk about the needs of the hospital. Her sympathy for him and her faith in him opened his lips to her questions, and he told her all about his financial entanglements and gave her an inkling of his domestic difficulties. She immediately offered to take up Bulstrode's loan, thus relieving him of any further connection with the man whom he despised as heartily as did anybody in

Middlemarch, and then she called on Mrs. Lydgate, and by her sweetness and sympathy effected a reconciliation between husband and wife that made their future tolerable.

Ladislaw visited Middlemarch at this time on what he persuaded himself was a matter of business, but it may be properly enough inferred that the magnet was of another nature. Be that as it may, he called on Dorothea, and when she told him that the stain upon his family record made no difference in her regard for him, it was impossible to keep back the declaration of his love. Just how it came about neither could tell, but they stood revealed, each to the other; but the impassable gulf remained as before. Ladislaw had no property, no steady occupation, no social standing. He could not ask Dorothea to marry him, for Casaubon's will intervened. They had stood some minutes in helpless silence, and at last he took up his hat to go. Then Dorothea herself, or rather the dominating love that was in her, saved them. "I do not want Mr. Casaubon's fortune," she cried. "It is a burden to me," and in the same breathless way she told him of her independent means.

Of course Mr. Brooke, and Sir James, and even Celia, were dreadfully scandalized. Sir James would not see Dorothea, and Celia tried to bring her sister to her senses, but the marriage took place in three weeks, and Mr. and Mrs. Ladislaw went to London to live. A family reconciliation was effected after Dorothea's son was born and Ladislaw had become a member of Parliament.

DANIEL DERONDA (1876)

George Eliot taught herself Hebrew when translating Strauss's *Life of Jesus*, her first literary work, and thereafter kept adding to her knowledge of Hebrew literature and study of Jewish affairs, until toward the close of her life she felt impelled to write a novel which should present to the world her impressions of Jewish character and the aspirations of the race. She therefore produced *Daniel Deronda*, a book to which, more than any other, may be ascribed the success which has subsequently attended the so-called Zionist movement—a propaganda to unite the brains and wealth of the Jewish race in every land in an effort to found in Palestine a Hebrew nation. The author combined with this purpose another motive, the representation of a selfish English girl, who wilfully injures another woman, and is punished by the natural consequences of the act, and reclaimed by her penitence. But this story of Gwendolen Harleth is not essentially connected with that of Daniel Deronda, and may be omitted, with artistic profit, in a short-story version of the novel. Oscar Browning, in his *Life of George Eliot*, enumerates the criticisms that have been pointed at this novel from its first appearance to the present day: "Daniel is thought to be a prig and Mordecai a bore; Gwendolen is impossible, and Grandcourt (her husband) a stage villain. It is said that there is no motive power in the action, no reason for the characters behaving as they do. Would a rich young Englishman, brought up as a Christian at a university, be overjoyed to find suddenly that he was a Jew? In *Daniel Deronda* the author's thought and learning have usurped the place of art. It belongs to the worst type of all novels, a novel with a tendency. The influence of Lewes, the philosopher, ruined his wife's fine sensibility." "With none of which," says Browning, "can I agree. To me *Daniel Deronda* is one step further upward in the career of a soaring genius, who was destined, if life had been spared, to achieve greater heights than any to which it had yet risen. It is an effort to realize the highest purposes of art, to seize the strongest passions, the loftiest heights, and the lowest depths of human nature."

R. FRASER, how was it that the popes and the cardinals always had so many nephews?"

The curly-haired, black-eyed boy of thirteen looked up from his Italian history at his tutor. This young man, with a Scotchman's devotion to truth and obtuseness to all inferences save those which are strictly logical, replied: "Because popes and cardinals are not supposed to have sons."

Precocious Daniel at once drew all the logical inferences, and also made an application to his own case which was not

anticipated by the tutor. He had always called Sir Hugo Mallinger his uncle. All he knew about his parents from the Baronet was that they had died when he was a baby, committing him to Sir Hugo's care. He could recall the marriage of the Baronet to the sweet lady who was now the mother of three little fair-haired girls, and yet he had not come to call Lady Mallinger "aunt" or her daughters cousins, nor was his affection for them such as he felt for the man who watched over him with a helpful interest that no father's solicitude could exceed.

Dan turned his back on Mr. Fraser. A deep blush darkly reddened the olive cheeks of the boy. Was the dear "uncle" a father who had deceived him—who had done him a wrong—yes, a wrong? And what of his mother? Alas, he could never inquire about her hereafter! And other persons—Lady Mallinger and her friends—knew things about him, and thought of these things when they saw him, and he must not only never inquire about what they knew, but even assume ignorance that there was anything unpleasant to be known.

Sir Hugo took Dan often to the opera to cultivate the boy's natural taste for music. On one of these occasions, shortly after Dan's talk with Mr. Fraser, the Baronet asked him: "What would you say to being a great singer—to taking the house by storm like Mario?"

Dan reddened. That Sir Hugo should think of him in such a situation seemed unmistakable proof that there was something about his birth that threw him outside the class of gentlemen to which the Baronet belonged. He answered with angry decision: "No, I should hate it."

Sir Hugo sighed: "My boy, there was a time when I would have given everything I had to be received into that world. Well, what would you like to be?"

"A gentleman; to go, as you did, to Eton and Cambridge, and to enter Parliament as everybody says you might, if you cared to."

"All right, Dan. To school you shall go, and storm the House like Disraeli, and other histrionic gentlemen."

"Yes," said Dan, in a satisfied tone, "even a Jew is a gentleman in Parliament."

Daniel Deronda did not fulfil the expectations of Mr. Fraser

that he would become a university prizeman; but he thoroughly pleased his "uncle" with the broad culture he attained at Cambridge.

"Thank God," said Sir Hugo, "you didn't come out a superior, expensive kind of idiot, like Brecon of my year, who got a Double First, and has been learning to knit braces ever since. Instead, you have a passport in life. You can become what you like—a barrister, a writer, or you can take up politics, as I have lately done. I confess I would like you to choose politics, and be at my elbow pulling with me."

"But I must earn my living," said Deronda.

"My boy, I may now tell you that you have seven hundred pounds a year in your own right. No, it doesn't come from me —that is, the beginning of it didn't. Indeed, you have had a lot to do with the increase of the principal by the quiet, sensible life you've been leading. And I suspect you've been helping your friend Meyrick along, too."

Deronda had chosen as his boon companion at Cambridge the son of a German engraver in London, who had died when the boy was seven years of age, leaving a widow and three daughters as well as Hans, to be supported on a meager annuity. Deronda had, it is true, helped Meyrick very materially by including him in all his pleasures, but the greatest assistance he had extended him was by resigning his own chance for mathematical honors to read to Hans, who was studying for a classical scholarship, and whose weak eyes had the trick of failing him at critical moments. Hans had secretly written to Sir Hugo of Daniel's sacrifice, so the Baronet was now speaking advisedly.

"My dear boy, it is good to be unselfish and generous, but don't carry it too far. It won't do to be melted down for the benefit of the tallow trade. You deserve to indulge yourself. So run around for a vacation before settling into a career."

Deronda began his holiday by visiting the Meyricks in their Chelsea home. Mrs. Meyrick, who knew he was motherless, showed the yearning in her heart by her caressing eyes. The shy girls registered every word and look of their brother's friend, whom, Hans declared, had been his salvation. When he was gone the youngest set to work, under the criticism of her elder sisters, to paint him as Prince Camaralzaman.

On a fine evening in July, Deronda was rowing near Kew Bridge on the Thames. A great barge approaching caused him to turn his boat aside near the bank and rest on his oars. While waiting, he began in a subdued chant the gondolier's song in *Otello*, where Rossini has worthily set to music the immortal words of Dante:

> "No greater wo can fall,
> Nor come a sadder morrow,
> Than when our hearts recall
> Glad days—departed all—
> In hours of sorrow—sorrow."

The wailing cry of "sorrow—sorrow" (*miseria*), in Deronda's high, yet repressed, barytone, was repeated on the shore in a feminine voice almost as mechanically responsive as an echo of nature. Looking in the direction whence it came, Deronda saw a shadowy form disappear within the dark line of the bank and heard a splash as of some object slipping into the water. With a strong push at the oars he sent the stern of his boat against the bank, and, turning around, rose to his feet, prepared to leap overboard to rescue the woman who, he thought, was trying to drown herself. He saw a young girl on her knees, reaching down to the water and wetting her cloak, evidently to use it as her drowning shroud. Attempting to rise with it, the weight of the saturated garment toppled her forward, and she fell into the boat. She staggered to her feet, but he seized her.

"Let me drown myself," begged the girl in Italian; "I have nowhere to go—there is no one who belongs to me in all this strange land—O mother, mother!"

This cry stirred a fiber that lay close to Deronda's deepest interest in the fates of women because of the mystery which surrounded his own mother.

"I will take you to a good woman who has daughters," he said. "Trust me; maybe your happy days will come again."

She ceased to struggle but shivered as if with cold. "Your cloak is wet," he said; "allow me"—and he placed his coat about her shoulders. "I shall keep warm rowing, and it is quite an ordinary thing for girls to wear the men's coats returning late from rowing."

As he rowed on he asked her: "Are you Italian?" "No,"

she replied in English, "though I have lived of late in that country. I am a Jewess, English born." She was quiet a moment, then burst forth: "Do you despise me for it?"

"For what?—being a Jewess? Of course not; there are good and bad Jews."

"I mean for wishing to drown myself—for being a bad Jew, if you please. I should have had more trust in our God. I know now that I am commanded to live—perhaps you are taking me to her—my mother. O mother, mother!" And she burst into violent sobbing.

After her grief had subsided, Deronda asked her: "Have you no father?"

"Yes, but do not try to find him. I have run away from him and his wickedness. It would not be wrong to drown myself to escape going back to him."

Upon receiving Deronda's promise that he would not write to her father, she told him her story. She was Mirah Cohen, or Lapidoth, for her father having deserted her mother in London and gone abroad with their only daughter, herself, had taken the latter name. They had earned a precarious living by the father's playing of the violin and the daughter's singing in the music-halls, until Mirah had entered early womanhood, when she alone earned money for both, which he squandered in gambling. His passion for roulette increasing, he had recently attempted to force her into the arms of an evil-minded rich old man of their race. Accordingly she sold her stage dresses and ornaments for a sum which would barely pay her fare to London, to return to her mother, and probably to her brother Ezra, who had been trading abroad when her father had run away with her. She found the row of tenements in which their home had been replaced by a business block and changed entirely from a Jewish settlement. It was impossible to trace her people. The river seemed her only refuge, and she had sought it to drown herself with her sorrow—"*Miseria, miseria!*" she crooned, in a heart-breaking tone.

Deronda took her in a cab to the Meyricks' door. Entering the house alone, he told Mrs. Meyrick the situation. She warmly approved his action, and, while Deronda returned for Mirah, prepared her daughters to welcome the poor girl.

The Meyricks were small, slight, fair women, and it seemed to Mirah that she had stumbled into fairyland when she stood within their circle. Mab, the eldest of the daughters, ran forward and, embracing the forlorn Jewess, cried: "We will take care of you—we will comfort you—we will love you."

"You must be weary, poor child," said Mrs. Meyrick.

Kate pushed forward a chair; Amy ran to get some tea; Hafiz, the cat, jumped from the window-seat and rubbed against Mirah's ankles.

Deronda felt that it was time to take his leave.

"Good-by, till to-morrow," he said to the Jewess. "Happier days!"

Mirah rose and clasped his outstretched hand in both of hers: "The God of our fathers bless you and deliver you from all evil, as you have delivered me! I did not believe there was any man so good. You found me poor and miserable, yet you have given me the best."

When Deronda returned, the girls, who had discovered Mirah's accomplishment, begged her to sing for him. She sat down at the piano and sang Beethoven's *Per pietà, non dirmi addio,* with a subdued but searching pathos which had that essential of perfect singing, the making one oblivious of art and possessing one only with the song. Like a bird's wooing, it seemed meant for an audience near and beloved. Deronda covered his eyes with his hand, as if to seclude the melody in darkness. At the close of the song he looked up with glistening eyes:

"It is the most beautiful singing I have ever heard."

Mirah smiled with delight.

"I am so glad you like it, for it has always failed before this in what it was wanted for. I know I shall never make a success in a public hall. But perhaps I could sing in drawing-rooms."

When the Mallingers came to London Deronda easily persuaded Lady Mallinger to engage Mirah to sing at one of her receptions, and soon Miss Lapidoth became the favorite entertainer of the circle in which the Mallingers moved.

Deronda set about finding Mirah's brother and cousin. But, though Cohens are as plentiful in Whitechapel as Joneses

are in Wales, and Ezra is not an uncommon prænomen in Jewry, Deronda found no Ezra Cohen until he saw the name above a pawn-shop, and, entering, discovered the proprietor to be a bustling business man, about the age of Mirah's brother, but totally unlike her in features and manner. He was busy with a customer, and, as Deronda entered, called out, "Mother! mother!" whereupon a vigorous woman of about fifty entered the shop from the living-rooms in the rear and prepared to serve Deronda. Daniel's heart sank as he observed the careless toilet of the woman, and yet he was not able to assure himself from her features that she could not be Mirah's mother. Just as it was conceivable that this Ezra, brought up to trade, might resemble the scapegrace father in everything but talent, so it was not impossible that this coarse-looking mother might have had a lovely, refined daughter like Mirah. The eyebrows had a vexatious similarity of line, and she smiled with much of Mirah's winsomeness, as she asked:

"What can I do for you, sir?"

"Let me look at the silver clasps in the window, please."

Meanwhile two other customers entered and the proprietor called upon "Addy" to attend to them. A young woman responded. She resembled a sort of parrakeet in a bright-blue dress, with coral necklace and earrings; she was followed by a boy of about four, who planted himself before Deronda, and with hands in the pockets of his little knickerbockers asked him: "Have you got a knife?" When Deronda produced a small, pearl-handled one, the boy drew his hand from his pocket and disclosed a much larger Barlow. Holding a knife in each hand, the embryo merchant critically compared them.

"Yours is the prettiest, but mine's the best," he finally said, returning Deronda's knife as if he had been entertaining the idea of trading.

The father and mother, who had been observing the colloquy, laughed with delight. "You won't find Jacob choosing the worst," said Mr. Cohen. The grandmother smiled in that intimate fashion which reminded Deronda of Mirah, and it was to her that he ventured the question: "Your only grandchild?"

"Yes, this is my only son," and she nodded her head toward Ezra.

"And have you no daughter?" The question seemed natural enough and was courteously put, but the woman, turning to replace in the window a clasp Deronda had rejected, did not answer. The son, who had heard Deronda's question, put his finger to his lips significantly.

Deronda picked up his purchase and walked to the door, intending to return and learn from Ezra the story of his sister, which was evidently a sore subject with the mother. Little Jacob intercepted him. "Have you another knife at home?"

"Yes," said Daniel.

"Has it a hook and two blades and a shiny handle?"

"I think it has."

"Do you like a corkscrew?"

"Yes."

"Well, I like a hook. Bring your other knife and we'll shwop."

The next day Deronda, having purchased a knife which accorded with Jacob's specifications, returned to Cohen's and played Diomede to Jacob's Glaucus in the promised exchange. This so greatly pleased Ezra that he invited the "young swell" to dine with his family back of the shop.

At table Deronda found a new face, and one that interested him profoundly. It was that of a man, a consumptive, whose age was difficult to guess, owing to the dead ivory-yellow of the skin. The features were clear-cut, but not large; the brow was broad and fully defined by the crisp, black hair. The eyes had an intense expression that bespoke a long familiarity with suffering, yet they were patient eyes. His clothes were threadbare, and from this and the fact that fish-tails and other less desirable portions were set before him, Deronda inferred that he was a dependent. This proved to be the case. His name was Mordecai, and he acted as Jacob's teacher and repaired the watches and jewelry.

In order to please the "young swell," Ezra steered the conversation in the direction of royalty.

"Mother and me once went to see the French Emperor and Empress at the Crystal Palace. Mother was squeezed pretty near flat. I said if I had a hundred mothers I'd never take one of them to such a crush again—not if I'd ever so big an

insurance on her." He stroked the old lady's shoulder affectionately.

"Your mother has been a widow, then, a long time," said Deronda, fishing for information.

"I've had to manage for her and myself a good many years," answered Ezra. "It's that makes a sharp knife."

"What makes a sharp knife?" asked little Jacob.

The father winked at his guest, and said: "Having your nose put to the grindstone."

Jacob turned to Mordecai to receive a plain answer to his next question: "What does putting my nose to the grindstone mean?"

"That you are to bear being hurt without making a noise," said his teacher, putting his face close to the little fellow's. Jacob stuck the corner of a seed-cake he was eating in Mordecai's mouth, though watching closely how much of it went in this act of generosity. Mordecai took the tiniest of nibbles. It was a charming scene, but it seemed to close to Deronda the road he had taken to discover Mirah's mother.

Perhaps Mordecai could enlighten him. Anyhow, the cultivation of his acquaintance would be profitable. So Deronda told him that he had lately become greatly interested in the history and literature of the Jews, and asked him whether he would teach him Hebrew. At this Mordecai's sallow face was lighted with animation, and he gave a gratified assent.

Daniel and Mordecai at once became the closest of friends. The Jew introduced him to a club of philosophers, some Christians, but most of them Jews, and all poor, who met in a back room, with sanded floor, of the "Hand and Banner."

Here Deronda found that Mordecai was regarded with the greatest admiration, the more so because his views were looked upon as visionary. He was to his fellows the incarnation of idealism, supplying to their hard lives the element of poetry for which their souls yearned. But Mordecai desired converts rather than admirers. It was therefore with ineffable joy that he found in Deronda the stuff of which disciples are made. Daniel already believed in patriotism as too powerful a motive in the world's advancement to be discarded at present.

"The national spirit may seem to be dying in a people," he

said, "but suddenly it will flame anew. Thus we may live to see a great outburst of force in the Arabs, who are being inspired with new zeal. It should be the part of our statesmen to take this into account."

"Amen!" said Mordecai; "and I believe we are on the eve of a great national awakening among the Jews. It is the only salvation I see for the individuals of our race. Idealism is our soul, and without it we acquire only the material characteristics of the other peoples about us.

"Behold our people still! Their skirts spread afar; these are torn and soiled and trodden on; but there is a jeweled breastplate. Let our wealthy men, the monarchs of commerce, the learned in all knowledge, the skilful in all arts, the speakers, the political counselors, who carry in their veins the Hebrew blood which has maintained its vigor in all climates, and the pliancy of the Hebrew genius for which difficulty means new device—let them say: 'We will lift up a standard, we will unite in a labor hard but glorious, like that of Moses and Ezra, a labor which shall be a worthy fruit of the long anguish whereby our fathers maintained their separateness, refusing the ease of falsehood.' They have wealth enough to redeem the soil from debauched and pampered conquerors; they have the skill of the statesman to devise, the tongue of the orator to persuade. There is store of wisdom among us to found a new Jewish polity, grand, simple, just, like the old—a republic in Palestine, its old historic home, where there is equality of protection, an equality which shone like a star on the forehead of our ancient community, and gave it more than the brightness of Western freedom amidst the despotisms of the East. Then our race shall have an organic center, a heart and brain to watch and guide and execute; the outraged Jew shall have a defense in the court of nations, as the outraged Englishman or American. But there are difficulties, you say, in the way of attaining this ideal? Yes, I know there are difficulties. But let the spirit of sublime achievement move in the great among our people, and the work will begin."

As Daniel and Mordecai walked home together from the club the Zionist said: "When my long-wandering soul is liberated from this weary body it will join yours, and its work will be perfected."

Deronda answered: "Everything I can in conscience do to make your life effective I will do."

Said Mordecai: "You will take up my life where it was broken. It was at Trieste. I was on my way to Palestine. A letter came from my mother, saying: 'Ezra, return!' "

"Ezra!" exclaimed Deronda. "Yes, my name is Ezra Mordecai Cohen," said the Jew. He continued: "It was the cry of a mother robbed of her little one—my sweet sister Mirah."

This time Deronda restrained himself.

"Have you never since heard of your sister?" he asked, as calmly as he could.

"Never! The will of the wicked is strong. It killed my mother; it has poisoned my life. But for that I am content, for you shall finish my work."

It was not until the next day, when Mordecai had recovered from the agitation of discovering a disciple in Deronda, that Daniel dared to tell him of Mirah. He brought her along with him, dressed in the poor clothes she was wearing when he found her, for she desired not to overawe her brother. When the news had been broken to Mordecai, Deronda opened the door. Brother and sister took two or three steps toward each other and then stood still. They were meeting first in memories, compared with which touch was no union. Then Mirah spoke in the tone in which she remembered that the mother had been wont to call the son: "Ezra!"

"That was our mother's voice. Do you remember it?"

"Yes, and how you answered, 'Mother!'—and I knew you loved her."

Mirah threw her arms around Mordecai's neck and kissed him.

"You will love me, too, brother dear? And you will teach me to be a good Jewess like mother. And I shall always be with you when I am not working. For I work now, and am making plenty of money, enough to keep us both. Oh, I have had such good friends!" and she looked around with a grateful smile. But Deronda had softly departed.

Deronda went to see Sir Hugo Mallinger to tell him that he had chosen his vocation—to aid Mordecai in his agitation for the restoration of Palestine to the Jews. Sir Hugo exclaimed:

"Blood will tell! My boy, the time has come when I may inform you of your parentage. You are a Jew!"

"Is my mother living?" asked Daniel.

"Yes, but she is at the point of death. She has written for you to meet her at Genoa. She is Alcharisi, who was a famous singer in my day. I loved her."

"My father?" asked Daniel, in equivocal inquiry.

"Was Joseph Deronda, her cousin, whom she married. He died before your birth, and your mother gave you to me."

It was with mingled joy and pain that Daniel received the revelation that Sir Hugo was not his father. The Baronet divined the cause of his agitation.

"Perhaps I was wrong," he said, "to undertake what I did. And perhaps I liked it a little too well—having you all to myself. If this has caused you pain, forgive me."

His hand met Deronda's in a hearty clasp.

Deronda found his mother a disappointed, dying woman. Her father had been a Jew of the strictest sort, and she had broken the galling parental bonds to become an opera-singer. It was while she was at the height of her popularity that the young Englishman, Hugo Mallinger, met her and fell in love with her. She refused his proposal of marriage, which would have ended her public career. Soon after this she lost her voice—temporarily, as it happened—and in despair effected a reconciliation with her father, which was sealed by marriage to her cousin. Her husband died; Daniel was born; and with his birth her voice returned, although not in its former glory. She left her people again, this time forever. In order that her boy might be saved from the sort of childhood she had endured, she gave him to her old lover, now a baronet, with a fund for his maintenance, and instruction that he was not to be told of his race or parentage. Detecting signs that her voice was again failing, she married one of her admirers, a Russian nobleman, and left the stage. By this husband she had several children. She never informed him of Daniel's existence, or of the fact that she was reserving for him his father's fortune. This she now committed to Daniel.

Deronda informed her of the purpose to which he intended to devote his life and wealth.

"It is the hand of God," she said. "Now, perhaps, instead of my father's accusing countenance, which rises so often before me, will come your young and loving face. Kiss me, Daniel, and leave me. You must not see me again. For my other children's sake, I will die a seeming Christian. Take this ring as my parting gift. It was my gift to your father." And she gave him a heavy, ornate seal-ring.

While Deronda was absent in Italy, Mirah, who had gone to live with Mordecai in a little apartment near the "Hand and Banner," met one day in the street her father. He was sick and in the direst poverty, and, on her brother's advice, she brought him into their home.

"This is the lot of Israel," said Mordecai; "grief and glory are mingled as smoke and flame."

When Deronda returned, Mordecai was dying. Mirah was with her father in the adjoining room when Daniel came. Deronda said very little, owing to the father's presence.

"I have returned from my dying mother. She is a Jewess, as was my father. This is the ring she gave him upon their betrothal." And he took off the ring, engraved with Hebrew characters, for her to examine. After she had done so she laid it on the table. "Ezra will tell us what it means," she said. Daniel looked into her eyes. The father rose softly, passed by the table and out of the room.

When he had left, Mirah said: "Come, we will go to Ezra," and she reached for the ring. "It is gone!" she cried. Deronda began to look for it on the floor. "It is useless," said Mirah, "my father has taken it. He is a gambler."

She sank into her chair overcome with the disgrace of the action. Daniel took her by the hands and said: "Look up, Mirah. Let me think we can have no sorrow as well as no joy apart. Henceforth he shall be my father as well as yours. I want you for my wife."

They passed in tender embrace into the bedroom.

"I am dying," said Mordecai, "to live in you, my brother." Then, raising himself, he uttered in Hebrew the confession of the Divine Unity, after which he sank back gently and did not speak again. But it was some hours before he ceased to breathe, with Mirah's and Deronda's arms around him.

EMILE ERCKMANN; ALEXANDER CHATRIAN

(Germany, 1822–1899; 1826–1890)

THE CONSCRIPT (1865)

This work, an expression of the growing feeling against the Napoleonic legend, met with a number of obstacles against its circulation at the time of publication. Nevertheless, it was scattered in great numbers throughout France by means of cheap illustrated editions. In 1868–1870 the work was brought out in four volumes in Paris. It has had a tremendous influence, due largely to the perfect simplicity, even familiarity, with which it puts before the reader the terrible realities of war.

SEEING that I was apparently weak and lame, my mother apprenticed me in 1804 to an old watchmaker of Phalsbourg, Melchoir Gaulden. From his shop, immediately opposite the inn of the Red Ox on the main street, could be seen for ten years the spectacle of innumerable regiments marching past with their glittering cavalcades of officers, from marshal down to sous-lieutenant. It was at the "Red Ox" that all these great personages were wont to stop; and its fat landlord retired with a fortune, having gleaned a golden harvest out of the seeding of blood and tears. One war finished, another began. Something was always wanted from Russia, Germany, Spain, or some other country. The Emperor was never satisfied. One day, speaking of the hundreds of thousands of men who had tramped by since 1804, my master said: "And how many ever have returned? Those whom you have not seen returning are dead, as hundreds and hundreds of thousands more will die, if the good God does not take pity on us; for the Emperor loves only war. He has already spilt more blood to give his brothers crowns than our great Revolution cost to win the rights of man."

In this terrible reflection was embodied the growing dread that had begun to haunt my life. I was a little lame, to be sure, but that would not give immunity much longer if the remorseless drain continued. I was nineteen and was about to marry Catharine of Quatre Vents, a good and beautiful girl, whom I had known since a child and toward whom I had ripened from playmate into lover. My fear outweighed my happiness more and more, with the progress and dreadful finale of the Russian campaign, when the early news of battles won had changed to gloomier tidings of deaths and suffering inconceivable; for the winter was one of the most terrible cold. My Christmas gift to Catharine that year was a beautiful silver watch; and the little *fête* made us happy. On leaving my sweetheart to return through the intense cold I was hailed by a drunken voice, that of Pinâcle the pedler, who had dared to raise his eyes to my Catharine. He pursued me through the snow-heaps with taunting words:

"The conscription is coming, the grand conscription of the one-eyed, the lame, and the hunchbacked. You will have to go, and you will find a place under ground like the others."

When the final disaster of the retreat was made known, plunging thousands of families into misery and mourning, all became sure that a new conscription was impending. Then came the thunderbolt, with the New Year only a week old. It was placarded that there would be one hundred and fifty thousand conscripts of 1813; and that all those who had escaped from 1809 to 1812 would be taken; every loophole would be closed. This would give the Emperor a larger army than he had before the Russian expedition. In a week the drawing took place; and perhaps my plea of lameness might have passed had it not been for a letter from that malicious scoundrel, Pinâcle, who testified that six months before I had made him a bet that I could go to Laverne and back the quicker. It sealed my fate. Marching orders arrived promptly; and with heart-breaking farewells and vows of undying fidelity from Catharine I entered on my bloody business, which had no halo of patriotism to glorify it. My old comrades, Zébédé, Fürst, and Klipfel kept me company. But that did not lessen the agony which I, Joseph Bertha, suffered from a happy life torn up by the roots.

Yet I did not feel wholly abandoned. On the second day's march I found in a shirt in my knapsack fifty-four francs with a most loving letter from Father Gaulden; and I can never forget the kindness of a baker's family where I was billeted at Mayence. My feet were terribly swollen, my limbs ached, and I was quivering with weakness and hunger, when the good wife gave me a hot foot-bath, good wine, and soup, and meat, and a nice, soft bed. Truly the world has many noble hearts in spite of its cruelties and oppression.

During the month we remained at Frankfort we received all our soldier equipment and began to learn the meaning of drill and discipline, which transform a unit into a part of a mighty machine, with perfect subordination of all its parts. Here we realized, too, the true inwardness of war. If recruits were streaming in from France, ambulances in caravans were pouring in from Poland, bearing a multitude of forlorn wretches mutilated by frost, with terrible wounds from lance, saber, bayonet, and bullet, or half dead from disease, hunger, and exposure. It was an appalling sight, this procession without end, the wreckage of the Grand Army.

An interesting interlude of camp-life was Zébédé's duel with an old sergeant who had insulted him. The Captain decided that it was proper to preserve the *esprit* of the recruits; and my townsman, who knew no trick of the saber, was lucky enough, from the slip of his foot, to escape a sweeping cut, while he ran the veteran through. When we joined the division, late in March, at Aschaffenbourg, and were reviewed by Marshal Ney, the premonition came that serious work was near at hand. From the old pastor who was wont to visit the postmaster's house where I was billeted, I heard some plain, terrible truth: "Let kings make alliances—the people are against you. They are defending their lives, their Fatherland, all that God makes us love. All are ready to assail you. Men begin to see that the interests of kings are not the interests of mankind, and that the greatest cannot change the nature of things."

The dance was about to begin, as Sergeant Pinto said with a laugh that blew out his bristling mustaches. Our regiment, the Sixth of the Line, was ordered to the vanguard; and near Weimar we heard the rattle of distant musketry and carbines.

We debouched after a considerable march into a valley and formed squares; for a mass of cavalry was hovering in the distance. Suddenly the skirmishers were driven back, and we saw the lances and sabers flashing in the sun, while the artillery opened and I beheld great gaps in our ranks. On came the horsemen against our bayonet hedge, but the fusillade of our squares and the artillery fire shattered them. Whereupon we deployed into charging columns at the double-quick with a roar of "*Vive l'Empereur*"; and the Russians everywhere fled. Such was my baptism of fire, the battle of Meissenfels. Marshal Ney, who was in command, reviewed the division before the town hall with high words of praise.

Something far more terrible was near at hand at the end of the next day's advance, which carried us beyond Gross Goschen, where ran the highroad from Lutzen to Leipzig close to the river Elster. General Souham, our division commander, through his glasses discovered that the Prussians and Russians were seeking to flank us as we defiled on Leipzig, and thus cut us in two. He could only stand like a rock against five times his numbers, till succor could arrive from the Emperor.

Sergeant Pinto consoled us with the grim reflection: "You will have a chance now, conscripts; and if any of you come out alive they will have something to boast of. We will have a hundred thousand men on our hands within an hour. This is a fight to win the cross in, and if one does not get it now he can never hope to do so."

It began with a hot artillery fire on both sides, and I thought we should all be massacred without firing a musket. Then the Prussian columns smote us with the roar of an inundation, shouting "*Vaterland, Vaterland*" as with the yell of wolves. It was the work of death in earnest, bayonet-thrust, saber-stroke, cannon-ball, musket-shot, and smarting butt-blows in a *mêlée* of murderous fury. But our squares stood firm and we were finally able to retreat in order, with the Prussians thundering behind in vain pursuit. Gérard's division came to the rescue and we thus checked the advance of the enemy, but Gross Goschen was lost. The conflict raged no less fiercely in other parts of the field; and the temporary retirement of the foe was effected only by the arrival of the divisions of Brenier and

Marchaud, which the Prince of Moskova had sent to our assistance. It was already evident that the Emperor had made a tactical mistake by stretching out his lines too far in forming his dispositions on Leipzig.

When the attack was resumed by the reënforced Prussians with their war-cries of "*Vaterland*" and "*Vorwärts*," the conflict was as hot as ever. We were driven into the village regimentally broken into little fighting squads. Two of my own townsmen, Fürst and Leger, had been slain. As I turned to fire for the twentieth time I got a shot in the left shoulder and felt the warm blood pouring from it, then sank against the wall in a swoon. When I opened my eyes night was coming on, and I saw a little way off a group of Prussians, who filled the village, among them a white-haired general, with the surgeons bandaging his arm—a veteran of large nose, broad forehead, and fierce, glancing eyes, shouting in clarion tones for the cannon to come up; and the execration of a wounded sergeant near by told me it was Marshal Blücher. I heard his order to an aide to hurry up the coming of Emperor Alexander, for the battle was won unless Napoleon should arrive first. Then came distant cheers, and my compatriot fell dead with a "*Vive l'Empereur.*" I saw Napoleon with imperturbable face riding amid a storm of shot, at the head of the Old Guard; and before *him* the enemy vanished like wind-blown mist. Then I fell, as if a corpse, amid that ghastly heap of corpses. Such was my part in what is known as the battle of Lützen, though the Germans dub it Gross Goschen. During the long hours I lay in the death-strewn trench, sometimes half conscious, sometimes insensible; all the events of my life paraded in procession, and I could even see Catharine and Father Gaulden when they should receive the fatal news of my having fallen, another victim of the Napoleonic lust for war; for did he not say to Metternich shortly afterward: "What are the lives of a million men to me?"

Several days later found me in the great hospital in Leipzig amid thousands of wounded. Their cries of anguish under the knife and constant moans of suffering soon became commonplace, even to pity. An adjoining cot contained an artillery sergeant named Zimmer, who had been often wounded, first, indeed, at Marpigo; and when I spoke to him in native Alsatian

he crunched my hand with hard gripe, and called me by my home name of Joseph. So we became great chums, as we convalesced; and gradually I told him my life, on which the veteran commented with a little cynicism as to problems of love. But when I gave him a tender letter from Catharine to read, he said dreamily: "She *is* a good girl, and a sensible one, and will never marry anyone but you. I would rather distrust the Emperor than such a girl." Zimmer received the cross of the Legion; and the two of us on our first recreation pass found a breath of air and liberty. But we were to receive the first of a series of shocks. A well-known inn (I had received a hundred francs from home and we were disposed to be very hospitable and to enjoy ourselves) was full of Saxon students, who greeted us with scowls and muttering. The convalescent barracks near Lützen soon gave us full liberty, except for roll-call, and we wandered about the vicinage of the old city. Everywhere we got cold looks, and wayfarers would scarcely greet us. One day we were nearly drowned in the Elster from following the information of a peasant about a bathing-place, but I found a good ford by accident. Zimmer growled fiercely and spat out his disgust: "We have granted to the German kings and princes; we have even made dukes, counts, and barons with the names of their villages; we have loaded them with honors, and see their gratitude!" One day (it was August 12, 1813) on entering Leipzig we saw universal joy painted on the faces of the citizens, and we learned the cause. The conference at Prague was broken off, as Metternich had refused the negotiation for Austrian neutrality, and two hundred thousand soldiers were added to our enemies. Thus we stood three hundred thousand against five hundred thousand of foes, and two famous French generals, Bernadotte, become Prince of Sweden, and Moreau among them. On October first I got my arms and marching orders to rejoin the Sixth at Gauernitz on the Elbe. Meanwhile, we had won and lost battles. Bautzen and Wurtschen and the great victory at Dresden were to our credit; but we had lost tremendously in a series of lesser battles and suffered a depletion of strength more serious than that of our foes. When I reached my regiment, I found Zébédé and Klipfel alive, but full of foreboding. "We poor wretches," said Zébédé, "who

have nothing to gain but being crippled for the rest of our days, and are the sons of peasants and workingmen that fought to get rid of one nobility must perish to create a new one." The French army had to face forces, each more than half as large as our own, under Bernadotte, Blücher, and Prince Schwartzenburg; and so the Emperor, fighting fiercely as he retreated, fell back on Leipzig. The fury of the mighty battle which was to destroy Napoleon's overgrown power was already in full blast when my division deployed in the field, about a league from the city.

I can only tell the little I saw, and that was terrible—for the French in their ring around the city were completely enclosed by a greater periphery of attack, and three great battles were in progress at once. My battalion was at once ordered on the skirmish-line, and we drove out the enemy's tirailleurs in the woods, only to be driven pell-mell ourselves by a charge of hussars as we emerged into the open. Poor Klipfel was cut to pieces and I had a narrow escape; but we held the wood. Our little fusillade was child's play in comparison with the frightful roar and fury of the conflict over the vast battle-field, where fifteen hundred cannon were thundering, and five hundred thousand cavalry and infantry were charging and recharging with desperate bravery. When we fell back at nightfall, our roads choked with retreating divisions, dismounted caissons and wagons, and loaded ambulances, the heavens were jet black with smoke. We heard we had beaten off the Austrians and the Russians on the other side of Leipzig; but our men retiring from before the Prussians were gloomy. Not one "*Vive l'Empereur*" sounded. That night all our lines were contracted about the city, and everyone, from marshal to private, believed retreat the only resource, if that remained possible. Already there had been a defection of our Bavarian contingent; the desertion of the entire Saxon corps and of the Wurtemburgers was to take place in the thick of the fight the next day. The horror of that day can never be forgotten. There was but little maneuvering, just the incessant rage of hand-to-hand fighting, as hundreds of thousands met in desperate shock. We knew we were vanquished, but every French soldier was determined to sell his life at the bloodiest price.

The whole vast encircling valley seemed the pit of hell, peopled by contending demons. The enemy appeared always, in spite of their great losses, to be increasing in numbers from reënforcements of fresh troops. The fight had even to be fought over again. From seven in the morning to sundown we held our own against three hundred and sixty thousand men with less than half that force. But we expected to be exterminated the next day if the Emperor remained obstinate. That night, however, the retreat began across the bridge over the Elster at Lindman, one of five, for Napoleon had neglected to construct others. He never thought of means of escape in *his* strategy, and no general ever dared to do anything without orders. We were of the rear-guard that covered the retreat, and next morning our division was assailed by an overwhelming mass of Austrians. We should have been annihilated had it not been for the charge of the Polish lancers, the most terrible warriors I have ever seen. The Poles, indeed, gave us the last drop of their blood. And what had we done for their unhappy country? Russians, Prussians, Austrians, and Swedes pressed behind in ceaseless assault on our columns, as we neared the bridge which was our only hope.

In the thick of a veritable pandemonium of shouts, cries, groans, musket-shots, and saber-strokes, a sudden crash sounded like a peal of thunder, and the first arch of the bridge rose high in the air. A witless sapper had blown it up. The last outlet of safety seemed gone; and despair convulsed every heart. I touched Captain Vidal, who commanded our battalion. "Captain," I panted, "I was four months in the hospital at Leipzig. I have bathed in the Elster and I know a ford, only about ten minutes' march from the bridge." His countenance beamed with joy, and detaching the battalion from the crush, under my lead, he marched some three hundred men down the bank of the Elster along the road where Zimmer and I had picked wild flowers. We crossed without the loss of a man or a musket; and so the immediate stress of peril had passed, for us at least. The furious roar of conflict we could still hear, but it became less and less, and in a few hours we overtook the long column dragging its weary length in broken array toward Erfurt.

How can I narrate the horrors of retreat? The whole

country had risen against us. Ambuscades and surprises constantly destroyed little parties reckless from hunger and hunting for food. The peasantry denied they had anything to give or sell even while odors of bread in the oven, of meat on the spit, and of beer in the foaming vats tormented us. We were without leaders, organization, or discipline, and dared not take necessities by force. The rains never ceased falling, nor the winds piercing us to the bone, ragged and half clad as we were. Hardened old warriors, so completely disheartened were the huge mob of fugitives, were cowed by lank rustics who would have kissed their feet three months before. As the days went on large bodies of pursuers struck us the whole length of the retreating columns, cutting out hundreds and thousands of prisoners. The countryside organized bands of partisans, who like famished wolves grew bolder and bolder. Our wretched fellows perished by thousands, largely conscripts as they were, too broken-hearted to struggle longer. To crown all, the terrible typhus pursued us more mercilessly even than the weapons of our foes. The villages of Alsace and Lorraine will long remember the fell ravages of what we brought them. I had had the fever ever since we left Leipzig, and as my strength decreased I could scarcely rise in the morning or follow the slow march, though Zébédé supported me and carried my knapsack, with words of encouragement: "We are getting nearer every day, Joseph. A few dozen leagues are nothing." At last I got too weak to stand up, and could only say to the sobbing Zébédé, as I fell helpless by the roadside: "Kiss Catharine for me! Tell her I died thinking of her, and bear her my last farewell!" Captain Vidal thought I might be picked up by the ambulances, but these passed too fully laden; and I thought I was on the verge of my last sleep, when a battery rumbled by with its train. In a lean, red-bearded veteran with cross on his breast and astride of a piece, my failing vision recognized Christian Zimmer. "Christian! take pity on me!" I shrieked with desperate effort. I was rescued, placed in a wagon, and remember no more.

It was ten weeks later when I awoke in a good bed and well-warmed room. There sat a pale young woman by the bedside; and as I strained my incredulous eyes I gradually recognized Catharine. The shock of joy was almost overpowering as she

bent over me, trembling and sobbing. My sweetheart and Aunt Gredel had found me, after searching through the immense train of twelve hundred wagons of sick and wounded which had streamed in from Mayence, never giving up hope. For a few moments we were lost to all but ourselves, then the dull reverberation of guns smote my ears. Catharine said: "The guns of Phalsbourg! The city is besieged. The enemy in France!" I could speak no more. It sounded the foreboding knell of the end; the German, the Russian, the Swede, the Spaniard, the Englishman, masters of France, garrisoning our cities, taking whatever suited them from our fortresses, insulting our soldiers, changing our flag, and dividing among themselves not only our conquests since 1804, but even those of the Republic. These were the fruits of ten years of glory; for the insatiable pride of the Emperor had rejected all compromises up to the last, by which he might have saved in part the happiness and prosperity of France and his own imperial dynasty.

When I had fully regained my health six months afterward Catharine and I were married; Father Gaulden, who loved us as his own children, gave me half his business, and we lived as happy as birds, and safe from future conscriptions to snatch men from home and happiness.

BENJAMIN LEOPOLD FARJEON

(England, 1833–1903)

JOSHUA MARVEL (1872)

This was Mr. Farjeon's third book, and did much to establish his reputation as a popular novelist. Its author was a great admirer and devoted student of Dickens, whose influence may be traced in this volume. Mr. Farjeon's early life was one of change and adventure, and his residence in New Zealand, from which he returned to England about two years before the publication of this book, doubtless supplied the suggestions for that portion of the story in which the scene is laid in Australia, and in which colonial life is depicted.

OSHUA MARVEL, who first saw the light in an overcrowded locality in the parish of Stepney, Middlesex County, England, was one of two children in the humble household presided over by George Marvel, a wood-turner by trade, who, with his thrifty wife, was ever striving to make both ends meet, and found the task no easy one.

Joshua's earliest recollections were of this constant struggle for the necessaries of life; he realized that it was a miserable thing not to have money. Since his father's vocation brought him very little, he promptly determined never to follow his trade.

What he would be he knew not, but it should be something more lucrative than wood-turning. His mother remonstrated when he announced this startling decision, but his father encouraged the boy's seemingly wild ambition, saying:

"I've been a wood-turner all my days. And the upshot of it is that we're not a bit better off now than we were twenty years ago. We're worse off; for we've spent twenty good years and got nothing for them."

"We've got Josh and Sarah," Mrs. Marvel ventured to say.

The simple woman actually regarded those possessions as of inestimable value.

Her husband did not heed the remark. He took another pull at his pipe, but drew no smoke from it. His pipe was out; but in his earnestness he puffed away at nothing, and continued:

"Who is to take care of us when we grow old, if Josh don't? When Josh grows up, Josh will get married, naturally."

"So shall I, father," interrupted Sarah, who was listening with the deepest interest to the conversation.

"Perhaps, Sarah," said Mr. Marvel a little dubiously. "Girls ain't like boys; they can't pick and choose. Josh will get married, naturally; and Josh will have children, naturally. Perhaps he'll have two; perhaps he'll have six."

"Mrs. Pigeon's got thirteen," remarked Sarah vivaciously.

"Be quiet, Sarah. Where did you learn manners? Now if Josh has six children, and, being a wood-turner, doesn't do any better as a wood-turner than his father has done—and he's a presumptuous young beggar if he thinks he's going to do better than me—"

"I don't think so, father," said Joshua.

"Never mind. And he's a presumptuous young beggar if he thinks he's going to do better than me," Mr. Marvel repeated—he relished the roll of the words—"what's to become of us then? Josh, if he's a wood-turner with six children, can't be expected to keep his old father and mother. He will have enough to do as it is. But if Josh strikes out for himself, who knows what may happen?"

What the chosen vocation would be his parents could not guess, and Joshua himself was very much in doubt concerning it, until one day chance threw him into the society of the Old Sailor, who became his fast friend, and who recounted to the spellbound youth tales of his past adventures upon the sea.

Mr. Praiseworthy Meddler, for that was the name of the jolly tar, lived in a barge close to the waterside; and many were the happy hours spent by the boy in the Old Sailor's company as he listened to songs and stories and acquired important information regarding foreign lands. And then one day he came to his father and mother and to his best friend Dan, the little cripple, and announced boldly: "I wish to go to sea."

The friendship between Joshua Marvel and Dan Taylor, which dated almost from their infancy, grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength. They were dwellers in the same humble neighborhood, and at an early age each knew the meaning of the words "poverty" and "want" only too well. The Taylor family, however, suffered the degradation inflicted by a drunken father, in comparison with which the petty economies of the Marvels seemed ease and affluence.

Dan had been crippled in infancy by the carelessness of his sister Susan, who had allowed him to fall from a window from which she was gazing at a passing show. His legs from this time had become almost useless, but he possessed a rare soul and an active, precocious mind. Adoring Joshua from the first, his influence was an important factor in the development of the other's character.

Dan was a great lover of birds and when but a mere baby seemed to acquire their language, and could teach them all manner of tricks. Later, after the death of his drunken father and his overworked mother, the crippled orphan boy was able to support himself and his younger sister by selling his trained birds.

The parting from his inseparable companion was a great cross to Dan, and Joshua's parents also were very sad at the prospect of their boy's departure; but all agreed that it was best for him to follow the course his heart dictated, while the Old Sailor inspired all with his seafaring enthusiasm.

And so, with many blessings and loving words of farewell, Joshua, a handsome stripling, sailed away—echoing the words of the Old Sailor:

"There's no place on earth like the sea!"

Before his departure a certain episode had taken place, the fruits of which were to play no slight part in the young man's future. This was a sudden and violent encounter with an ugly brute who had attacked Dan's sister, Susan, in a dark alleyway. Joshua recognized this half-intoxicated wretch as the Lascar that served his friend, the Old Sailor. Having felled the infuriated assailant and rescued the fainting Susan, Joshua returned to bid his friends and relations farewell, leaving behind him, however, a bitter enemy in the ugly Lascar; this brute arose scratched and bleeding from the thrashing he had received and

maddened by the loss of his long knife, which had been wrenched from him and broken before his eyes, and he vowed vengeance upon Joshua.

Among those that parted regretfully with the would-be sailor, besides his family and his best friend, were two small maidens who, each in her own girlish way, worshiped at Joshua's shrine.

One was Dan's little sister Ellen, who was the embodiment of quiet devotion and gentle, womanly grace, and the other was Minnie Kindred, daughter of a strolling player, who was a wild, fascinating elf, emotional and passionate. Befriended by Joshua when her father was ill and in dire need, Minnie had from this time looked upon her young benefactor as an idol to be adored; and she took sorrowful leave of him, hugging to her heart a sea-shell in which she could discern the murmur of the ocean.

Although the young sailor assured his friends that he would scarce be gone a twelvemonth, four years had slipped away before he once more set foot on his native heath, and then his triumphant home-coming (for the years had meant well-earned promotion) brought to those waiting with glad expectancy joy mingled with sorrow.

During Joshua's absence various changes had taken place in the little groups he had left behind. The passing from the scene of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor left Dan and Ellen penniless; Dan at once determined to make a livelihood by training and selling his birds, his sister Susan being already self-supporting and having cast her lot with Minnie and her invalid father.

A sign in Dan's window brought to the house a certain customer named Solomon Fewster, who, being first attracted by Ellen's pretty face, professed himself delighted with the trained birds, which he purchased at frequent intervals. This shrewd young gentleman, an undertaker by profession, availed himself of every opportunity to see the charming sister, and while he was regarded by the brother as a generous patron of the birds, himself made a liberal margin on all his purchases by selling them to a fashionable bird-fancier in London.

Tales of the absent Joshua, whose praises were sung frequently, awakened the jealousy of Solomon Fewster; and he hoped that some terrific storm would cause to founder the ship

that was conveying his rival homeward. For now the time was rapidly approaching for Joshua's return, though none knew when that would be.

In the mean time chance brought together Joshua's two enemies, the ugly Lascar, whom he had once chastised, and the man who had never seen him but whose jealousy the sailor had incurred, and the result was the forming of a compact between these two, Fewster taking the half-starved brute into his service, thinking it might be wise to have within his power one who regarded his rival with bitter hatred.

On Christmas a merry party had assembled in the Marvels' kitchen. Beside the Marvels and their daughter Sarah, who had now grown into a comely young woman, were Dan and Ellen, Minnie and her father, and to complete the circle the good Old Sailor, Mr. Praiseworthy Meddler. All of the company were in the best of spirits save Dan, who seemed oppressed by some apprehension regarding the safety of his beloved friend Joshua, who he declared could not be far away. They talked of the expected traveler, and his father recalled their reluctance to let him go.

"It is more than four years ago," said George Marvel, "that one night as we were sitting round the fire, as it might be now, Josh said all of a sudden: 'I should like to go to sea.' Those were the very words he said—'I should like to go to sea.' And it came so sudden like, that mother there began to cry. 'So you want to be a sailor, Josh?' I asked. 'Yes,' he answered; 'a sailor first, and then a captain.' Do you remember, mother? And now my boy is coming home a man; and here we are this happy Christmas Eve, talking of him, and thinking of him, and hoping to see him soon after the New Year."

After some merrymaking it was announced that Basil Kindred, Minnie's father, would read something from the *Tempest* to the assembled company. During a pause in his dramatic rendering, the silence was broken by Dan, who exclaimed:

"Hark! a knock at the door!"

Was it the magnetism of love that caused their hearts to flutter with joy, that caused Mrs. Marvel to rise tremblingly and say that she would go to the door? But her limbs failed her, and Minnie, crying, "I will go!" ran out of the room. They

below, listening in a state of strangely anxious expectancy, heard Minnie ask, "Who is there?" and heard her open the door. Almost at the same moment they heard a cry of joy, followed immediately by a sharp cry of pain. They ran to the door and saw Minnie kneeling in the snow, supporting the head of a man dressed in sailor-fashion, and pressing her lips to his neck, from which the blood was flowing. The pure snow was crimson-stained; and Mrs. Marvel, in an agony of fear, falling on her knees by Minnie's side, looked into the face of the wounded man, and recognized the features of her sailor-boy just returned from sea.

Upon this Christmas Eve Solomon Fewster sat in his room in gloomy and unhappy mood; he had declined the invitation given him by Mrs. Marvel because she had suggested that all were watching joyfully for Joshua's return, which great event he had no mind to celebrate. His jealousy of this expected paragon had been fanned into a white heat by the Lascar's persistent cunning, while through his intercourse with Joshua's family he was enabled to keep the other informed regarding the expected traveler.

The reveries of Mr. Fewster were broken in upon by the abrupt entrance of his low-lived confederate, a glance at whom convinced him that some dark deed had been committed. And graphically the desperate ruffian recounted that evening's work, which he had watched and waited to accomplish during four years. The other listened without compunction, but yet with some dismay, for he foresaw some danger to himself lurking in possible discovery of the would-be assassin and his accomplice.

"Master, have I done well?"

"It doesn't matter whether I say you have done well or ill; so to save argument I say you have done well. Now, attend. If what you have done to-night should turn out to be—"

"Say murder, master," said the Lascar, seeing that Mr. Fewster hesitated to speak plainly. "I don't mind."

"If it should turn out to be that, have you considered that you are in danger?"

"I haven't thought of it, master, and that's a fact. But if I am in danger, so are you."

"That may or may not be."

"True, master; but, at all events, I could ruin your chances with pretty Ellen Taylor."

"What satisfaction would that be to you?"

"Every satisfaction," said the Lascar with a kindling eye. "If anyone hurts me, I hurt him."

"As you have hurt Joshua Marvel because he hurt you. Don't forget that, please; I don't intend to forget it. If this is to be a fair argument, let it be fair. If it is to be acting, let it be acting. What I have done to-night is half for me and half for you: equal shares."

The night closed with the two conspirators on either side of Fewster's fireplace, the Lascar stretched upon the floor, the other brooding in his chair.

Solomon Fewster spoke not another word that night. The Lascar, made drowsy by the glare from the fire, courted sleep; and it came to him, as it comes to better men. And Solomon Fewster sat, looking down upon the form of the man who could blast his good name by a word, and thought—what? Once during the night the Lascar awoke with a shiver. The fire had gone out; but Solomon Fewster was still sitting at the table with a haggard look upon his face, as if he had suddenly grown old.

For a long time the doctor feared for Joshua's life; but good nursing and a strong constitution were in his favor, and slowly he regained his health and strength. While he hovered between life and death he had, in addition to the devotion of his mother and sister, that of the gentle Ellen, who was ever on hand to offer timely aid, and of the adoring Minnie, who begged to be allowed to watch beside the sufferer.

"You may thank this young lady for saving your son's life," the doctor had said half a dozen times to Mrs. Marvel, "for if she hadn't stopped the flow of blood with her lips, all the doctors in London could not have saved him."

And Minnie locked herself into her room and wept for joy, crying: "I have saved his life! Oh, what happiness! I could die now, I am so happy!"

And when the invalid learned all about it, he called Minnie to his side, declaring that he owed his life to her, but that he never could repay her, and then he kissed her affectionately and she crept away joyfully.

All were completely mystified regarding the assassin who had struck the blow. Joshua declared that he was without enemies and was therefore convinced that he had been attacked by some thug who intended to rob him. As he slowly recovered, he watched with ever-increasing interest for the approach of Ellen, who seemed to him to possess all feminine perfections.

Solomon Fewster came often to inquire for the invalid, meanwhile wishing devoutly that he would die, and gaining little comfort from Ellen's cheery accounts of Joshua's gradual recovery.

These three months of convalescence were pronounced by Joshua the most delicious of his life, surrounded as he was by loving hearts all bent upon ministering to his slightest need. And best of all were those delightful hours spent with Dan and his dear friend's sister Ellen; since childhood they had been a most harmonious trio, and now Dan saw with joy the realization of his hope that Joshua would find in Ellen the woman of his choice.

Hardly a word was said in this ideal courtship; but these two, so naturally suited to each other, grew gradually nearer until the day came when Joshua led Ellen to Mr. and Mrs. Marvel and made known their engagement, an announcement that was hailed joyfully by all the household.

And Dan with grateful happiness confided to Joshua his own hopes in regard to Minnie, whom he had long loved dearly; and in his new-found happiness, Joshua, blind to Minnie's preference for himself, encouraged his friend in his cherished dream.

Joshua's health restored, the time approached for his departure once more for sea. He found himself installed as third mate on the *Merry Andrew* and was soon very busily employed in superintending cargo. While these last days were to all outward appearance truly happy ones, shadowed only by thoughts of the approaching separation, an undercurrent of suspicion and anxiety was at work in this circle of seemingly united friends. The watchful eye of Basil Kindred discerned a change in the bearing of his daughter Minnie, which he at once attributed to her fondness for the handsome young sailor; he and Susan watching for any indication of a tendency on Joshua's part to

play with the feelings of this emotional girl, easily misconstrued various chance incidents and were convinced that while betrothed to Ellen, Joshua was also making love to Minnie.

The shrewd Old Sailor, who was a keenly interested spectator in the drama enacting among these young people, decided to straighten out the snarl which seemed to him to need a bit of outside manipulation; he therefore had a confidential talk with Joshua and opened his eyes to the fact that all Dan's hopes must come to naught while Minnie showed such decided preference for himself.

The young sailor was forced to realize that this was true, and appealed to this faithful friend for a solution to the problem, at which the other bade Joshua marry Ellen at once, thus placing matters upon a permanent footing. Minnie, he said, would soon relinquish this luckless fancy when she knew that Ellen was Joshua's wife; she would turn naturally to Dan, who loved her dearly and all would then be well.

It took small urging to make this plan acceptable to Joshua, who soon convinced his sweetheart that such a step was wise for all; and the result was a quiet wedding, attended by Joshua's parents only, and arranged by the Old Sailor while Ellen was on a little visit to his friends. After a three days' honeymoon Joshua reluctantly tore himself from his lovely bride and embarked on the *Merry Andrew*, while Ellen returned to her home to tell Dan of the unexpected wedding.

While Ellen's confession to her brother trembled on her lips she was confronted by the strange tidings that Minnie had disappeared; she had been traced to the seaboard and it was rumored that she had embarked upon the *Merry Andrew*. This rumor was confirmed by a spiteful communication from Joshua's old enemy, the Lascar, who, still pursuing the object of his vengeance, had shipped aboard the ill-fated vessel, which was destined never to reënter the home port.

This parting scrawl sent to that fellow-conspirator Solomon Fewster was immediately presented by him to the Marvel household, where it created some consternation. The note stated that Joshua Marvel had run away with the young woman, who had embarked at the last moment upon the *Merry Andrew*.

This news, which was blithely conveyed by Fewster, had not

the damaging effect which he anticipated; for the bride's confidence in her husband remained unshaken, and neither Dan nor Joshua's parents placed any faith in the atrocious accusation which all declared came from some enemy. Announcing that they would wait with patience for the day when Joshua should return to clear his name from all aspersions, those nearest to him took up their daily tasks with cheerful resignation, though they could not escape the nagging of unfriendly tongues, nor wholly prevent the cruel gossip which cut them to the heart.

True it was that the impulsive Minnie, inconsolable at the thought of being separated from the man she loved, and having no inkling of the fact that he was Ellen's husband, had offered her services as maid to the wife of the captain and was numbered among the passengers on board the *Merry Andrew*, bound for Australia.

But Joshua was quite in ignorance of Minnie's presence on the ship until many days afterward, when she shared with him the awful perils of shipwreck, and was with the few survivors stranded upon the wild Australian coast to wander hopelessly for months and to dwell among savage people.

In the mean time the Lascar, still cherishing his early hatred, had tried on various occasions to wreak vengeance upon Joshua, who had been saved by the watchfulness of the woman who was his brave companion in suffering and hardships.

One day the brutal Lascar was found dead in the forest; and on his person papers were discovered incriminating his accomplice Fewster.

Several years had elapsed before the shipwrecked man stood once more in the presence of those that loved and ever trusted him. He came at last when they most needed him, to clasp his sweet wife to his heart and to behold his little daughter; also to pronounce judgment upon the evil Fewster, who was still dogging Ellen's footsteps.

With bitter sorrow Joshua told them that Minnie was no more; and before he would embrace his loved ones he bade them listen to the story of all that had befallen him, in order that he might stand before them freed from any unjust suspicion.

With upraised hand he checks them from speaking; but he sees in their faces what gives him precious comfort. "When I

went away from Gravesend," he says in a soft and gentle voice, "I had no knowledge that Minnie was aboard. When we got to Sydney I did not know it. My duties occupied all my time. We sailed from Sydney, and I was still in ignorance. But on the night the *Merry Andrew* struck on the rocks I heard her voice for the first time. I suppose she thought that we were lost, and in her agony she made herself known to me; but I did not see her—the night was too dark. When I saw her the next day, I saw to my amazement that she had stained her face, and that her hair was not so long as she used to wear it. We were together on the raft. We were together on the shore. She was one of the seven who were saved. We lived together like brother and sister. When the savages discovered us, they had a strange fancy respecting her, and she obtained great influence over them. She used all her influence to protect me; and but for her I should have lived and died where the tribe we fell among chiefly wandered, many hundreds of miles from here." He takes from his bag Ellen's portrait, the lock of hair he had cut before he left Gravesend, and Dan's Bible. He places these on one side. "What is left, Dan, is yours. This tress, cut not many weeks ago; this paper, which she desired me to give you, and which I have never read; this earth which I gathered from her grave! Before she died, she sent you all her dearest love, and a kiss for mother, Dan, and Ellen. She died pure as she had lived, dear, faithful, mistaken heart! As I hope for redemption, I speak the truth. If you believe me, take me to your hearts again, and let me live in them as I know I once lived!"

As he once lived! as he had always lived! They cluster around him, and kiss him, and sob over him. Had he not been saved from the deep—aye, and from greater perils—to comfort them? And they put his little daughter in his arms, who says, hearing that he is her father, "Has God sent my father back? God is very good."

GEORGE MANVILLE FENN

(England, 1831)

THE MASTER OF THE CEREMONIES (1886)

This story was one of the earlier of the many novels, short tales, and sketches published by this author, and has always been popular in England.

HEN George the Third was king and his handsome, dissolute son was called the first gentleman of Europe, Saltinville was a fashionable seaside resort, and its most prominent resident was Stuart Denville, Esq., the Master of the Ceremonies. He was a handsome, elderly gentleman with a delicate, refined face; and his attire and manners were irreproachable. His title had been conferred by common consent only, yet the management of all formal social affairs was entrusted to him; and no aspirant to society could hope to enter without Mr. Denville's permission and assistance.

Nevertheless, the Master of the Ceremonies was as unhappy as any pauper in Saltinville. He had no private fortune; his income consisted only of fees from persons who availed themselves of his services; yet he was obliged to keep up appearances, and he had children whom he longed to establish in the social rank to which they had been born. He had no vices; snuff was his only indulgence; yet he was always in debt to tradesmen and money-lenders, and he was often so short of money that his table was insufficiently supplied. The wages of his servants were always in arrears; he was too poor to purchase the discharge of his elder son, who had taken to drink and enlisted as a private soldier, too poor to furnish his home properly for his daughter Claire, who was admired by everyone, yet could not return any social civilities extended to her.

When his one rightful expectation was deferred month after month and with no assurance that it would be fulfilled at a definite date, Mr. Denville became desperate. He had for tenant of the first floor of his house old Lady Teigne; the demands of her table compelled him to rob his own; yet she had deferred payment, time after time, for more than half a year, although she was so rich that she had a large casket of jewels always in her rooms. The sale of a single diamond from her cross, tiara, or necklace, might cancel her indebtedness to Mr. Denville; other women of fashion temporarily without ready money often sold or pawned precious stones, replacing them with imitations, and nobody was the wiser.

Her ladyship's jewels were always in plain view when the Master of the Ceremonies entered the apartment; and thoughts of what good use might be made of them, were they his own, began to haunt his poverty-tortured mind. The sale of a few of the larger stones, to be replaced with paste, would enable him to pay his debts, live comfortably, remove his scapegrace son from the army, buy a commission for his younger son, dress Claire well, and probably marry her well; for many men admired her greatly, although she had not formally entered society.

Slowly these fancies changed to temptations. The old woman always slept under the influence of opiates; the jewel-casket was always on her table; her room was not difficult to enter; suppose he were to secure the casket, remove some of the stones and replace them with imitations? The owner's old eyes would never discover the change. He repelled the temptation: better, to a gentleman in poverty, was the razor or the pistol than theft. But the temptation returned whenever he saw the jewels or encountered one of his creditors.

One night Claire was roused from sleep by a cry for help; her father also heard it, for he was still dressed. They entered Lady Teigne's room, to find the occupant smothered to death with a pillow; the jewels were gone, and some disarranged furniture and an open window indicated the course of the thief. Denville snatched something from the floor, but not before Claire saw that it was a clasp-knife, which her father secreted in the breast of his dressing-gown.

The old man's face suddenly grew gray and strained; his

eyes were averted, yet looked as if they were beholding something horrible. Quickly regaining his self-control, he insisted that Claire should forget what she had seen him take from the floor. His manner startled the girl and perplexed her; but when his countenance began to display shame, horror, and fear, she shrank from him. She had known every detail of the long, dreary procession of family embarrassments; she had shared her father's humiliations, but now—that he could have stooped to theft and murder—oh, the horror and disgrace of it!

Weeks passed before they again met face to face; even then the old man looked as if he were haunted by the soul of the murdered woman. The authorities found no clue to the criminal, the jewels could not be traced. Denville was not suspected of the crime; he continued to discharge his duties as Master of the Ceremonies with his customary grace and self-possession; but his home manner changed. He forbade his soldier-son the house and his father's presence, and forbade Claire to see the boy, who was attached to a dragoon regiment in the town—although only he and his family knew it. Claire hoped to win him back to self-respect, but he had gone from bad to worse through drink, until he had become soldier-servant to Major Rockley, a gay, arrogant *roué* who frequently annoyed Claire with gallant attentions.

If Denville stole the jewels he feared to realize on them, for his financial torments remained unabated. He was so hopeless of bettering his own condition that he urged his younger son to marry a rich widow, who would gladly have had him for her husband, though she was old enough to be his grandmother; Denville was also willing to give Claire to the rich Lord Carboro, who was old and rakish, yet held Claire in great respect and wished her to be his wife.

Claire declined the offer, but sorrows pressed upon her until life seemed unendurable. Her sister May, a weak beauty who had married well, confessed to an earlier and clandestine marriage; the husband, an Italian, had returned to his native country and was believed to have died; but there was a child by the marriage, and Claire's attentions to it, to save the mother from exposure, were misconstrued by Saltinville rumor. Richard Linnell, the only gentleman for whom Claire had manifested

any regard, ceased to notice her; but when Major Rockley endeavored to carry her off by force, Linnell saved her and fought a duel with Rockley in consequence. Denville's butler, body-servant, and man-of-all work attempted to leave, and when the old man tried to prevent him, although unable to pay his overdue wages, the man made some insinuations, followed by the charge, before witnesses, that the Master of the Ceremonies was the robber and murderer of Lady Teigne.

Denville was arrested and thrown into prison. Some of his patrons and friends hastened to him and offered to provide counsel to conduct his defense. But the old man declined; he preferred that the law should take its course. He made no confession; he expressed no fear of a hereafter, but remained apathetic except when he earnestly wished himself in another world and at rest. He was deaf to the entreaties of Claire and her younger brother, now a junior officer in the dragoon regiment to which his soldier-brother and Major Rockley belonged; deaf, too, to the expostulations of men of title and position who believed him innocent.

Apparently his remaining earthly days would be but few; so Claire begged her scapegrace brother, whose heart was right whenever he was sober, to visit the prisoner and attempt a reconciliation. Fred did as Claire requested; but his father received him with scorn and loathing, then startled him with the true story of the murder. Confessing that he had often been tempted to obtain what was due him from Lady Teigne by substituting imitations for one or more of her diamonds, he said his temptation had become still greater; he determined to secure enough of them to relieve him from his distress of debt and poverty; he would regard them only as a loan, to be restored when his long lane should have its turning. He entered her room for the purpose; but by the dim light of the night-taper he saw that the robbery had already been committed, and followed by a more horrible crime. He saw the robber, with the jewel-casket in his hand—saw a familiar figure in the uniform of the dragoon regiment. He attacked the wretch, weak old man though he was, and struggled with him; but he was overpowered and the robber dashed away and through the window. When he returned to the room with Claire he could no longer doubt the

identity of the robber; for the knife he found on the floor and hid from Claire was Fred Denville's own—there was no other like it; for it bore the initials of a fisherman from whom Fred had obtained it.

The horrified soldier professed innocence, yet admitted that the crime might have been his, although he knew nothing about it. He knew of the existence of Lady Teigne's jewels; he longed incessantly for money with which to gratify his craving for liquor. In his earlier wild days he had so often entered his home late at night, by climbing a column of the veranda and opening a window, that others had seen him do it. What he did when fully under the influence of liquor he never knew afterward except by hearsay; many misdeeds had been proved against him of which he had no remembrance whatever. Probably he had been tempted to steal the jewels, had entered the house in the old familiar manner, alarmed her ladyship, tried to stifle her cries and unintentionally killed her. The jewels were not in his possession; they had never been, but he had not seen his knife since the night of the murder, when he had thrown himself down in the quarters of Major Rockley, his officer-master, to sleep off the effects of too much liquor. And now his father was deliberately going to the gallows to save a son who to a long career of disobedience and disgrace had added a horrible double crime! It should not be! He would confess, save his parent, and let the law rid the world of himself.

But another family duty suddenly required his attention. His sister May's first husband had not died; he reappeared unexpectedly, and demanded his wife from Claire. The wife, to save herself from exposure, consented to elope with Major Rockley, with whom she had been flirting, and who was himself in such desperate financial straits from overindulgence at cards that he was glad of a pretense to leave the country. The preparations for the affair were made with extreme secrecy; yet they became known to several persons, one of whom was the Italian husband, who followed his wife to the rendezvous and stabbed her. Fred attacked the major on the public parade and gave him a sound beating. Death was the army penalty for striking an officer; so Fred was put in charge of some guards with loaded carbines. To avoid the gallows he pretended to

attempt an escape; a volley was fired and he fell mortally wounded; but before he died he called witnesses and confessed the crime for which his father had been imprisoned.

During Claire's long period of misery, her best friend had been a simple, coarse, but honest and great-hearted woman who was the wife of the local money-lender. One day, to divert the girl's mind from her troubles, this woman begged Claire to assist her in arranging a lot of jewels which her husband had obtained by purchase or loans. Over these Claire suddenly gasped:

"Lady Teigne's diamonds!"

Claire knew them well, for she had often arranged them for their owner. She was assured that she was mistaken; for the supposed gems were not diamonds, but mere paste; the money-lender had purchased them, for a few shillings, from a fisherman who had taken them with his trawl from the sand near the end of the pier. The fisherman was quickly interrogated by old Denville's friends; yes, he had found them in the water, where they were thrown, late one night, while he was silently fishing from a staging under the pier. The man who threw them smoked so good a cigar that the fisherman peeped upward, through a hole in the floor of the pier, to see who he might be. At that instant the smoker struck a fresh light for his cigar, by which the watcher saw his face. He was Major Rockley.

The Major was soon arrested on a magistrate's warrant. Accompanied by brother officers and the constables, he went to his quarters for some necessaries, but the only one he selected was a pistol with which he instantly shot himself. This tacit confession, corroborated by the fisherman's story and the fact that the major had had easy access to a dragoon private's uniform and his drunken soldier-servant's knife, led to the acquittal and rehabilitation of the Master of the Ceremonies, who thereafter was held in heightened esteem for the heroism with which he had endured his public humiliation. Claire married Richard Linnell, who never forgave himself the many doubts that circumstances had imposed on him regarding the girl; and the heartiest and most substantial well-wisher of the happy couple was rich old Lord Carboro, who had first loved Claire for her beauty and afterward revered her for the womanly qualities that prompted her to decline his offer of marriage.

FANNY FERN

(SARAH PAYSON PARTON)

(United States, 1811–1872)

RUTH HALL (1868)

This was the second novel by the author, and was a partial biography and autobiography, many of its incidents being taken from her own life and those of her friends. The character of Hyacinth is supposed to be that of the author's brother, Nathaniel P. Willis, poet, essayist, and novelist.

IT was midnight; and Ruth sat at her window looking out upon the waters of the bay sparkling in the moonlight. On the morrow Ruth would be a bride. Her childhood had been anything but happy, and now she was vainly trying to look into the future. Her brother Hyacinth was handsome and gifted; Ruth had believed herself to be plain, and as a child she had longed for love. She but dimly remembered her mother who had been dead many years; but she remembered enough to know that her father had not made her mother happy.

Ruth had spent three years at a boarding-school; and now it was the night before her bridal. Everyone thought it odd in Ruth to have only the family at the wedding.

The young couple went to live with Harry's mother, old Mrs. Hall. She could not understand why her son had married; she made his shirts and mended his socks, and he used to think her perfect. If he had married a practical woman she would not have cared; but that little yellow-haired simpleton!

Harry's father was a physician, and a narrow-minded, dogmatic person. His wife was much the same as he was; but on one point they always agreed: "Son Harry" was infallible, and the only foolish thing he ever did was to marry.

Dr. and Mrs. Hall were very economical, and abhorred everything frivolous. Ruth's natural curls and dainty toilets were a trial to the old lady. Harry saw that his wife was not happy, and he revolved plans for a separate home.

Soon after Ruth's first child was born, Harry took her to a home of their own. Ruth danced about from room to room with the careless glee of a happy child; she felt as free as the birds.

It was not long before the old people moved into a house near their son's, and Mrs. Hall made as much trouble for Ruth as she could, prying about her house, and finding fault, while the old doctor countermanded Harry's order to his gardeners. These two old people had no patience with Ruth's beauty, youth, and vivacity. They refused to believe that Harry was happy; Ruth had bewitched him, and they could not understand how she had done it.

Little Daisy was taken ill with croup one winter night, and the gardener was sent for old Dr. Hall, who refused to come. Then Harry went for his father and brought him. But it was too late, and the child died.

Immediately after Daisy's death Ruth and her husband sold their home and moved away. Eight years later they were at a seaside resort with their two children, Katy and Nettie. There was little in the artificial atmosphere of the place that was congenial with a nature like Ruth's. In all the motley crowd there was but one person who interested her.

October had come, coy and chill in the morning. The gay butterflies of fashion had already spread their shriveled wings for the warmer atmosphere of the city. Harry and Ruth still lingered. The former was taken with a chill which soon developed into typhus fever. Ruth refused to have a nurse and took entire care of her husband. Dr. and Mrs. Hall came to the hotel to see their son, and when the doctor was told that Harry was worse he said it was because he had not been there to prescribe for him. He went in to see his son, and told him that he could not live the day out. The shock was a great one to the sick man, and he died in a few hours.

A Mr. Kendall at the hotel spoke to Hyacinth and told him he had become attached to Ruth and her husband during the

summer, and he had learned that through the failure of persons for whom Mr. Hall had become responsible, there would be nothing left for the widow and children after his affairs were settled. He and some friends of Mr. Hall wished to make up a purse for Ruth. Hyacinth thanked him, and assured him that he and his father were abundantly able to supply every want of Ruth and her children.

Mr. Ellet, Ruth's father, called to see Dr. Hall to ask him to assist in the support of Ruth and her children. The old doctor offered to take the children and bring them up, but he would not permit any interference from Ruth. But Ruth refused to part with her children.

Dr. Hall sent for Mr. Ellet to say that the people in the church were saying hard things about them, and he had decided to make Ruth an allowance if he, Mr. Ellet, would contribute a similar sum. After much persuasion Mr. Ellet consented, for fear he might be disciplined by his church if he should refuse.

Ruth and her children went to live in one room in a boarding-house in the city, and Ruth tried to get work. Her rich cousin, Mrs. Millet, permitted her to do her washing at her house.

Ruth was unsuccessful in obtaining work, and one day she thought she would try writing for the newspapers and magazines. Hyacinth was the editor of the *Irving Magazine,* and she sent several articles to him. He returned them with a curt note, telling her she had no talent, and advising her to seek some unobtrusive employment. A bitter smile struggled with the hot tear that fell upon Ruth's cheek. She felt that she had the ability to write, and she made up her mind that she would persist until she should succeed.

Old Mrs. Hall was determined to get one or both of Ruth's children, and, hearing that Katy was looking ill, she drove into the city in her old chaise to see Ruth. She asked her to let Katy make her a visit for a week or two, and promised the child a pony to ride, and various other amusements. Katy was finally won over and consented to make the visit, and the old chaise was again set in motion for home.

Ruth had found employment. Her manuscripts had been accepted at the office of *The Standard.* One day the editor,

Mr. Lescom, told Ruth that her articles were copied into many of his exchanges; "a good test of your popularity," he said to her. He also told her that he was securing new subscribers on account of her contributions. When Ruth asked for an increase of pay on the strength of what he had told her, he joked, and said that was "just like a woman."

Ruth went to the editor of *The Pilgrim* and showed him her articles in *The Standard* signed "Floy," and asked if he would like contributions from her pen. He engaged her to write two articles a week for his paper, at a small sum.

Months passed and "Floy's" fame as a writer increased. All sorts of rumors were rife about her; some people thought her a man; others a disappointed old maid, and some said she was a designing widow.

Mr. John Walter, editor of the *Household Messenger*, had been interested in "Floy's" articles from the appearance of the first one, and had wondered who she could be; for his wife had told him she was sure that "Floy" was a woman, and her belief coincided with his own. He wrote to "Floy," telling her he admired her articles, and that if she would inform him what pay she received for her work for *The Standard* and *The Pilgrim*, and if he could afford to pay her an equal sum, he would make her an offer to write exclusively for his paper. She wrote him frankly about her affairs, and his reply came very promptly, offering her generous pay for one article a week for one year, and enclosing a contract, which he requested her to sign and send back to him by return of mail, if she agreed to it. Ruth did agree to it, and signed and returned the paper as requested.

Soon she had an offer from a publishing house to collect her newspaper articles into a volume. She accepted the offer, deciding not to sell her copyright. She had corresponded with Mr. Walter for several days when he called to see her. He was deeply interested in her past life, and approved of her decision in regard to her book. When the book appeared it made a great success, some of the critics going so far as to call the author a genius.

It had been raining for several days, and the water had soaked into old Dr. Hall's cellar, as the old man discovered when he went down for his "eleven o'clock mug of cider." He

told his wife to send Bridget down to get some hams stored there "before they are clean sp'iled." Bridget refused to go, so Mrs. Hall told Katy she must go and get the hams. Katy was afraid to go down into the cellar, and begged them not to send her. Suddenly the child felt her mother's arms about her. The old lady was very angry, and told the doctor to order Ruth out of the house, as she had had enough meddling, and did not wish Ruth to cross her threshold again. Ruth told her that neither she nor her child would cross it again. The old doctor taunted Ruth with her poverty, and told her that the law says if the mother cannot support her children, the grandparents should do it.

"The mother *can*—the mother *will*," said Ruth. She carried Katy to the carriage where were Mr. Walter and Nettie. The carriage drove on and stopped at a handsome hotel, where Ruth intended to stay for a month. Mr. Walter was to return in a few weeks, and said that he should be most happy to escort her to her new home then.

Ruth's rich relatives were anxious to be friendly with her now that she was famous, but she quietly ignored them at every opportunity.

Mr. Walter returned at the expected time, and our traveling party entered the carriage in waiting, and proceeded on their way. They were going to Harry's grave. Old emotions were thronging thick and fast upon Ruth. There was a vacant place left by the side of Harry, and Ruth's eyes rested on it—then on her children—then on Mr. Walter.

"So help me God!" reverently murmured the latter, interpreting the mute appeal.

As the carriage drove away a little bird trilled forth a song as sweet and clear as the lark at heaven's own blessed gate.

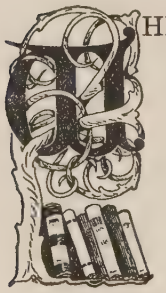
"Accept the omen, dear Ruth," said Mr. Walter. "Life has much of harmony yet in store for you."

SUSAN EDMONSTONE FERRIER

(Scotland, 1782–1854)

THE INHERITANCE (1824)

William Blackwood, the publisher of *The Inheritance*, relates that Sir Walter Scott, an intimate friend of Miss Ferrier, spoke of it in the highest terms and entered so much into the spirit of the book and the characters that the impression it had made on him was evident. In reply to a criticism that the incident of Miss Pratt's arrival at Rossville Castle in the hearse was overdrawn, Miss Ferrier herself said that the incident was founded on an actual occurrence. Like Miss Ferrier's first novel, *Marriage*, *The Inheritance* was translated into French not long after its publication.



HEN the Honorable Thomas St. Clair, the youngest son of the Earl of Rossville, married Miss Black, a young woman of low birth and no fortune, his family refused to receive his wife and granted him an allowance only on condition that he should dwell abroad; and accordingly the St. Clairs took up their residence in France. Several years passed; and after Mr. St. Clair's eldest brother, who was childless, had succeeded his father, and his other brothers had all died, leaving him heir presumptive to the Rossville title and estates, the birth of a daughter to Mrs. St. Clair was announced. However, the St. Clairs remained abroad until this daughter, Gertrude, reached the age of nineteen, when, on Mr. St. Clair's death, she and her mother repaired to Rossville Castle on command of the Earl.

The Earl had three nephews, sons of his sisters: Mr. Delmour, who was looked upon by all the family as a rising statesman; Colonel Delmour, his younger brother, a handsome spendthrift and gambler; and Edward Lyndsay, of Lynwood, the possessor of a family estate, not large, but sufficient to his needs had it not been heavily encumbered to pay the gambling debts

of his cousin, Colonel Delmour. These three young men arrived at Rossville Castle shortly after Mrs. and Miss St. Clair. Mr. Delmour had been selected by the Earl as his niece's future husband; but though the fact was well understood in the family, nothing was said to Gertrude, who would, the Earl expected, acquiesce in his plans for her future when he should see fit to announce them. Colonel Delmour went to Rossville determined to marry the future Countess of Rossville; and, while the Earl and Mr. Delmour were engrossed in the coming election, he succeeded in winning Gertrude's heart by his handsome presence and charming address. Yet when their attachment was confessed, he would not allow Gertrude to tell even her mother; for he knew that if the Earl found that he was a suitor for the hand of his brother's destined bride he would be in deep disgrace. He trusted that Gertrude's love for him would lead her to refuse his brother, endure the ignominy that would result from opposition to the Earl's wishes, and finally, when the matter was over, marry him.

Shortly after Gertrude's arrival at Rossville Miss Pratt, a distant connection of the family, called attention to the strong resemblance Gertrude bore to a painting of a celebrated beauty, Lizzie Lundie, a huntsman's daughter, whom an artist employed in his youth by the late Earl had painted as Diana. This resemblance gained for Gertrude the favor of Mrs. St. Clair's uncle, Mr. Ramsay, who had loved Lizzie in his youth, but who had found, when he returned to Scotland with the fortune he had gone to seek, that she had married and died. The thought of her remained one gentle spot in Mr. Ramsay's somewhat bitter nature.

One day as Gertrude and her mother were returning from calls on Mrs. St. Clair's relatives, the carriage stopped in the village; and a keen-eyed man, handsome, though rather ill-kempt, after scrutinizing them came up and asked Mrs. St. Clair to step aside and speak with him. When she returned she was much agitated, and, commanding Gertrude to be silent on the event as she valued her mother's life, explained that the stranger was Lewiston, the husband of Gertrude's nurse, who considered that he had a claim upon them and demanded money, which they were to take to him that evening by stealth. Ger-

trude protested against submitting to such a demand; but her mother flew into a passion, and threatened that her death would follow her daughter's disobedience in the matter. After Mrs. St. Clair had given Lewiston the money, she asked Gertrude to go forward and speak with him; but the insolent familiarity of his address, and his hint that he possessed some right to control her, so frightened Gertrude that she screamed for help; and Edward Lyndsay came to her assistance. The next day Gertrude's recollection of the scene was vague; but she taxed her mother with having led her to insult and humiliation.

The gossip of Miss Pratt, who had misinterpreted some conversation between Lyndsay and Gertrude that she had overheard, to the effect that the heiress of Rossville had bestowed her affections, not upon Mr. Delmour but upon Mr. Lyndsay, and that Colonel Delmour had been refused, reached the Earl, who at once explained to Gertrude her destiny and demanded her obedience in accepting Mr. Delmour as her husband. Gertrude at length admitted that her heart was given to Colonel Delmour, whereupon the Earl, enraged, threatened that unless she consented within three months to become Mr. Delmour's wife he would, by breaking the entail, leave her penniless. The Colonel had left the castle some days before this occurred; and now when she heard nothing from her lover, though she did not believe that his fidelity could be shaken by the Earl's threat, yet Gertrude was restlessly anxious. Mrs. St. Clair had already gained her daughter's promise not to marry before the age of twenty-one; and now, having been hostile all along to Colonel Delmour, she tried to persuade her to renounce the man who could, at such a crisis, leave her in doubt as to his sentiments. But Gertrude, under the influence of a wayward and domineering passion, would not heed her and even when she learned that he had sailed from England with his regiment, after a first burst of indignation, she felt that though there must have been deceit somewhere, it could not have been on his part.

One day as Gertrude was out walking in the grounds of the castle, Lewiston appeared and again frightened her by his mysterious hints of power over her, and again Edward Lyndsay rescued her. She wished to explain to her cousin the circum-

stances that were so strange; but her lack of definite knowledge and her promise to her mother made it impossible; yet Lyndsay declared that he had faith in her, though he feared she was not in good hands, and said that she must consider him her friend, her brother, for any service he could render her.

When Mrs. St. Clair paid Lewiston the money he demanded, it was on the understanding that he would return to America and trouble her no more; still when she read an account of the wreck of the vessel in which he had said he should sail, in which was given a description of a body washed ashore that corresponded in every way with Lewiston, she could not conceal her relief, particularly as the wreck occurred shortly after the death of the Earl of Rossville.

The Earl left no settlements, having destroyed his original ones and delayed the execution of those he contemplated, which would have excluded Gertrude save as the wife of Mr. Delmour; and Gertrude succeeded to everything.

Among her uncle's papers Gertrude found his correspondence with Colonel Delmour, in which the Earl told his nephew of his decision to disinherit Gertrude unless she carried out his wishes, and offered to pay his nephew's debts and give him ten thousand pounds provided he would agree never to marry Miss St. Clair. The Colonel's reply was to the effect that though he could not consider the proposal a moment were his own interests alone at stake, he could not endure the thought of reducing the adored object of his affections to poverty, and allowing her to sacrifice so much for him; yet the idea of resigning her was destruction; therefore he must have time for consideration.

This correspondence Gertrude carried in triumph to her mother; for her generous, confiding heart believed every assertion of her lover; and the contest with Mrs. St. Clair which ensued, when the latter tried to point out the evidences of self-interest and cupidity in the Colonel's attitude, merely strengthened Gertrude in her opinion. Yet meanwhile her ardent and enthusiastic nature fell into dependence on Lyndsay's judgment and rectitude and was gradually assuming the habit of implicit deference to his views in the discharge of the duties of her new position. He had too much honor and delicacy, however, to assume any authority; yet he tried to impress upon her a

comprehension of her responsibilities. Under his tutelage various improvements were planned; and, although during this intercourse a vague suspicion that Lyndsay loved her sometimes crossed Gertrude's mind, yet the idea was always dispelled, and he consented to act as one of her guardians with her mother and two of their kinsmen, Lord Millbank and Mr. Black.

Shortly after this matter was settled, Colonel Delmour came to Rossville, and, after a scene with Gertrude, in which he accused her of having forgotten and forsaken him for their cousin Lyndsay, which ended in reconciliation and in Gertrude's pledging herself to him anew, he settled down for a protracted stay. To Gertrude he dwelt on the unwillingness he had felt to reduce her to poverty and obscurity, and the mental struggles that harassed him, ascribing to disinterested affection what had proceeded from self-interest.

Lyndsay, who loved Gertrude, but with a love free from selfishness, was in despair at the conviction that Gertrude was lost, not only to him, but to the higher, happier destiny he desired for her. Mrs. St. Clair was indignant at Colonel Delmour's effrontery in coming to Rossville, and demanded that Gertrude dismiss him at once; but this the Countess refused to do; and her mother had to be content with open display of her hostility. All her relatives Colonel Delmour treated with such contemptuous discourtesy that at length her daughter began to feel ashamed of these connections, and was secretly pleased when Mr. Ramsay, a guest, closed his visit at Rossville.

The Colonel also assumed an attitude of such determined enmity toward Lyndsay, on the pretense that in his absence his cousin had tried to win Gertrude's love, that, through his influence, she withdrew from the familiar intercourse she had maintained with Lyndsay. But she refused, in spite of her lover's anger, to reconsider the question of his appointment as one of her guardians, and in this regard Delmour found that he had gone far enough; that, gentle and feminine as Gertrude was, his ascendancy over her mind must be gained more gradually than he had expected. But though his selfish, domineering spirit did not prevent Lyndsay from becoming a guardian of the Countess, it cut her off completely from his good influence;

and he sighed in bitterness of spirit as he saw Gertrude's nature, so pure, so generous, so amiable, being perverted and debased under the guidance she had chosen. When at last Gertrude's manner to him had become completely changed; when she avoided him and an air of constraint and embarrassment succeeded the open, confiding carelessness of their former intercourse; when all their plans were stopped or overturned for various schemes of useless extravagance and profusion, Lyndsay guessed the cause and returned home.

With despair Mrs. St. Clair saw Colonel Delmour's increasing ascendancy over her daughter, but feared to come to extremities with either, lest Gertrude be prevailed upon to unite herself to him, notwithstanding her promise. Finding that her remonstrances on the impropriety of Colonel Delmour's residing at Rossville had no effect to dislodge him, she decided to take Lady Rossville to London, declaring a change of air necessary to her health. In London, however, the Colonel introduced Gertrude to his friends; and under their tutelage she was soon in the vortex of elegant dissipation, became a fashionable celebrity, was hailed as a leader of every favorite folly, and became so unbounded in her extravagance that the building of the schoolhouse at Rossville had to be stopped for want of money. Mrs. St. Clair remonstrated to no purpose; she had never possessed the love of her daughter and now she had lost the control of authority.

One day Gertrude received a letter from Lyndsay telling her of the death of the parish minister of Rossville. This would enable her to appoint William Leslie, who wished to marry her cousin, Anne Black. The young people had known each other from childhood, but Anne's parents objected to her marrying a poor man; yet she hoped they would give their consent if William should be appointed to a living; and Gertrude, before her uncle's death, had promised to help her cousin.

When Colonel Delmour found that Gertrude was about to make this appointment he remonstrated on the ground that it would not be pleasant to have at her gates as the wife of a poor clergyman, a cousin to whom she would have to show courtesies that would not accord with their relative positions; and, when he had shaken Gertrude's intention, he informed her that he

had promised a friend, in return for his assistance in effecting a change into the Guards at Gertrude's request, that the first living his *fiancée* had to bestow should be given his tutor, who was a sort of a charge on the family. Gertrude was angered at this liberty and her feelings were severely wounded; but after a coldness and silence of several days she gave her lover the means of keeping his promise at the expense of hers.

When she made no reply to his communication, Lyndsay went to London and declared that he was come to disprove the report that she had given the living of Rossville to a superannuated *bon vivant* hanger-on of the Monteiths. Though Gertrude's heart was filled with shame and sorrow, her pride prevailed and she declared that it was not in her power to provide for William Leslie at that time; and, in answer to Lyndsay's reproach that she had withdrawn her confidence, she said that he should make allowance for her omissions in view of her London life.

"I do make allowance for them," said Lyndsay. "I know the dangers to your ardent, confiding, susceptible, but volatile nature; I do not reproach you with your neglect, your unkindness, your almost boundless extravagance; but broken promises and power misused—oh, Gertrude! What can make up for these?"

When he found that Gertrude was firm in her refusal to reconsider the appointment, he resigned his position as her guardian, a fact in which she almost rejoiced when at the end of the season she was startled at the magnitude of the sums she had expended. But shame at her conduct was increased when she received a letter from Anne saying that Mr. Lyndsay had secured through his interest a parish for William, and so had saved the Countess from disappointing the hopes she had raised.

When Gertrude and her mother returned to Rossville it was with the understanding that Colonel Delmour would follow them shortly; but he rather dreaded the dull family party there; for although he loved Gertrude as much as he could love anyone, he felt so secure in her affections that there was not even the stimulant of jealousy or uncertainty to give a zest to their intercourse. In fact, Colonel Delmour's heart and affections

were so jaded and sophisticated that to enact constantly the rôle of the sentimental lover was more than either his love or his philosophy could endure; so he delayed in London until he was frightened at his failure to receive any letter from Gertrude, and then hastened to Rossville.

The day of his arrival at the castle, to Mrs. St. Clair's horror and Gertrude's indignation, Lewiston appeared there and announced that he should make it his home for some time. Mrs. St. Clair, in violent agitation, declared to her daughter that she would destroy her if she should do anything to offend Lewiston, and implored her to be patient. Gertrude finally consented to endure his presence on her mother's threat to leave the house forever, though she refused to explain her fear of him. During that evening Gertrude suffered his vulgarity and insolence as best she could; but when Colonel Delmour came her heart was lightened, though she could not explain to him the mysterious tie that existed between her mother and the American. As the evening passed and Lewiston forced Gertrude to play cards with him, Delmour grew more and more angry. After several games Lewiston demanded that the Countess sing for him, and then Gertrude's passion rose.

"Gertrude!" entreated her mother. "Hear me but this once! For such a trifle would you drive me to destruction? It will come soon enough, spare me now!"

"Come what may, I care not," cried Lady Rossville; "I command that man to leave my house." And, wrenching herself from her mother's grasp, she left the room.

Presently Mrs. St. Clair followed her, crying:

"To-morrow must end it—oh, that the earth would cover me before to-morrow!"

When Delmour reproached Gertrude for enduring such indignity, she promised him that if Lewiston did not leave the house the next day he should take her from it. The Colonel suspected that Mrs. St. Clair was secretly married to Lewiston, and he felt that his interest would be greatly promoted if such were the case.

But the next day it was revealed to Gertrude that Lewiston was her father; that her father and mother had been in despair at the hopeless insignificance of their lot as outcast, childless

annuitants, when they met Marion La Motte, the daughter of Lizzie Lundie and the wife of Jacob Lewiston, an American trader, in Bordeaux. Mrs. Lewiston's husband had left her penniless, and she begged Mrs. St. Clair to be as a mother to her baby if she should die and leave it an orphan in a strange land. Mrs. St. Clair used every argument to induce her husband and Gertrude's mother to coöperate in her scheme to put forward Mrs. Lewiston's child as hers, the possible heiress to the Rossville title and estates, and at last succeeded. Gertrude's mother never heard again from her husband, but when she was dying she wrote a letter, explaining the fraud to him, which she confided to her priest, receiving his assurance never to divulge the contents of the letter save to her husband. After many years the priest went to America and there, meeting Jacob Lewiston, gave him the letter. Mrs. St. Clair begged Gertrude not to disclose this secret to anyone and implored forgiveness, which Gertrude refused her.

In an agony of humiliation Gertrude determined to tell Colonel Delmour at once, firmly believing that he would not despise or repudiate her. When, however, she told him the whole story of her birth, though he protested that he loved her, his pride, vanity, ambition, and self-interest determined him to renounce her, and, without a second interview, he left Rossville.

Lewiston felt confident that for her own sake Gertrude would not reveal her story to anyone, and threatened, if she disobeyed his commands, to take her with him to America; and Gertrude, terrified at his power over her, wondered why her lover had deserted her at a time when she so much needed his support and protection. In his stead, Lyndsay came to her aid, having heard that the man from whom he had twice rescued her was an inmate of Rossville. When he learned the facts of Gertrude's birth he declared that he would at once send someone to America to ascertain the identity of Lewiston and investigate his history. However, upon Lyndsay's promise of an annuity of fifty pounds Lewiston acknowledged that Gertrude's father, long dead, was his cousin. As he bore the same name, the priest had given him Marion's letter and, owing to his likeness to his cousin, he had been able to personate him.

For a time Gertrude, in her joy at finding that she was not

the daughter of the man she so abhorred, felt as if she were again restored to all she had lost. But soon the bitter thought arose again that she was still the fallen, degraded, dependent being, without a home nor any friend save one. In an agony of suspense she waited to hear from Colonel Delmour, to whom Lyndsay had written the truth; and while she waited news came of the death of Mr. Delmour. Though she heard of the event with mingled grief and awe, her heart bounded as the thought came that now her lover, as Earl of Rossville, was able to restore her to all she had lost. Days passed and at last Lyndsay put into her hands a letter, saying:

"Gertrude, I cannot now say what I feel; but if at any time you can think of me at all, think of me as your truest, firmest friend—as one who shares your every feeling."

The letter that the new Earl of Rossville had written to Lyndsay protested the writer's love for Gertrude, but declared that as he considered birth the most important of all distinctions; as the property of Rossville had not proved, during the past year, sufficient to support the dignity of the family, and large debts had been incurred, he felt compelled to relinquish his hopes. Meanwhile he desired that his adored Gertrude should remain at Rossville during his absence abroad, or, if she declined to do this, he wished Lyndsay to arrange everything for her in the most liberal manner. He closed with more protestation of his love, repetition of his confidence in hers, and the statement that his lawyers were taking steps to have his rights recognized.

Overcome at this treatment, Gertrude prepared immediately to leave Rossville, alive to but one feeling—that she had been deserted by him for whom she would have sacrificed the world itself, him whom every hallowed obligation, every principle of honor, every feeling of tenderness, had bound to her by ties she had considered indissoluble. Indignant that he had dared to wish her to be his pensioner, she longed to escape the degradation she felt she was enduring while she remained at Rossville.

When she was ready to depart and was in doubt where to find refuge, Mr. Ramsay came to offer a home to the granddaughter of Lizzie Lundie, his first and only love and his nearest relative, for he and Lizzie had been cousins-german. Gertrude

accepted his offer gladly, though she was too wretched even to feel pleasure at the discovery of a relative; and so he installed her as mistress of Broom Park, a fine estate which he had long owned but had left vacant in favor of a simple village dwelling.

Gertrude's state of high-wrought feeling brought on a fever from which she did not recover for many weeks; when finally she was able to see Lyndsay she stopped him when he would have declared his love for her. Yet as time went on his virtues and the fervor and disinterestedness of his attachment created for him a warm interest in her affections; and, long before the Earl of Rossville, who married a rich widow, fell in avenging his honor betrayed by his faithless wife, the bewildering glare of romantic passion ceased to shed its fair yet perishable luster on the horizon of her existence; but the calm radiance of piety and virtue brightened the course of a happy and a useful life. As the wife of Edward Lyndsay, Gertrude lived to bless the day that deprived her of her earthly Inheritance.

OCTAVE FEUILLET

(France, 1821–1890)

THE ROMANCE OF A POOR YOUNG MAN (1858)

This little tale, written during the days of Feuillet's early romanticism, in his Normandy home, before his removal to Paris, was published in 1858. It is the most complete example of his fondness for aristocratic qualities of good breeding, faith in nobility of soul, and belief in their success in life. It has been dramatized in both French and English, and was highly successful on both sides of the Atlantic.

PARIS, April 27, 185–.

WAS reared in luxury, in our great hereditary château. I studied law, was familiar in Paris, and after my mother's death traveled for a year, returning only to see my father suddenly die, and to find the estate dissipated by his extravagance, leaving but twenty thousand francs for me and my little sister Hélène, who was being educated in a convent. Old Monsieur Laubépin, our family notary, who kindly undertook to find me employment, came this evening to my garret-room, having secured me a place as steward to a wealthy family in Brittany, with a salary of six thousand francs.

CHÂTEAU DE LAROQUE (D'ARZ), May 1.

I left Paris yesterday, and with it my title of Marquis de Champecy d'Hauterive; I am now simply Maxime Odiot, this family knowing nothing of my birth or title. At this château I found my old friend's memorandum of its inhabitants correct:

"The wealthy grandfather, Monsieur Laroque, a famous old sailor and privateer, an invalid; Madame Laroque, French Creole, widow of his son, kind, romantic, about forty years old; Mademoiselle Marguerite Laroque, her daughter, aged twenty,

with some chimeras, a good soul; Madame Aubry, a second cousin, a sour-minded widow; Mademoiselle Hélouin, lady-companion, twenty-six, cultivated, character doubtful."

I was kindly received, and the various persons soon showed what I learned were their habitual moods. Madame Laroque began romantic lamentations over wealth and longings for privation, meantime indulging in a plenitude of softest cushions; Madame Aubry sharply argued with her; Mademoiselle Marguerite slightly raised her arched eyebrows, smiled disdainfully, and resumed a proud gravity; the old man was gruffly polite, but paid little attention to present affairs; and, after the many guests, I was assigned to conduct Mademoiselle Hélouin in to dinner, and so was in relations with all the household. One of the guests, a Monsieur de Bévallan, tall and rather dashing, I later learned, in the smoking-room, was regarded by the young fellows as a model of manners and refined wickedness. I did not like him, and soon excused myself, being shown by old Alain, the butler, across the park to the ancient tower appointed as my residence.

JULY 1.

The day after my arrival, following some hours over accounts, I went to the château to breakfast, being received as a member of the family, and finding M. de Bévallan the only guest, I incautiously permitted myself to exchange reminiscences of travel and of Paris with Madame Laroque, and on going off to inspect a distant farm foolishly chose to ride a very high-spirited horse — neither course being quite in consonance with the quality of my place as steward. But, as the days went on, I usually kept myself in the background, and spent many hours in my tower or about my duties, mostly refraining from the formal dinners and festive gatherings. Mademoiselle Marguerite seems a combination of contradictions. She is beautiful herself, yet satirizes all reference to beautiful things. With a rich contralto voice, if in singing she is led to show real feeling, she resents it in herself. Old Alain serves me well, and confides many things to me, among others the suit of M. de Bévallan for Mademoiselle Marguerite's hand, and his distrust of the man, together with the change that has affected the girl since the

affair has been recognized, though not settled, from a sweet gaiety to her present restlessness and contrariety.

JULY 25.

During this past month I have made a friend in Mademoiselle de Porhoët-Gaël, an old lady of eighty, last of a noble race, bearing nobly the burden of misfortune. This valued friend of the Laroques had sacrificed her means in the pursuit of a fortune left by a great-uncle of hers, in Spain, meaning to use this wealth in building a great cathedral. Remembering to have heard my father mention our family connection with her ancient stock, I once jestingly mentioned it, and consequently had to explain myself seriously, and beg her discretion as to my being a Champecy d'Hauterive. Thereafter she called me "cousin," and, as I took interest in her cathedral plans, pleased her with penciled decorations, and examined her files of family documents in search of proofs of the Spanish claim, I became a favorite visitor.

In the same month, however, I have made an enemy of Mademoiselle Hélouin. I saw that, as old Alain had intimated, M. de Bévallan was paying her secret attentions which could only mean evil, and I had been particular to treat her with sympathetic kindness, which, however, she interpreted as romantic attachment, and by questions forced me to disavow any such intention—to her mortification and resentment.

But there was worse. One day Mademoiselle Marguerite said to me that her mother was grateful for my kindness to their poor old neighbor, Mademoiselle de Porhoët.

"And your mother's daughter?" I asked laughingly.

"Oh, I am less enthusiastic. Your conduct to Mademoiselle de Porhoët looks well; but you may be currying favor with her in the hope of becoming her heir."

I said gravely: "Allow me, Mademoiselle, to pity you sincerely. Nothing can be more deserving of compassion than a heart withered by distrust at the very threshold of existence."

"You forget to whom you are speaking."

"True, Mademoiselle, but it is you who set the example."

"Must I ask your pardon?"

"Certainly, Mademoiselle, if either ought to ask pardon. You are rich, I am poor. You can humble yourself, I cannot."

She was silent for a moment; then, "Well, pardon!" she exclaimed, and left me. I have not seen her since.

JULY 30.

Yesterday morning, as I was working in my tower, I heard my name called by Mademoiselle, who asked me to go for an outing with Alain, her dog, Mervyn, and herself. We rowed up the river to a landing-spot, and then pushed through the forest undergrowth to a hill crowned by a gigantic table of stone upheld by enormous blocks—a Druidical "Cromlech." I sketched it, with Mademoiselle and her dog. Then we went to a pool above a waterfall, where the dog gaily jumped in to regain Mademoiselle's handkerchief, tied over some pebbles and thrown in; but, getting his feet caught in brushwood, he was on the point of drowning, when I jumped in, swam to him, released him, and then, barely extricating my own feet, regained the bank—with the handkerchief, which I did not return to the lovely girl.

"What folly!" she cried. "You might have drowned—and for a dog!"

"It was yours," I replied in an undertone.

She turned away, as if annoyed, and insisted that I row home to keep warm, while she and Alain went by land. At dinner Mademoiselle Marguerite told graphically of our excursion, and of Mervyn's adventure and peril, but omitted all allusion to me, except possibly by a few sarcastic references to lovers of nature.

AUGUST 20.

For some days after this Mademoiselle Marguerite enveloped herself in superciliousness and disdain. Amid the noisy pleasures of the château she moved indifferent and cold, sometimes angry. She railed against everything, especially of the finer or nobler sentiments. One afternoon Madame and Mademoiselle went to the funeral of a neighbor, and I accompanied them in the carriage. After the ceremony the ladies wished to go some distance farther to dine with an old nurse—most of the dinner being taken with them. After dinner Madame proposed that

Mademoiselle should pilot me to a high hill near by, commanding a remarkable view. It was about sunset, and the great luminary as he sank made the watery spaces sparkle with silver, gold, rubies, and diamonds, and finally lighted a band of mist across his face with extraordinary glory of purple and fire.

"Great heavens! how beautiful!" said a stifled voice near me.

With a pleased surprise I asked: "You admit that it is beautiful?"

She bowed her head; tears coursed down her cheeks, and in an instant she was convulsively sobbing. Recovering herself, she murmured: "How ashamed I am!"

"Rather rejoice, and try not to dry up the fountain of those tears—it is sacred."

"I must. Besides, it is done. I mean to hate, I do hate, everything beautiful—everything lovely."

"And why, in Heaven's name?"

"Because I am beautiful and cannot be loved."

And then, excitedly, she told of the curse of wealth, drawing the homage of men who cared for her money and not for her. And even if she should be loved for herself, she could not believe it.

"Eternal distrust—that is my punishment. Monsieur! I did not mean to make this confession; but now you know all, and if I have ever wounded you, I feel assured that you will pardon me."

She held out her hand. I pressed my lips to it, and we returned.

As I was going to my tower in the darkness from the château, I heard voices, and when they passed before me I recognized Mademoiselle Hélouin leaning on the arm of M. de Bévallan. My lips must be sealed; I could not interfere. But what a man to possess such a noble girl as Marguerite! I did privately try to warn Mademoiselle Hélouin of danger, and gained only a torrent of reproaches that I had neglected her, and an accusation that I was seeking underhandedly to marry Mademoiselle Marguerite; and she threatened to denounce me. That very evening I felt the results of her wicked tongue in a rebuff from Mademoiselle Marguerite, nearly involving me in a duel with M. de Bévallan; but he came to me the next day with explanations

from Mademoiselle and her mother, and a frank tender of cordial relations on his own part, which I was compelled to accept.

October 1.

Although I did not yet feel that I must leave my place, I wrote M. Laubépin that I might ere long find it intolerable, and begged him to seek for me another. I spent many hours with Mademoiselle de Porhoët and her cathedral, and in still looking over her family archives, although word had come, which I had not given her, that the Spanish Government had intervened and claimed the fortune for itself. Meantime, the suit of M. de Bévallan had been accepted. Mademoiselle Marguerite had been unusually vivacious in her preparations, but at intervals returned to her indolence and reverie. Sometimes I saw her looking at me with an appearance of perplexity. One day she proposed our riding to the Tower of Elven. Considering this as a friendly reparation, I assented, and we rode several miles to the wooded hill of the abandoned but not ruined tower. Happily, we found the great door open, as we crossed the bridge over the deep moat in which trees had grown to their full height, nearly reaching the first tier of windows. We entered and climbed a staircase to a lofty platform, where we stood long in silence, enthralled by the boundless view. As it grew dark we descended, but to our dismay found the huge door bolted. I climbed to the window-seat, thirty feet above the bottom of the moat, and vainly shouted and called, while night came down and the moon slanted through the great hall. Embarrassing as it was, I felt a secret satisfaction which may have shown in my face, for presently Mademoiselle Marguerite said:

"Monsieur the Marquis de Champecy, were there many cowards in your family before you?" And then with increasing excitement accused me of having purposely arranged this night-imprisonment, to compromise her and compel her to marry me; but she would prefer dishonor, the cloister, or death, to union with a man who could do such a thing. Reasoning with her proved useless, and at last I said:

"Marguerite, it is true that I love you, ardently, unselfishly, and you love me in return. You love me, wretched girl, and you

are killing me. If I die, you will weep for me; but if I live, though I worship you, I would never marry you unless you were as poor as I, or I as rich as you. And now, pray! Ask God for a miracle; it is time!"

I drew to me with my riding-whip the tops of the nearest tree-branches, and, seizing them, swung off into space. I heard a despairing cry of "Maxime!" The boughs bent, broke, and I fell to the bottom, swooning with pain from a bruised arm. Marguerite's voice aroused me.

"Maxime! Maxime! In the name of the Good Father, speak to me, pardon me!"

I reassured her, said I would ride to the château for help, and save her honor as I had saved mine. At the château, I told of my horse throwing me (and the arm, it proved, was broken) and, to inquiries after Marguerite, said that I had met her about five o'clock riding, as she declared, to the Tower of Elven. They brought her back, with no thought of my having been with her.

October 3.

Madame Laroque this morning asked me for facts needed in settling the marriage-contract, and handed me some documents from old M. Laroque's desk. In the very first one I was struck by my own family name, and found it a letter from the old fighter to his children, telling of his early life, his service as steward with the Marquis de Champecy d'Hauterive (my grandfather) in the French West Indies, and his having retained, amid the confusions of naval war with England, the money he had received for the estate, sold by order of the Marquis, who had sailed on naval service. He also entered the sea-fight against the English, and after many years, had returned to France, found the Champecy d'Hauterive prosperous, and retained the fortune; but was ashamed to confess it until this might be read, after his death. So Marguerite's fortune was mine! But I could not touch it; and, to insure its never coming to light, I burned the old man's letter.

October 4.

M. Laubépin arrived last evening, and this afternoon all the parties met in the salon—Monsieur Bévallan with his lawyer,

and the Laroques with M. Laubépin, to sign the fatal contract. I was still confined to my room, but Mademoiselle de Porhoët and M. Laubépin came after it was all over, and told me how the questions and objections of M. de Bévallan and his lawyers over the disposition of Marguerite's dowry had so outraged the girl that she rose indignantly, and said:

"Enough of this! Monsieur Laubépin, throw the contract into the fire. Mother, return Monsieur de Bévallan his presents," and left the room.

The departure of the would-be bridegroom loosed the servants' tongues; and, his intrigue with Mademoiselle Hélouin coming out, that young woman's resignation was accepted, and she went also.

I was dazed with delight and perplexity; for I had vowed never to wed Marguerite while she was rich and I was poor; and my good friend, M. Laubépin, reluctantly consented that my vow should not be broken; but "Wait," he said. And I remained.

October 12.

The death of old M. Laroque gives me reasonable excuse for continuing my services, yet my relations with Marguerite are so strained, with mutual reserve, that it is most difficult. She is gentleness itself, and altogether lovely.

October 26, Rennes.

Dear Mademoiselle de Porhoët confided to me that those two sweet-hearted women—Madame Laroque and Marguerite—were actually considering the giving of their estate to a religious society, and attempting self-support by embroidery in order to do away with the inequality of fortune between Marguerite and me. This left me no alternative. I wrote a few lines to Madame Laroque, saying that for me to accept happiness at the cost of her ruin was impossible, and that I must depart, giving some vague hope of a future fortune, that they might be dissuaded from their insane project.

This morning I took the coach to Rennes, and to-morrow I shall be in Paris. Last dream of youth, and love, and Heaven—farewell!

PARIS.

Next morning, before the train left, old Alain brought me a letter from M. Laubépin, telling of the serious illness of Mademoiselle Porhoët and begging me to return. As Alain and I went back, he told me that an old document I had found in her papers and despairingly sent to her lawyers, which, with the royal signature, pledged the wealth of her great-uncle to his heirs, even to the detriment of the rights of the Spanish Crown, had been recognized by the Government, and the long-contested fortune was hers at last. I found the dear lady in her bed, and the doctor, the village *curé*, the ladies from the château, and the faithful Laubépin all about her. She greeted me affectionately, and, at a glance from her, M. Laubépin read the last clause of her will, naming as the legatee of all her possessions, in France or in Spain, "Maxime Jacques Marie Odiot, Marquis de Champecy d'Hauterive, noble alike in heart and by birth."

Before I could recover from my amazement, Mademoiselle de Porhoët, gently taking my hand, placed it in Marguerite's, and, with a contented smile, passed from earth.

I have given Hélène half of my fortune. Marguerite is my wife. May it be said of us, as of nations: "Happy are they who have no history!"

MONSIEUR DE CAMORS (1867)

This work, which was crowned by the French Academy, deals with the vices of aristocratic society in France, after the fall of the Empire had removed the necessity for hiding them, De Camors being a typical Frenchman of that period.

LOUIS DE CAMORS was twenty-seven years old when his father shot himself in his study in a small hôtel in the Rue Barbet de Jouy. The first intimation he had that the Count was no more was when, on his return from passing the evening at the house of his old college friend Lescande (with whose wife he had begun an intrigue), his pale-faced valet handed him a letter beginning: "My son, life is a burden to me; I leave it—" Louis fell fainting to the floor.

This letter was a code of conduct for life. He advised his son "To be loved by women, to be feared by men, to be as impassive and as imperturbable as a god before the tears of the one and the blood of the other, and to end in a whirlwind; to relieve himself from all thraldom, natural instincts, affection, and sympathies as from so many fetters upon his liberty and strength; not to marry, unless impelled by some superior interest; to have no intimate friends, not to get angry, rarely to laugh and never to weep." This creed was bequeathed to the young Count.

About a week afterward, while Louis was still in seclusion, his old friend Lescande came to tell him of the death of his wife, not suspecting it to have been accelerated by a broken heart, due to her having yielded to her passion for the Count. Louis de Camors was startled at this result of his wickedness, but believing that his father had found the true way to live, and had embodied it in his letter to his son, the young Count coolly thought that he had only played the lion's part in the struggle of

the human herd—and the lamb had suffered! From that hour he made his father's will the rule of his life.

His mother had died young, but he had still an uncle and two aunts, of whom he was not overfond. They, on their part, never had forgiven their father for entailing the estate in favor of the eldest son; and now that the Count had died financially embarrassed, and his annuity had ceased, the young Count de Camors was reduced to his mother's dowry, which was a mere pittance to a man of his habits and rank, and his relatives viewed him coolly.

Among his connections was General the Marquis de Campvallon d'Armignes, one of the richest landed proprietors of France. Louis knew him slightly, but not wishing to join his fortune-hunting kinsmen had rather avoided him since the death of his father, the General's nephew and his direct heir; so he was much surprised when he received an invitation to visit Campvallon.

He set out the next day, and after a railway journey of seven or eight hours, was driven to the château, situated among wooded hills.

The General received him warmly for the sake of his father, who had saved his life in Africa; but his aunts and cousins, who were already there vying with one another in entertaining the General, in the secret hope he would select one of them for his heir, met him with coolness.

De Camors endeavored to content himself by taking a horseback ride each morning and giving a fencing-lesson to one of his young relatives; in the afternoon he read in the library, and in the evening played bézique with the General. One afternoon a young cousin, Charlotte de Luc d'Estrelles, beautiful as a statue, but poor, having only fifteen hundred francs a year, and being obliged to live six months with one aunt and six months with the other, came to the library to speak with him. Having observed that the family made her feel her dependent position, Louis treated her with great deference, and bestowed upon her what little attentions were possible, which she had received with coldness; so that he was quite unprepared for this *tête-à-tête*, and very much astonished when she suggested that, as neither of them was rich, and as she was very fond of him,

they should marry. After a solemn pause, Camors gravely replied, "It is impossible, Mademoiselle; I am resolved never to marry," and as Charlotte arose to depart he advised her, as she was so unhappily placed with her relatives, and had much talent, to choose a profession.

About an hour after this interview, the General, who had become attached to his grand-nephew De Camors, offered him seven hundred thousand francs a year, on condition that he should be called after him, the Marquis de Campvallon d'Armignes; but Louis de Camors refused to give up his name. Finding it was his grand-nephew's ambition to become a deputy, the General said that it was his wish to resign that office, and that he would recommend De Camors to his constituents as his successor, but he added that it would be necessary for Louis to live at Reuilly, an estate he had inherited from his mother. He begged the young man to take at least three hundred thousand francs, so that he would not be embarrassed for money, and advised him to begin by getting the good-will of Monsieur des Rameures, who was master of the county.

The second day after these exciting experiences, De Camors and all the relatives were electrified by the General's action in introducing Charlotte, the poor cousin, as his future wife, the Marquise de Campvallon.

Five days later De Camors left the General's house to go to Reuilly. Except for the rooms occupied by the caretakers, the mansion had been closed for thirty years and was chilly as a tomb; so, after dining, and looking at the portraits of his ancestors by the flickering light of two candles, Camors lighted a cigar and walked out on the terrace. It was a fine night, and he wandered down the long avenue of elms to a lonely road where, from a slight elevation, could be seen apple-orchards and fields of barley. Suddenly he heard one of Bach's preludes excellently rendered, and, guided by the melody, soon came to the rear of a château. Climbing into the branches of an old oak, where, through a window, he could look into a lighted apartment, he saw several persons playing different instruments to the accompaniment of which a lady was singing. Presently she came to the window for air, then called the others, and De Camors, fearing he would be discovered and conscious that the future

deputy should not introduce himself in that manner to his most powerful constituent, retraced his steps to Reuilly.

The next day Camors called upon M. des Rameures. He was not at home, but his niece, who was in the drawing-room arranging flowers, with her little daughter Marie, offered to show Louis the way to the farm where he was superintending his men. He was a large man, who held peculiar views on many subjects, particularly regarding Paris, which he detested and had not visited for twenty-five years. De Camors spent many pleasant hours at the château during his stay at Reuilly, which ended with his falling in love with the niece, Madame de Tècle, a charming widow of thirty, who would not listen to him, but said she would bring up her daughter Marie to be his wife, and advance his interests as much as possible with her uncle, M. des Rameures, so that Louis might be elected deputy.

Gradually she persuaded her uncle that the character and talents of Monsieur de Camors fitted him for a great future, and that one day he would be an excellent match for Marie. Her plans were further advanced by a visit from General de Campvallon, who, on the occasion of introducing his young bride to Madame de Tècle took the opportunity of privately telling Des Rameures that he was going to Italy for a long time, and desired first to render a resignation of his deputyship, and to recommend M. de Camors to his faithful electors. The influence of M. des Rameures having already been won by his niece, it only remained for De Camors to visit a few of the most important electors and to live for several weeks in the chief town of the departments and court the favor of those whose good-will was necessary to him. Thus, by a combination of circumstances, he was, at twenty-eight years of age, elected member of the Council-Général, and deputy to the Corps Législatif.

After this Louis de Camors came to Reuilly only a few weeks each year. To him Marie continued to be an insignificant girl who never gave him a moment's thought, but Madame de Tècle, true to her promise, carefully educated her daughter for the place she wished her to occupy.

Meanwhile the General and his young wife were living in Paris, and De Camors attended their handsome entertainments. He admired the graceful, blonde beauty and cold, proud face of

the youthful Marquise, and the luxury of her toilets and appointments. In September he was invited to their château, and met Madame de Tècle and her daughter, now eighteen years old, who, though not beautiful, was well educated and vivacious, with dark curly hair and large eyes. But the visit was not altogether happy, for the Marquise, who had always indulged in raillery with De Camors, now treated him with such nonchalance that he shortened his stay. The afternoon before his departure, when they were out in a shower, she had made him carry her over a muddy pool; and so plainly evident was her desire for love or revenge—he hardly knew which—that he was doubly determined to depart. But the Marquise had an irresistible fascination for him, and he saw her frequently in Paris during the winter. One evening, in her box at the opera, he saw traces of tears upon her cheeks, and at one of her balls she again betrayed emotion in his presence. The old General had asked him to play piquet in the boudoir, and later had dropped into a nap, as he often did during a *fête*, when the Marquise lifted the portière and, seeing her husband asleep, walked up to Camors, kissed him, and disappeared. Overcome with astonishment and the sentiment of the moment, he followed, but did not attempt to join her, and left.

Bound by every tie of honor to the General, Louis fought against his infatuation, but in vain, and the next day he declared his love to the Marquise. The intrigue developed rapidly, and six weeks later the General, who had been enlightened by an anonymous letter, questioned his wife, who, as it was the hour for De Camors's visit, suggested he conceal himself and listen to their interview. As there was no time to warn De Camors, in order to save herself, she made it appear that the object of the call was to discuss his marriage, and recommended to him Marie de Tècle, thinking she would interfere less in their intrigue than anyone she knew.

De Camors, not having the heart to go himself, requested the General to ask for him of Madame de Tècle the hand of her daughter. The offer was accepted, and the innocent young girl married De Camors in a short time. After a few weeks' honeymoon at Reuilly, the Count and Countess de Camors returned to Paris to their hôtel in the Rue de l'Impératrice. At

first Marie was happy, believing the little attentions of De Camors to be expressions of affection, whereas they were simply the courtesies he considered due to himself to show his wife. They went everywhere together, but he never stayed at home with her. During her evenings at home, his secretary, Vautrot, read to her, with the Count's permission, and gradually became infatuated with the unsuspecting and neglected wife. One evening, after reading from *Faust*, he threw himself on his knees and told her he adored her. Surprised, she ordered him to rise and leave her, but he handed her a note he had taken from his employer's desk. It was a love-letter from the Marquise de Campvallon. The Countess turned pale and was for a moment motionless; then, swiftly going to her boudoir and putting on her bonnet and cloak, notwithstanding it was raining and nearly midnight, she started for the house of the Marquise de Campvallon, but when she reached it, and saw it brilliantly lighted, she dropped on a stone bench against the garden-wall and hid her face in her hands. A policeman passed, and finding she evidently had lost her way, took her home in a cab.

The Count, who meanwhile had returned home, met her, and she quickly went to her room. He at once guessed the truth from the fact that the policeman had told him that he had found her near the Hôtel de Campvallon, and the next morning his guess was confirmed by a note from his secretary, telling him he had found another situation.

Madame de Tècle arrived the next day, and it was arranged that she should take her daughter to the country. For a while they stayed at her old home, but the Marquise's uncle, M. des Rameures, although in ignorance of the true cause of their coming, was not enraptured with De Camors in the *rôle* of a son-in-law; he had consented to the marriage, as he had consented to recommending him for deputy, more in resignation than enthusiasm. De Camors invited him and his wife to live at Reuilly, which had recently been fitted up in the greatest taste. He occasionally went to see them and once stayed a month, but usually he made his wife's delicate health his excuse for seldom visiting the Château de Campvallon.

Madame de Camors remained in the country until after the birth of her son, when she returned to Paris. De Camors's

marriage had doubled his fortune, and he increased his style of living to correspond, but two things disturbed him in his prosperity. One was lest the General should hear of his attachment for Madame de Campvallon, the other was the jealousy of the Marquise of his wife, the Countess. At one of her receptions she told him his wife had a son and a mother, but that she had no one; at the same time, in a sudden fit of generosity, she offered him his liberty, to which he replied: "My life is yours!"

After De Camors's marriage with Marie de Tècle, the General had reposed implicit confidence in him, as well as in his wife, and was entirely ignorant of their meetings until one evening, having been informed that she was false to him, but not suspecting De Camors as the responsible man, he walked into his wife's boudoir and found De Camors there. Instantly the truth flashed across his mind, and he shuddered. Stupefied by surprise, he slowly walked toward De Camors, who stood with folded arms regarding the man to whom he owed so much, and whom he had so basely wronged.

Suddenly the General's face became purple, his lips parted, and, waving his hands as if seeking support, he staggered and fell, killed by the treachery of the two beings he most loved and who he believed loved him.

Giving De Camors time to escape, Madame de Campvallon, sobbing, summoned the servants. The night after the funeral Louis left Paris for Reuilly, where he remained all summer, during which he became fond of his little son and tried to please his wife; but when he went, in the latter part of August, to the principal town in the district to perform his duties in the Council-Général, he called to see Madame Campvallon at her château.

She never had expected to see him again, but now he had come she determined not to lose her ascendancy over him, nor permit the influence of his wife to separate them; she told him that if he returned to his wife her life would be in danger; and, shocked at this threat, he resolved to shake off the Marquise's yoke, and went to Reuilly. During his absence Marie and her mother had spent a few days in Paris, where one of the aunts had told them that the General de Campvallon had died sud-

denly, and hinted that the Countess's turn would come next. Both women were naturally timorous, and this threat made them more so. De Camors noticed the change in their demeanor toward him and attributed it to the carelessness of his servant in mentioning his visit to the Marquise de Campvallon; nevertheless, now that that tie was broken, his heart was lighter than it had been for a long time. He amused himself with his little son, and one evening he invited his wife to take a walk with him in the woodland, which unusual attention did not reassure but rather surprised her. While they were walking on a lonely road, De Camors seemed strangely abstracted; the truth was, he had become aware that they were followed, and the repeated menaces of the Marquise against the life of his wife awakened frightful suspicions. Not wishing to alarm Marie, he suggested taking a short cut over a bridge made of two logs thrown across a chasm. In looking backward, after stepping on the dangerous bridge, she swayed, and her husband sprang forward, seizing her firmly to save her, when, with a piercing shriek, she broke away from him and rushed into the woods just ahead of them. There her mother joined her, saying: "If you kill one of us, kill us both!" He saw it all: they had been warned that the Countess's life was threatened, and had taken him for the would-be murderer! He watched them flee in terror, and resolved never to return to his home. For hours he stayed in that lonely spot, thinking deeply, then in the early morning went to see the Marquise de Campvallon.

In a short time De Camors took a country house near the Marquise's château, which openly proclaimed his attitude toward her. He threw himself with great zeal into his work of political writing, sometimes, after leaving the Marquise in the evening, working until dawn. Once he fell senseless before his desk, and from that hour his health declined; he no longer wrote, but paced up and down most of the night, thinking of his family, and of how his wife despised him. To the Marquise, after a time, he became coldly courteous. Presently he rode every night twelve leagues to Reuilly and back, to be near his wife and child, even if unseen. One day in July he set out in the afternoon and reached his home at the close of the day. Entering the garden, cautiously as usual, he hid himself behind a shutter and looked into the lighted room.

He had not seen his family at close range for two years and he saw that Madame de Tècle's hair was white. His wife was seated on a couch near the window, and his child was kneeling at her feet saying his little prayer, ending with: "O God! be good and merciful to my mother, my grandmother, to me, and above all, O God, to my unfortunate father."

De Camors turned away, his one thought now was to embrace his son. He waited until morning, when he knew the child would be taken out to the dairy for a cup of new milk, then he revealed himself, and begged the boy to come to him, but the old nurse said, "Your father!" in a horrified voice, and the child ran away screaming.

The Count did not weep, but his face contracted and he shuddered. From that moment he was a changed man; he no longer treated the Marquise with even cool politeness, and made no effort to conceal his antipathy, avoiding even the touch of her hand. Finally he became so weak he could only rest on the divan, and one night he sent for her. He was not strong enough to speak, but seemed to question her with his eyes, and she understood, replying: "I promise it to you." A large sealed envelope directed "To my Son" lay on the bed; the Marquise took it and, falling on her knees, said: "I promise." Extending his hand, the Count de Camors murmured "Thanks"; and when the Marquise raised her head he had breathed his last.

HENRY FIELDING

(England, 1707–1754)

THE ADVENTURES OF JOSEPH ANDREWS (1742)

Fielding was a moderately successful playwright before he undertook novel-writing. *Joseph Andrews* was his first attempt in this form. The action covers but a few weeks of an unnamed year in the first quarter of the eighteenth century, and most of it lies in the country between London and Somersetshire. The author was often in hard straits financially, which may account for the fact that so many of the adventures in this story are based on the immediate need of a very little cash; and the devices by which the hero is extricated may, likely enough, have been drawn from his own experience. One odd fact gives the work a special interest: it introduces characters created by a rival author. Richardson's *Pamela* had just been published when Fielding wrote *Joseph Andrews*, and he had the audacity to bring Pamela herself into his book, doubtless for the purpose of harmless satire, and to the end, certainly, that Richardson never forgave him.

HEN Joseph Andrews was ten years old he was bound as an apprentice to Sir Thomas Booby, uncle to that Squire Booby who married the famous Pamela, Joseph's sister. Joseph was variously employed in his boyhood, but, with great aptitude for learning, he taught himself by the incidental reading of a few good books, to such purpose that he attracted the favorable attention of Mr. Abraham Adams, the curate, who desired to educate him. The curate's well-meant overtures to that end failed, but Joseph was promoted from time to time, and when Sir Thomas went to London, the lad had risen to be her ladyship's footman. He was man grown then, and remarkably handsome. He could have been the greatest lady-killer in humble life if he would, but his mind was so pure, and his ideals of conduct so high, that he seemed not to know when languishing eyes were made at him. Doubtless it was the very probity of his character that induced divers assaults upon his virtue.

Besides Mrs. Slipslop and other high servants of the household, Lady Booby herself conceived such a violent passion for him that it was remarked freely in court circles, to which her rank gave her *entrée*. The way she clung to her footman's arm when she walked in Hyde Park set hundreds of noble tongues to gabbling, and their verdict made her as abandoned as if Joseph were indeed an incorrigible rake, whereas, in simple truth, he was modestly obedient, and in those days never dreamed that her ladyship offered him special privileges of any sort soever. But a few days after Sir Thomas died he was put to a test that even his innocent eyes could not mistake. Her ladyship summoned him to her chamber, where she was alone in bed, and, clutching his hand, talked to him of love with more and more directness until poor Joseph was altogether confused; and when he would not make the advances she invited, she dismissed him for an idiot, and angrily sent word that he was to be discharged forthwith; but she relented before her command could be obeyed, and had him up again, when she made herself so plain that Joseph was fairly appalled. As he did not yield even then, when her wooing was tantamount to a command, she fell into such a storm of anger that her sentence of discharge was executed by the steward before she had recovered from it.

It should not disparage Joseph's resistance to temptation, but on the contrary enhance it, that he was all this time deeply in love with a beautiful young woman who still lived in his home parish. She was a foundling, named Fanny. Sir Thomas Booby had bought her when she was a baby, and she had been brought up in his household, but was now at service in another family. Joseph's heart and steps turned to her as soon as he was cast forth from Lady Booby's house. As but little wages were due him, he set out for Somersetshire on foot. The first stage of his journey was rapid, for a friendly servant who was conveying horses to a country inn gave him a lift over twenty miles. It was after midnight when the horses came to their stopping-place, but Joseph was so eager to reach Fanny's side that he pushed on alone. While it was still dark he was set upon by robbers; and although he made a valorous fight, laying out each of his three assailants in turn, they were too many for him. They thought he was dead when they finished with him, and

took away not only all his money, but every stitch of his clothes.

His dreadful plight was discovered about daybreak by the passengers on a coach, and although there was a monstrous flutter on the part of the ladies at admitting a naked man into the conveyance, humanity prevailed after the postilion, every other man in the company having refused to sacrifice so much as a handkerchief, gave up his greatcoat to the sufferer. He was deposited at the first inn the coach came to, and provided with a bed and surgical attendance, before it was discovered what a bankrupt plight he was in; and while he lay there suffering not a little in body and a great deal in mind, Mr. Adams came to him. It seemed that the curate was on his way to London with nine volumes of his sermons which he was confident he should dispose of to a publisher for a large sum. Of course he gave up advancing farther on his journey until Joseph had been restored completely to health. That was not long, but it was some days, nevertheless, and quite long enough to exhaust the good parson's slender supply of cash. Mr. Adams was not in the least worried, for it occurred to him that he could pawn his sermons, and he blandly offered to leave three volumes with the landlord as a pledge for the loan of three guineas. Much to his astonishment, the landlord seemed to regard sermons as poor security, and no argument as to their commercial as well as spiritual worth would induce him to lend a copper, or give credit on account of them.

Fortunately for the curate and Joseph, a gentleman stopped at the inn that day, one of whose servants was acquainted with Mr. Adams. This man loaned the curate a guinea, which was enough to discharge the reckoning for both men and leave a shilling over. So they prepared for their respective journeys. Mr. Adams opened his saddle-bags to get a shirt, and Joseph asked him where he carried his nine volumes of sermons. "There, child," replied the curate, "in the saddle-bags, under my shirts."

"Sure, sir," said Joseph, "there's nothing in the bags."

"Hey! fie, fie upon it!" cried Mr. Adams. "They are not here, sure enough. Ah! they are certainly left behind."

The good man had forgotten to pack them on his departure

from home. No matter; he was not one to bemoan a misadventure, even when it subverted the whole purpose of his undertaking. There was nothing for it but to return to Somersetshire with Joseph; and they took up their journey on the ride-and-tie plan; that is, as there was but one horse, one would set forth on foot, and some time after, the other would follow on the horse, and, having overtaken and passed the pedestrian by some distance, would dismount, tie the horse by the roadside and proceed afoot, the first pedestrian eventually coming up to the horse and using him for the next stage in the journey. Mr. Adams, being excessively fond of walking, insisted that Joseph should ride first, and accordingly the curate strode away, leaving Joseph to mount and follow an hour later.

This amicable arrangement might have been altogether successful if it had not been for another characteristic slip of Mr. Adams's memory. He had paid the reckoning for himself and Joseph, but had forgotten all about the horse, and when the hostler presented his bill, and Joseph could not pay it, the unfeeling landlord refused to let the animal depart. While Joseph was confined to his bed, the thieves had been captured, and although they escaped immediately afterward, they left a small part of their booty, Joseph's clothes, to wit, behind; so that he was now dressed as completely as when he set out from London; but he had not so much as a halfpenny in money. From this annoying plight he was rescued by Mrs. Slipslop. It seemed that Lady Booby had decided to leave her town residence and return for a while to Somersetshire. There is little doubt that she was induced to this course by knowledge of Joseph's visit to that part of the world, for her passion consumed her with greater and greater longing for that young man. Be that as it may, however, Mrs. Slipslop preceded her mistress in the journey by a few miles, and when she stopped at the inn and learned Joseph's trouble, she promptly advanced the money necessary to release the horse.

In time, therefore, Joseph overtook Mr. Adams where he was resting at an inn and wondering at his young friend's delay. When he was told that he had forgotten to pay for the horse: "Fie, fie," said he, "so I did." There was really nothing more to be said on that matter, inasmuch as the horse had been re-

deemed, but another matter demanded serious attention. The curate's horse had an extraordinary habit of kneeling suddenly at irregular intervals, so that his rider could by no means know when to prepare for his abrupt change in position. Mr. Adams, accustomed to the beast, and having very long legs, made little of this eccentricity, for when the horse knelt, the curate slipped off gracefully and waited for the animal to get up. Not so Joseph. The unfortunate young man was ever taken by surprise and invariably pitched violently to the ground, and the upshot of these misadventures was that, when he arrived at the inn, he was unable to walk and could not have kept in the saddle for a mile farther. Here again Mrs. Slipslop came to the travelers' aid. She offered Joseph a day's journey in her coach, which he gladly accepted.

Mr. Adams, of course, was to go on with his horse, but the good man forgot the very existence of the animal and set forth afoot some time before the coach started. In the course of the day, Joseph descried him striding along the highway, and urged the coachman to overtake him and remind him that the horse had been left behind, but after an hour of pursuit the coachman gave it up. Mr. Adams was too vigorous a pedestrian. Nevertheless, at the end of the day's journey, the curate was not at the inn where the coach stopped, and Joseph, in some anxiety for his friend, refused to go farther. He thought Mr. Adams might have gone a bit out of his way, but that he would surely arrive some time, and Joseph felt bound to wait for him.

The curate had, indeed, gone out of his way. He had lost it utterly, there being one place where a man had one chance in a thousand of taking the wrong road. Mr. Adams took that one chance, and when night fell he was on some desolate downs without an inkling of an idea which way to proceed. As things fell, this accident was extremely fortunate, for his course was decided by hearing a woman's cries for help. He ran to the rescue and found a ruffian struggling to overcome a young woman. The curate belabored the ruffian with such wrathful violence that at last he lay on the ground as if dead. Then Mr. Adams was in great distress, for he would not have a man's blood on his hands even for so just a cause, and while he was waiting anxiously to see if the fellow would come to life, he dis-

covered that the woman he had saved was none other than Joseph's sweetheart, Fanny. She had learned that Joseph had lost his place with Lady Booby, and, such was her loyal devotion to him, nothing would do but she must pack up her few belongings and with her little supply of money go to London to help him.

While they were still watching the unconscious ruffian, the clerk of a neighboring parish came that way with a party of young men. Mr. Adams hailed them, whereupon the ruffian promptly came to and accused the curate and Fanny of having robbed him. The clerk, foreseeing a fat reward for the capture of highwaymen, arrested Mr. Adams and Fanny, and gave the ruffian all Fanny's money, for the scoundrel claimed it as his own. Then the parson and the maid were haled before a justice, and things would have gone very hard with them but that luckily a squire in the court remembered having seen Mr. Adams at Lady Booby's. This brought it about that Mr. Adams's account of the affair was believed and the prisoners were released. But when they turned then to the real offender, it proved that he, seeing how things were going, had prudently made his exit, taking care not to leave Fanny's money behind him.

Lack of cash, however, was of little moment compared with the desire to come up with Joseph, and having learned the way to the inn where he would probably be found, Mr. Adams and Fanny set forth at night to find it. They did find it without serious adventure, and the meeting between the lovers was most affecting. Joseph was for being married at once, if a license could be obtained, but Mr. Adams forbade that. He wished the banns to be published in the regular way, and in this Fanny held with the parson. So they decided to travel as fast as possible, till they should come to Somersetshire together. It may be imagined that their chief difficulties were financial. At this very inn where they found Joseph, for example, there was a proper charge against him of six shillings and sixpence; the total resources of the travelers consisted of sixpence ha'penny in Mr. Adams's pocket. Mr. Adams tried vainly to borrow from the local curate, and from others about the village. Relief came finally from a pedler who volunteered all he had, if it would do any good. It was six shillings. Mr. Adams leaped

with joy, for he had the other sixpence, and so, with a ha'penny to the good, the march was resumed.

At another inn, where a jocose but conscienceless squire invited them to put up, and then left them to settle as best they could, the landlord amazed them by good-naturedly chalking up the account and letting them depart without rancor. Another night they had the hospitable shelter of a private house where a retired gentleman named Wilson lived with his wife and children. Mr. Wilson entertained the curate with a detailed account of his life, which was full of adventures, but only one detail need be mentioned here. He had one abiding grief, for his first-born, a son, had been stolen by gipsies in his babyhood. Although that was twenty and more years ago, the gentleman still clung to a hope that some day he should recover his son. Mr. Wilson provided the travelers with an abundant luncheon to take with them, and when they came to eat it, they found a half-guinea at the bottom of the basket.

They were in a wood at this time, and, after he had eaten, Mr. Adams fell sound asleep. Joseph and Fanny were well content to let him rest a while, and wandered a little away from him. Then came a great pack of hounds chasing a hare and followed by a party of hunters. The hounds killed the hare near the sleeping parson, by which he was aroused and started up in alarm. The hunters, a mischievous lot, set the dogs on the curate, and a terrific battle ensued. Joseph went to his friend's aid, and both laid about them so furiously with their cudgels that several dogs were put out of business in such quick order that the master called off the others. The curate's much-worn clothes were sadly torn, but that was of small consequence compared with the fact that the squire who headed the party had a good glimpse of Fanny. Her beauty inflamed him, and that night he sent his servants, commanded by a captain who was one of his guests, to abduct the girl from the inn where the travelers put up. They succeeded in this foul design, in spite of the most strenuous fighting on the part of Joseph and Mr. Adams. Several of the assailants were dreadfully bruised by the travelers' cudgels and fists; but numbers prevailed, and Joseph and the parson were tied to the same bed while the captain carried off the weeping maid.

From Joseph's point of view this, of course, was the worst of all the calamities that had befallen them; but happily his anguish was of short duration. The captain, on his way back to the squire's with his prisoner, encountered Lady Booby's steward, also on the journey to Somersetshire. The steward remembered Fanny and gallantly heeded her appeals for help. He had a sufficient retinue with him to overcome the captain's party, and the captain himself was taken back to the inn a prisoner. Fanny unloosed Joseph's bonds, explaining the situation while she did so, and Joseph, without waiting to embrace her, rushed down-stairs and thrashed the captain within an inch of his life, after which the travelers proceeded home.

Great difficulties, however, still lay before the young people. Lady Booby arrived at her seat just after the first publication of the banns, and exercised all her influence and power, and much more than she had a legal right to, to prevent further publication and the marriage. Parson Adams stoutly held to his rights in the matter, and against her strict orders published the banns a second time. Then Lady Booby's lawyer trumped up a foolish charge against the lovers, on which the pliant local magistrate decided to commit them to jail. At this juncture, that Squire Booby who married Pamela, Joseph's sister, came to visit her ladyship. The Squire took the generous attitude that, having made Pamela his equal, he was bound to recognize her family as his equals also, and he insisted on Joseph's release. Indeed, he obtained the release of Fanny too, but, while Lady Booby was willing enough that Joseph should be free, nothing could persuade her to be kind to the maid. All manner of inducements were made to Joseph to give her up, but he stubbornly refused.

While matters were in this unsatisfactory state, along came the pedler who had loaned Mr. Adams six shillings. Having heard the nature of his friends' present plight, he was reminded of some circumstances of a time long past which he believed might throw some deciding light on the affair. His wife had made him a death-bed confession to the effect that, years before she married him, she had traveled with a band of gipsies that made a practise of stealing children to sell them; that she had stolen a girl baby and later sold the child to one Sir Thomas Booby for three guineas; that the name of the child's parents was

Andrews, and that they lived about nine miles from the Booby seat; further, that identification could be established by the fact that Mr. and Mrs. Andrews had another daughter of an odd name, to wit, Pamela.

Here was a revelation indeed, and not of the most joyous nature, for it made out that Joseph and Fanny were brother and sister, a relationship which neither of them cared to maintain. Of course Mr. and Mrs. Andrews were sent for, and when they came, Mr. Andrews said he had never lost a daughter by the depredations of gipsies, nor ever had any other children than Joseph and Pamela. But Mrs. Andrews ran to Fanny and claimed her for her daughter, with great manifestation of emotion, whereafter she explained that during her husband's absence as a soldier Fanny was born.

"You mean, Joseph was born," said her husband.

"No, Fanny," she persisted. "It was a girl baby, and when she was about a year old, gipsies came to our house with a boy baby who was sickly. While I was busy they took Fanny away and left the boy in her cradle. I could not find the gipsies, my own baby was lost, and so I decided to fill the lost one's place as well as I could with the stranger. I brought him up as our own, and as he recovered health, and was a charming boy, I never told you these facts, which I now disclose for the first time."

So, then, Joseph and Fanny were not brother and sister, and moreover, as Fanny was really Pamela's sister, Squire Booby had to give her the recognition that he had accorded to Joseph; and Lady Booby had to follow suit. But the question remained, Who was Joseph? And this was answered by the timely arrival of Mr. Wilson, who, when he heard what was on the tapis, immediately conceived a hope that this might be his lost son. There was a sure means of identification, a strawberry mark on the missing one's chest. Joseph immediately bared his chest, and there was the mark, recognizable beyond peradventure.

So finally Joseph's status in the world was established. He was a gentleman by birth, and his sweetheart had been recognized as worthy of high connection through the marriage of her sister, Pamela, to Squire Booby. Lady Booby saw that it would avail her nothing to cherish her passion for Joseph, and the wedding of Joseph and Fanny followed soon.

JONATHAN WILD (1743)

Fielding projected this story early in that part of his career devoted to novel-writing; but before he began actual composition, Richardson's *Pamela* stirred his love of fun and satire so strongly that he laid aside his *Jonathan* for a *Joseph*, writing *Joseph Andrews* instead. Some years later, being driven by poverty to write a romance, he returned to the early subject and produced the most trenchant satire that English literature had known up to that time. The action of the main story is confined for the most part to London, though the adventures of secondary personages take the reader far abroad. Although the career of Jonathan Wild is fictitious, there was a noted criminal of that name who was hanged at Tyburn in 1725. Fielding sets his *Jonathan* back in point of time, placing his birth in 1665, and bringing him to the climax of his greatness about thirty years later.

N presenting the history of the illustrious person named as the subject of this biography, we would not be understood as affirming that he was entirely free from all defects, or that the sharp eye of censure could not spy out some little blemishes lurking among his many great perfections. We confess that, if we hold ourselves strictly to the task of setting down without the embroidery of imagination the actual facts in the career of this great man, we shall not give the reader a perfect or consummate pattern of human excellence; wherefore we beseech the reader to join us in lamenting the frailty of human nature. With a view to a proper understanding of the subject, we must warn the reader to avoid confounding greatness with goodness. To one who has studied history and the lives of its heroes, it is self-evident that greatness consists in bringing all manner of mischief on mankind, and goodness in removing it. We would further call the attention of the reader, by way of stimulating his anticipation, to the significant fact that Nature preserved our hero from many perils that he might attain the true summit of greatness, a consummation that unhappily has been lacking to the careers of many others who have manifested to a considerable degree the qualities that made Jonathan Wild illustrious.

He came of a long line of ancestors who were distinguished for their lucid interpretation of the doctrine of *meum et tuum*, which they concentrated to *suum*. His education was sufficient for his purposes, and in his school-days he was especially fond of those portions of the classics that treated of robbery and plunder. As to certain celebrated instances of looting, he was heard to remark that if he had been there he could have shown the conqueror a better way. This might be set down to the conceit of youth if it were not that Wild's subsequent career made it wholly probable that he really could have improved on some of the methods that prevailed in ancient times. But apparently our hero's education was due mainly to himself, for such things as he excelled in are not usually included in scholastic curricula. When he was but seventeen he was such an adept in removing property from the pockets not only of unsuspecting strangers but of intimate friends who knew what to expect of him and were on their guard that he won extraordinary praise from those who understood true greatness and could appreciate the manifestation of it in a person not yet mature. Such an admirer was the Count La Ruse, whose specialty was gaming with loaded dice and playing with stacked cards. Wild defeated the Count steadily at his own games, which induced the nobleman to take the young man seriously to task with regard to his future.

"You have the qualities of eminence," said the Count; "you should give your attention to statecraft," and he proceeded to argue that such talents as Wild's deserved the broadest and highest field for their exercise.

To which Wild replied that, in his view, the block had no preference to the gallows, or the ax to the halter. "Where is the essential difference," he asked, "between ending on Tower Hill and at Tyburn?"

"But," rejoined the Count, "can any man doubt whether it is better to be a great statesman than a common thief?"

He continued to argue that the greatness involved in cleverly removing purses from pockets was worthy of greater rewards than could fall to the thief who limited his deeds to such abstractions; whereas a statesman might exercise his faculties with the certainty of plundering not merely individuals but the whole

nation. Wild persisted in his attitude that greatness and its rewards were relative to the person concerned, and he wound his words about in such a tangle of syllogisms that the Count found them past his comprehension. His brain so wearied with the task of following the young man's argument that he fell asleep; after observing which, Wild picked his pocket of three shillings, all the Count had with him, and courteously took his leave.

Shortly after this Wild was sent on a journey to America. The reason for the journey has been lost in the rubbish of history, and likewise what he did in that barbarous country, so that there is a seven-year hiatus in his life that can be filled only by imagination, a device to which we scorn to resort. Skipping that interval, therefore, we find him on his return to England, already beginning that system of division which he perfected somewhat later and which distinguished him above all others in his class in his time. In brief, this system consisted in engaging the services of others for the vulgar details of procuring booty from cash-laden individuals, and taking three-fourths of the product as his share for designing the scheme, and, as soon thereafter as practicable, robbing his confederate of the fourth allowed to him by his master's generosity.

It may be imagined that not all confederates, or rather subordinates, would consent to this system of distribution without protest. Some, indeed, obstinately refused to be convinced that but for Wild's pointing out the quarry and indicating the way to hunt it, they would have gained nothing at all, and that therefore whatever profit they had was purely a matter of his generosity. Confronted by such obtuseness, Wild, having argued patiently, flew into no vain fits of wrath, but speedily gave information against the recalcitrant, procured the necessary witnesses, and had the man hanged; and knowledge of this policy having gone broadcast among the thieves of the period, it came generally to be accounted a wise thing to confess the force of Wild's logic.

Not long after his return he fell in accidentally with Mr. Thomas Heartfree, a friend of his school-days, who had often been singularly kind to Wild, and who admired our hero infinitely. Heartfree was one of those weak, silly persons of a

trustful disposition who practise honesty. He had a jewelry-shop, which he conducted with moderate success because he never overstated the value of his gems or sought in any other way to overreach his customers. Quite content with his low manner of life, he was married and lived in contemptible happiness with his wife and children. Wild had no sooner come to Heartfree's table, whither he was invited by the foolish jeweler, than his brilliant intellect conceived one of his very greatest projects. He began then and there to execute it by telling Heartfree that he knew an immensely rich nobleman who was about to marry; and that, for the sake of old times, he would try to persuade the Count La Ruse to buy his presents for the bride at Heartfree's shop. Both Heartfree and his wife were overcome with joy at Wild's kindness, and Mrs. Heartfree manifested her gratitude so ingenuously that Wild utterly mistook her meaning, and immediately decided to possess himself of her as well as her husband's goods. As to this mistake of Wild's with regard to the lady's feelings, we remind the reader that we forewarned him that our hero was not without blemish. The perfect man would not have erred in this matter; the great one did, with what consequences we shall see.

Leaving Heartfree as soon as he decently could, for his mind was afire with his project, Wild hastened to La Ruse and outlined the plan. The Count was to take an elegantly furnished house and hire an adequate number of servants; then he was to establish such credit with Heartfree as to get a considerable quantity of gems in his possession; after which the procedure is hardly necessary to be set down in this place. La Ruse entered heartily into the operation; but as neither he nor Wild had any money at the moment, it was necessary first to raise some. To this end Wild instigated a robbery, the proceeds of which were sufficient for a beginning. Presently, therefore, Wild acquainted Heartfree that the Count would buy of him, if he had satisfactory gems, and advised him to go at once to the Count's house with some of his finest specimens.

Heartfree did this, and the Count, following implicitly the instructions given him by Wild, declared that the gems submitted were not good enough; there was one, indeed, that might do, and, with the jeweler's permission, the Count would retain

it for further consideration until the next day, when he hoped to have much finer baubles placed before him. The jeweler, greatly impressed, did not so much as suggest that the one jewel retained be paid for at this time, but hastened joyfully away to search the great shops of the town for gems of extraordinary value. When he was gone, La Ruse sold the gem, and, using the proceeds as a bank, increased his supply of cash by gaming throughout the night. He had a thousand pounds available when next Heartfree came with a casket of rare gems. These, said the Count, were just what he wanted, and he would take the entire lot. He thereupon gave Heartfree one thousand pounds on account, and his note for thirty days for the balance. The jeweler, perfectly content, departed; but before he arrived home he was waylaid and robbed by some of Wild's subordinates.

Wild acted now with the celerity inseparable from true greatness. He first attended the rendezvous appointed for the men who had robbed Heartfree, and received the spoils from them, generously allowing them to divide one hundred pounds. With nine tenths of this plunder in pocket, he waited on the Count and received from him the casket, for, by previous agreement, Wild was to receive the larger share of its value, and they were to meet elsewhere for a division, the originator of the project preferring, meantime, for reasons of his own, to guard the spoil. The Count readily surrendered the casket to Wild's keeping.

Our hero, exulting in the signal success of his great enterprise, set forth to call upon a lady whose charms had enmeshed his heart, designing to win her favor with a handsome present. On the way he met another lady of such potent charms that he tarried with her for a time, and then proceeded to his original destination, where his wooing fared well enough until he came to the climax and opened the jewel-case. Then, what was his consternation to see, not costly gems, but the cheapest of paste, such tawdry trifles as are sold for a few pence to bumpkins at country fairs!

Count La Ruse had prepared himself with this stuff and substituted it for the genuine articles in Wild's absence. The lady recognized the worthlessness of the present, and berated Wild accordingly, who was stunned to silence until he bethought

him of the money that had been taken from Heartfree. If he could not win the lady with gems he could do so with cash, and he quickly searched his pockets. Alas! such are the trials of greatness! The lady with whom he had tarried on the way had appropriated for her own uses every bank-note and coin she could find in her friend's pockets. Wild, in a condition for once like his name, hastened to confront the Count; but La Ruse's hired house was shut, and he himself was half way to Dover, whence he escaped readily to parts unknown.

Nothing is a better token of true greatness than the steadfastness with which a man meets temporary adversity. Wild, recovering from his first transports of rage, set himself with exemplary resourcefulness to retrieve his situation. It was a comparatively simple matter to procure a modicum of ready cash by setting his gang, which was now well organized and rather numerous, to various enterprises, and although one of these resulted with much difficulty in no more than two shillings booty, Wild took his eighteen pence without complaint. He presently encountered the lady who had been so inconsiderate as to rob him of nine hundred pounds, and, with threats of buying evidence against her, compelled her to disgorge as much as she had left, to wit, five hundred pounds. Of the remainder, she had expended two hundred on foolish finery for her personal adornment, and the other two hundred she had given to a well-known thief. Wild laid information against this man, and, with the lady's help and other evidence that he collected from his subordinates who swore to what he told them, had the man convicted and hanged for the robbery of Heartfree; for which the unlucky jeweler was deeply grateful to his benefactor.

But, as Heartfree had done many kindnesses to Wild, and Wild had done savage injury to Heartfree, it was natural that the great man should conceive a violent animosity against the jeweler. It was such a hatred as could be measured only by the extent of Wild's greatness. Impelled by this, he conveyed doubts of Heartfree's financial stability to one and another of the jeweler's creditors, which resulted in demands for payment that Heartfree by no means could make on the instant. He was accordingly arrested, and such was the distrust of him created by Wild's maneuvers that he found it difficult to obtain bail.

Thereupon Wild told him to make himself easy, for that he would attend to engaging bondsmen.

Leaving Heartfree again overcome by his benefactor's kindness, Wild went straight to Mrs. Heartfree and told her that her husband was in danger of having his goods seized as a bankrupt; that it was necessary, in order to avoid this catastrophe, that she should sequestrate the most valuable and easily portable property in the shop for a few days; and to this end she must go at once to Holland. Her husband, Wild said, had sent him to tell her this, and the matter brooked not a moment's delay. Wild offered to escort her on the journey; and so plausible were his arguments, and so bewildered her mind with anxiety, that she packed up the best stock of the shop, and, confiding her children to the care of her servants, departed hurriedly with him. By night they were aboard a ship bound for Holland. Once away from the English coast, Wild's passion for the deluded woman overmastered his discretion, and he made known his desires in a way that offended and terrified her exceedingly. Her screams brought the captain of the ship, who, with some members of the crew, reduced our hero to subjection.

Shortly after this the ship was captured by a French privateer, the captain of which observed Mrs. Heartfree's fear of Wild, and offered his protection. When she told him what Wild had done and attempted, the Frenchman was so indignant that he set the great man adrift in a small boat in the middle of the channel with only a half dozen biscuits to sustain his life. Here indeed was a predicament to try greatness, and our hero, in very truth, succumbed to it; for when he had eaten all the biscuits, and then had floated about until he was ravenously hungry again, he was in such disgust with life and its prospects that he threw himself into the sea! What should happen then, human aid being unavailable, but Nature, having in mind the glorious climax that his worth deserved, must save him. She accomplished her splendid purpose in this wise: Wild, having immersed himself in the cold water of the channel, felt such discomfort of it, and conceived such a violent distaste for death, that he swam to the boat and clambered back into it. Thus miraculously spared by Nature from a shameful end in the very prime of his promising career, he was presently discovered by a fisherman, who set him

ashore at Deal. Wild there robbed his preserver of sufficient to pay his way by coach to London, and returned to the metropolis forthwith.

Our hero then resumed his uncompleted designs against Heartfree, toward whom his hatred burned now with unquenchable ardor. On his journey from Deal he had fallen in with a man almost as great as himself, whose name was Fireblood, and him Wild promptly engaged in various subsidiary enterprises for the acquiring of working capital. These enterprises served the further purpose of proving Fireblood's extraordinary merits, and, when they had been established beyond peradventure, Wild outlined a plan to him which they proceeded to execute forthwith. This was nothing less than to get Heartfree convicted of doing what Wild had done. If that could be accomplished, Heartfree would be hanged, and this consummation had become the dearest ambition of our hero.

Wild began by hinting to Heartfree's most rapacious creditor that the jeweler was an embezzler, and when he had aroused the creditor's eager interest, he offered to collect the necessary evidence. This consisted in sworn statements by Fireblood and Wild himself to the effect that Heartfree had sent his wife out of the kingdom with jewels that properly belonged to his creditors. Fireblood swore that he had carried the messages from Heartfree to his wife, and saw her depart with them, and Wild swore that, unwitting her villainous designs, he had harbored Mrs. Heartfree at his house for several days previous to the flight.

All this misinformation went through the usual channels, whereupon Heartfree was rearrested, that is, removed from the comparatively dignified confinement to which an impecunious debtor was subjected, to the lodging-place of malefactors; and in the end his trial came on, with the witnesses present to repeat their statements in court. As the jeweler could enter nothing but a simple denial, given with such bewilderment as stamped him for a desperate rogue, he was convicted and sentenced to death.

Wild then resumed his ordinary affairs, which, indeed, had been little interrupted by litigious proceedings. He was well content with the situation, for, although much time had elapsed since Heartfree's first incarceration, because of the traditional

delays of the law, the jeweler now was where the law would surely take care of him in due course.

Just then, however, our hero was the victim of an accident, slight enough in itself, but deplorable in its consequences. One Blueskin, whom he had employed in a certain robbery, having objected to his leader's division of the spoils, Wild, as usual, had him arrested and condemned on perjured evidence. Blueskin was so contumacious that, even after he heard sentence pronounced upon him, he still revolted, and, seeing an opportunity just as the jailers were removing him from court, he plunged a knife into our hero's body. The wound was a trifle, and healed readily; but the episode caused no little talk and wagging of the heads. People asked why Blueskin should have attempted murder, and persistent inquiries in pursuit of his motive revealed the nature of the relations that had existed between the man and Wild. Now, as his vast schemes seemed to some persons rather to be calculated for the glory of the great man himself than to redound to the general good of society, designs began to be laid by several who thought it principally their duty to put a stop to the progress of our hero. Eventually they procured an act of Parliament making it a capital offense for a thief to steal with the hands of other people—a law so plainly calculated for the destruction of all such greatness that it was impossible for our hero to avoid it.

Soon after the promulgation of this law Mr. Wild received various goods from his faithful subordinates, which he proceeded, quite as usual, to sell to their owner for nearly their full value; the owner meanly informed against him, and an overwhelming force of constables took our hero unawares and cast him into prison. The evidence being such that greatness itself could not controvert it, Wild was presently tried and sentenced to be hanged.

The fatal day for Heartfree arrived before that appointed for Wild, and on that very day his wife returned. It appeared that she was just in time for a parting word with him, and their farewell was proceeding with sufficient tragedy, when a reprieve arrived for the astonished prisoner; for, while he knew himself innocent, he could by no means imagine how anybody else should suppose so in view of what had been sworn at his trial.

The explanation was soon forthcoming. Fireblood had been caught in the act of robbery, and he came for examination before the magistrate who had condemned Heartfree. This magistrate had both a long memory and a sense of justice, and he promptly began to connect the fact that Heartfree had been convicted with the fact that the evidence had been given by Jonathan Wild, recently convicted of receiving stolen goods, and this Fireblood who had been taken in the act. He spoke his doubts to Fireblood, who, perceiving a possible loophole for himself, confessed the whole plot. The magistrate lost no time in laying the circumstances before the sovereign, who granted the reprieve, and further investigation, added to Mrs. Heartfree's story of her wonderful adventures, resulted in restoring the jeweler to an honorable place in the community, where he prospered as never before.

Although he hoped for it to the very end, and although he strove for it as best he could from behind the bars, no reprieve came for Wild. Nature and those circumstances that make for the destiny of heroes contrived to preserve him for that day when he might exemplify the last and noblest act of greatness by which any hero can signalize himself. This was the day of execution, or consummation, or apotheosis (for it is called by different names), which was to give our hero an opportunity of facing death and damnation without any fear in his heart, or, at least, without betraying any symptoms of it in his countenance. From the time he gave over all hopes of life, his conduct was truly great and admirable. Instead of showing any marks of dejection or contrition, he rather infused more confidence and assurance into his looks. He spent most of his hours drinking with his friends, and when one of them asked him whether he were not afraid to die, "Damn me!" said he, "it is only a dance without music." At the usual hour, then, he was attended by the gentlemen appointed for the purpose, and informed that the cart was ready. On this occasion he exerted that greatest of courage which hath been so much celebrated in other heroes, and, knowing that it was impossible to resist, he gravely declared that he would attend them.

When he came to the tree of glory he was welcomed with the shouts of a vast concourse of people who rejoiced over their

privilege of witnessing the proper catastrophe of a great man. The parson hurried through his last office, and while that good man was busy with his ejaculations, Wild picked his pocket, finding there naught but a corkscrew, which, nevertheless, as he never despised trifles, he carried out of life in his hand.

The parson having descended from the cart, Wild had just time to cast his eyes around the crowd and give them a hearty curse, when immediately the horses moved on, and with universal applause our hero swung out of this world.

THE HISTORY OF TOM JONES, A FOUNDLING
(1749)

There is undoubtedly something of autobiography in *Tom Jones*. The action of the story takes place early in the eighteenth century, which was contemporaneous with the author's boyhood, and the *locale*, Somersetshire, London, and the country lying between, was that part of England with which he was intimately familiar. Fielding was born in Somersetshire, and enough is known of his youth to warrant the assumption that not a few of the incidents in the story were drawn from his experience. That assumption, however, enhances rather than detracts from the interest aroused by his marvelous invention. *Tom Jones* has been dramatized in the sense that the name has been given to a light opera of much merit, produced in 1907; but the story as presented in the libretto is a thoroughly expurgated account of only two or three episodes of the many that made up the hero's adventurous career. Many of the farcical situations in the novel, however, have been transferred to the stage without credit to the originator.

FTER an absence of about three months in London, Squire Allworthy returned to his Somersetshire home to find a healthy boy baby in his bed. This occasioned the greatest surprise, not to say consternation, for nobody in his household could immediately suggest any explanation for the phenomenon. The Squire himself was a widower bereaved of all his children. His establishment housed only his maiden sister, Bridget, and the usual retinue of servants, all of whom professed the profoundest ignorance of the circumstances by which, first, the baby came to being, and, second, whereby he came to be in the Squire's bed. Nevertheless, Mr. Allworthy's humanity was touched. He determined first of all that the child should be his ward, and, having persuaded his sister, despite her protestations of repugnance for this offspring of probably guilty incontinence, to assist in caring for the youngster, the Squire set about solving the problem of his paternity.

Pursuit of village gossip speedily fastened the maternity on one Jenny Jones, a former servant of Partridge, the schoolmaster, barber, surgeon, and Jack of all trades. She con-

fessed, when Mr. Allworthy questioned her in the matter, but she obstinately refused to name the child's father, and she pleaded with the Squire to such good purpose that he refrained from having her punished, on condition that she betake herself to some other part of the country. In default of any better name, the baby was called Jones, after his mother, and his temper was so winning that presently all in the household loved him for his own sake, while they never desisted from berating his unmannerly parents and their unconscionable wickedness in bringing him into the world. Shortly after Jenny's departure, Partridge also was banished, for gossip pointed so strongly to him as the father of Tom that Mr. Allworthy was constrained to credit the accusation, although it could not be proven against the pedagogue's strenuous denials.

Not long after the household had settled down to the changed routine imposed by the advent of young Tom, Miss Bridget wedded one Captain Blifil, to whom, in due course, she bore a son. The Captain died in the boy's infancy, and his son grew up as Allworthy's acknowledged heir, but otherwise on even terms with the foundling, who was his playmate till they were old enough to develop marked differences in taste. Master Blifil was studious; Tom, while no laggard at his books, was more for vigorous sport, and consequently it was Tom who was forever getting into mischief and suffering punishment therefor. It hardly needs saying that, under the circumstances so explicitly though briefly set forth, it was the tendency of most in the Squire's entourage to cultivate Blifil at the expense of Tom. This was shown in many ways. If ever there were a doubt as to which boy was guilty of some trifling dereliction of duty, Blifil had the benefit, and Tom suffered sufficient extra punishment to make up for any defect in that justice did not administer the same penalty to his playmate. In all truth, however, it must be said that there was usually fault enough on Tom's part, but these faults were exaggerated and distorted in accounts of them to Squire Allworthy given by the boys' tutors, and by Blifil himself, when the latter had occasion to say anything on such matters. Whereby it came about that good Mr. Allworthy was often deeply grieved, and though his kindness led him to much forgiveness of Tom, his patience came to be sadly strained.

The climax of these annoyances to Squire Allworthy, and of meannesses to poor Tom, came when boyhood was passed and he had become so much of a man as to be overhead in love with Miss Sophia Western, daughter of a neighboring squire. He had not directly declared himself to this young lady, though there was little need of it so far as she was concerned, and little need indeed for the purpose of assuring himself of her affection, which would have been evident had his eyes been as bold as his love was fervent; and it must be said, too, as little need was there of a declaration as there was possibility that Squire Western would consent to the union of Tom and his daughter. For, though Western, a thoroughgoing sportsman and hearty admirer of Tom, had often hunted with and entertained him, it was unthinkable that he should consent to wed his daughter to a youth who had neither property nor family. In the latter respect, as Tom was only too frequently reminded by Blifil and other mean persons, he was as badly off as could be, hardly a week passing that he did not have to bear the taunt that he was a bastard.

However, to come to that train of incidents that brought about his banishment from Squire Allworthy's roof, and all reasonable prospect of happiness this side of heaven: Mr. Allworthy fell ill one day, and, believing that he was dying, he summoned to his bedside all his household except his sister, Mrs. Blifil (who was absent in London), that he might apprise them how he had willed to distribute his property. Nobody was surprised to learn that Blifil was to be his heir, and only those whose meanness of disposition rendered them incapable of appreciating Mr. Allworthy's large-hearted benevolence were surprised that he proposed to make substantial provision for Tom Jones, quite sufficient, in fact, to start him in life. While this affecting scene was in progress, a lawyer called with an important message for Mr. Allworthy. Of course he was not permitted to intrude on that gentleman. Blifil went to take his message, and reported presently to those who had been in the sick-room that his mother was dead. The lawyer-messenger, having delivered a letter to that mournful effect, had hurried away on other business, and Blifil insisted on carrying the sad news at once to Mr. Allworthy. The others protested, but Blifil overruled them. Fortunately his ill-advised conduct had

no bad effect, for Mr. Allworthy was already convalescent, though unaware of it. It was not very long before the doctor himself acknowledged that his patient was out of danger, whereupon Tom Jones was so beside himself with joy that he became very drunk with drinking Mr. Allworthy's health, *imprimis*, and the health of every individual in the household *in secundis*, *tertiis*, in regular succession, that he might completely do honor to his kindly patron. Being drunk, he was of necessity noisy, and his demeanor provoked Blifil, who rebuked him for such unseemly behavior in a house to which bereavement of death had but just come. Tom immediately saw his error and was vastly ashamed. He apologized like a man, pleading only that his joy over Mr. Allworthy's escape from death made him forgetful of all else in the world. Blifil refused to accept the apology, asserting that a person who could not name his parents could not be supposed to have ordinary sensibility. This insult so stung Tom that he struck Blifil, and a lively racket ensued in the dining-room. The end of it was that Tom, having been pulled away from his adversary, went forth to cool his blood by a walk in the woods. Thither a little later went also Blifil and one Thwackum, his tutor. These two presently observed Tom making for a thicket with one who beyond any question wore a petticoat. Their interest was keenly aroused, and Thwackum must forthwith pursue for the purpose of learning the name of the wench, that she might be haled before the Squire and punished as a wanton. It may fairly enough be supposed that he and Blifil would have been quite pleased to catch Tom in some flagrant violation of those principles of conduct which Squire Allworthy held dear.

Be that as it may, Tom heard them coming and went forth to meet them, his one purpose being to screen the retreat of the wench. But Thwackum was not to be defeated in this way. He undertook to force himself past Tom and was promptly knocked down for his trouble, whereupon Blifil went to his aid. Thwackum arose, and, with Blifil's assistance, was pushing the valiant Tom to a hard pass when Squire Western, who happened to walk that way, saw two men contending against one. Ignorant who they were, or what were the merits of the controversy, the Squire immediately gave aid to the numerically

weaker party to such good effect that Thwackum was utterly routed and Blifil stretched senseless on the sward.

Now the fair Sophia and her aunt, Mrs. Western, and some others, had been walking with the Squire. They came up at this moment, and Sophia, seeing Tom covered with blood, mighty little of it his own, promptly fainted. Tom carried her to a brook and restored her to consciousness, but Mrs. Western wholly misinterpreted the cause of her niece's dismay. That shrewd lady supposed it due to Sophia's anxiety for Blifil, and the speedy result of this misunderstanding was a suggestion to Squire Western by his sister that Blifil and Sophia would make a good match.

Western, with characteristic impetuosity, acted on this hint at once. Mr. Allworthy was greatly pleased, for indeed there seemed to be much in the match to commend it. But, without going into any whys and wherefores, Sophia flatly refused to consider Blifil, and it finally came out that Tom was the obstacle. An unlucky incident made it appear to the hot-tempered Squire Western that Tom was actually trying to run away with Sophia. This was farthest from the truth, but it was so reported to Mr. Allworthy, and Blifil took occasion to report also how Tom had misbehaved on the day when Mr. Allworthy was supposed to be dying. All this was put in such a bad light to Mr. Allworthy that he came not so much to the end of his patience as to a profound conviction that Tom was a hopeless, ungrateful reprobate. He therefore banished Tom forthwith. Compassion induced him to give the youth a purse containing five hundred pounds, but, as luck would have it, Tom lost the purse before he knew what was in it. He wrote to Sophia of his sad plight, sending the letter by a faithful servant, and Sophia immediately despatched a reply telling him of her own despair and her determination never to marry Blifil, and enclosing to him all the ready money she had, about sixteen guineas. With this as his only capital, Tom set forth to seek his fortune.

He had not gone far before he fell in with a small company of soldiers. Tom drank with them at an inn, and when it came his turn to propose a toast, he must naturally offer the only one which his head was capable of conceiving, namely, the beautiful Sophia. So eloquent was he that the officers pressed him to

name the beauty, which, after much hesitation, he did, whereupon one of the company, with the deliberate intent of testing the mettle of the young man, invented a most scandalous tale about Sophia and her aunt. The quarrel that followed was desperate indeed, and Tom received a blow on the head that stunned him. The consequences were really great, though Tom did not suspect so at the time. A surgeon who attended him, believing him to be a gentleman of great wealth, was for keeping him in bed a month or so; but when he discovered that Tom had only a limited supply of cash and was no gentleman, he brutally abandoned the case, and the injured man had to resort to the village barber for the dressing of his wounds. This barber was none other than that same Partridge who had been banished by Mr. Allworthy many years previously under suspicion that he was responsible for Tom's existence.

Partridge was a fellow of infinite good humor and some shrewdness. He saw his own certain advancement in attaching himself to the wanderer. It was incredible to him that Squire Allworthy should forever be hostile to Tom, for Partridge was one of the many who suspected that Mr. Allworthy was himself the father of the foundling. So, thought the crafty barber-surgeon-pedagogue, if I cling to Tom and persuade him to go home, great will be my reward when father and son are happily reunited. Tom liked the fellow's wit, and readily enough agreed that they should keep company, but it was frankly understood that Tom could pay nothing. In fact, Partridge had more money at command than Tom had. Preliminary to their long journey, Partridge assured Tom by all that was holy that he was not guilty of his paternity.

These two, then, journeyed afoot, for they could not afford horses, Tom with the idea of overtaking the soldiers and enlisting, Partridge ever throwing out arguments for a return home. They presently entered a wood whence came the shrieks of a woman in distress. Tom valiantly pushed through a thicket to aid her, while Partridge, frightened half to death, sped on to the nearest town, which was Upton. What Tom found was a good-looking woman, no longer young to be sure, but in the prime of life, that is to say, not yet forty, struggling vainly with a soldier who was endeavoring to strangle her.

In the violence of their conflict, her upper garments had been torn almost wholly away from her. It was with something like joy that Tom recognized in her assailant the soldier who had broken his head. The combat this time ended more to his liking, for the ruffian was speedily vanquished. Tom then undertook to guide the lady to a place of safety. It appeared that the soldier, with whom she was well acquainted, had beguiled her to this lonely spot for the purpose of robbery.

Walking in front of her, that his eyes might not offend the lady's delicacy by observing her naked condition, Jones soon arrived at Upton and went directly to that inn that presented the fairest appearance to the street. He engaged a room for the lady, and then went below stairs to arrange with the landlady for the loan of suitable clothes for his unfortunate companion. It happened that he had taken quarters at a house of exceedingly good repute, whither Irish ladies of strict virtue, and many northern lasses of the same predicament, were accustomed to resort on their way to Bath. The landlady, therefore, was most averse to admitting within her doors any person as to whose virtue there might be a doubt, and Tom's ragged companion was in no condition to fend off suspicion. Consequently the landlady proposed to eject the intruders, both of them, *vi et armis*, the latter being the favorite weapon of housekeepers, to wit, a broomstick.

So, when Tom encountered her in the kitchen, she promptly began to belabor him with the broom, assailing him at the same time virulently with her tongue. Tom withstood these assaults after the manner of a true gentleman, that is, without resistance, until the landlady's husband combined with her. Then Tom fought lustily, the more so as Susan, the servant of the inn, joined forces with her employers. At this juncture in came Partridge, who rushed to the defense of his master, whereupon the women concentrated against him, leaving the landlord to deal with Tom; and so they pommeled one another merrily until a post-boy entered to announce the arrival of a lady and her maid. This necessarily caused a suspension of hostilities while the inn people received their guests, who passed through the kitchen holding their kerchiefs before their eyes that they might not witness the shocking carnage there visible; for, in-

deed, there was no little blood shed from Partridge's nose, against which Susan had fetched a mighty thwack with her toil-hardened fist.

Tom's companion, meantime, concealing her naked bosom in a pillow-case, had come to the kitchen, for she had been driven from her room, and sat disconsolate, when some soldiers arrived for refreshments. The officer in command recognized the disheartened lady as Mrs. Waters, so-called wife of a well-known captain. When the landlady learned that she had been objecting to the presence of so highly placed a personage as a captain's wife, she was vastly mortified and proffered the most abject apologies. These Mrs. Waters received with becoming coldness and demanded accommodations suitable to her position, which were promptly accorded. Mrs. Waters, though cold enough to the upstart inn people, was all gratitude and cordiality to Tom. She bespoke him most graciously as her champion in the direst extremities, which was true indeed, and insisted that he should dine with her, an invitation that he could not well decline even had he wished to do so.

The hour had come to be very late. Only Susan Chambermaid was stirring when a gentleman arrived at the inn. He inquired, in a very abrupt and confused manner, whether there was any lady in the house? "I've lost my wife," quoth he; "if she be here, take me to her; if she be gone, tell me which way she went"; and he enhanced his plea with a handful of guineas. Susan, from the account she had received of Mrs. Waters, made not the least doubt that she was the identical stray whom the right owner pursued. Accordingly, as this was a most honest way of earning money, she conducted the stranger to the bedchamber of Mrs. Waters. The gentleman knocked at the door, but not so politely as forcibly, and wher he found it locked he threw himself against it with such violence that it burst open and he fell headlong into the room.

He had no sooner recovered his legs than forth from the bed, upon his legs likewise, appeared (with shame and sorrow we are obliged to proceed) our hero himself, who, in a menacing voice, demanded of the gentleman who he was and what he meant by daring to burst open his chamber in this outrageous manner. The gentleman at first thought he had committed a

mistake, and was about to ask pardon and retreat, when, as the moon shone very bright, he cast his eyes on stays, a gown, petticoats, and stockings lying in disorder on the floor. Jealousy drove all power of speech from him, and he tried to approach the bed. Jones interposing, a fierce contention arose which proceeded to blows on each side, and the racket so disturbed a gentleman who was reading in bed in an adjoining room that he came rushing to the scene. He recognized an acquaintance in Tom's adversary at once.

"Mr. Fitzpatrick," he cried, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Oh, Mr. McLachlan," the other answered, "this villain hath debauched my wife."

"What wife?" demanded McLachlan; "I know Mrs. Fitzpatrick very well, and I can see that the lady lying in bed here is none of her."

Fitzpatrick was confounded. He asked many pardons of the lady—none other than Mrs. Waters, of course—but he threatened to have Tom's blood in the morning, "Because," said he, "you have beaten me."

Tom was in nowise discomposed by this threat, but he was so bewildered with fear for the lady's reputation that he knew not what to do. Now, the invention of women is much readier than that of men. She recalled that there was communication between her room and that of Mr. Jones; relying, therefore, on his honor, she began to scream at the top of her lungs: "Help! Rape! Murder! Rape!"

This brought in the landlady, whom Mrs. Waters abused with the utmost virulence for not keeping a proper house, whereupon the landlady began to roar dismally that she was undone, that the reputation of her house, which was never blown upon before, was utterly destroyed. "What in the devil's name," she bawled, "is the reason of this disturbance in the lady's room?"

Fitzpatrick stammered that he had made a mistake, and retired with his friend. Jones, taking the cue from Mrs. Waters, boldly asserted that he had run to her assistance on hearing the door broken open; and he proceeded blandly to apologize to Mrs. Waters for having appeared before her in his shirt, assuring her that nothing but concern for her safety could have pre-

vailed on him to do it. Whereafter Mrs. Waters addressed him dignified words of appreciation, gently acquitted the landlady of having had any share in the disturbance, and begged to be left to her repose; upon which the landlady, with much civility and many courtesies, took her leave.

The house had hardly quieted after this episode, when another post-boy arrived at the gate. Susan, being ordered out, introduced two young women in riding-habits, one so very richly laced that Partridge, whom fright during the recent disturbance had sent to the kitchen for companionship, rose from his chair, and the landlady fell to her courtesies and her "ladyships" with great eagerness. These guests were presently accommodated with a room, whither the richly dressed young lady retired, while her maid returned to the kitchen for supper. She fell to gossiping there, and Partridge, who was forever blabbing of things that would better have been kept in discreet reserve, remarked that the son and heir of the great Squire Allworthy was then in the house. The stranger professed her surprise, saying she knew Squire Allworthy, and that he had no son.

"It is true, nevertheless," Partridge insisted fatuously, "though everybody doth not know him to be Squire Allworthy's son; for he was never married to his mother; but his son he certainly is, and will be his heir, too, as certainly as his name is Jones."

Thereupon the guest finished her meal abruptly and repaired to her mistress, to whom she gave startling information. For her mistress was none other than Sophia Western, who had run away from home in order to avoid marrying Blifil, and who was now on her way to a relative in London, Lady Bellaston, from whom she expected to receive a welcome and loyal support to her cause.

Sophia instantly despatched Honour, her maid, to summon Mr. Jones, but when Honour asked Partridge to call that gentleman, he refused to do so. "One woman is enough at once for a reasonable man," quoth the blundering barber, and to make matters as bad as possible, he set forth Tom's unhappy behavior in regard to Mrs. Waters in as plain a light as words could supply. Honour, hotly indignant, returned again to Sophia and acquainted her with Tom's faithlessness. It may readily be under-

stood that Sophia had no further desire to see Tom, or to remain longer in a house that harbored him, but she determined to punish him in some way, and, after thought upon it, she sent Honour to find whether Tom were in his own bed. Lackaday! he was not, and, at Sophia's command, Honour deposited on the empty bed a muff which Tom would surely recognize. This done, she gave over the repose she had meant to take, and, dead o' night though it was, continued on her journey.

In the morning Tom found the muff, knew what it signified, and set forth in the direction Sophia had taken, hoping to come up with her. He did not trouble to say farewell to Mrs. Waters, who did not appear to be put out by the oversight. She went by coach to Bath with Mr. Fitzpatrick, after that gentleman had searched the entire house for his missing wife. It should be said that if he had searched thoroughly at the time of his arrival, he might have found her; for Mrs. Fitzpatrick was the first of the ladies to arrive on the previous evening. She had been aroused by the disturbance in Mrs. Waters's room, and, thus learning of her husband's presence, she had set forth secretly about the time of Sophia's departure. This Mrs. Fitzpatrick was a cousin of Sophia's who had married against the wishes of Squire Western and had been disowned. It was an unhappy marriage, and she was now fleeing from it. She, too, sped toward London, and the night was not over before she and Sophia came together on the road. They then continued in company without serious adventure, save that Sophia lost her purse containing a hundred-pound note. In time they fell in with an Irish peer who was a great friend of Mrs. Fitzpatrick, and accepted his invitation to make the rest of the journey in his coach.

Squire Western, meantime, had begun to pursue Sophia with a great uproar and a numerous retinue, but he gave up and returned home, whence he did not stir till a much later day when Mrs. Fitzpatrick, in hope of obtaining forgiveness for herself, apprised him of Sophia's whereabouts in London.

Tom would have lost track of Sophia but for happening on a beggar who had found her purse. He bought the purse with its valuable contents for a guinea, and the beggar showed him where it had lain. This gave him the clue to Sophia's route, and he followed it patiently, learning in due course, through Partridge's

everlasting gossiping, of the Irish peer. It was then evident that he could not overtake Sophia, but he pushed on, nevertheless, and, having arrived in London, went to a lodging-house always patronized by Mr. Allworthy when he was in town.

He was not long in finding the peer's residence, where he inquired for "a lady who arrived recently." A footman, adequately bribed for the service, knew what Tom wished to know, and conducted him to the lodgings of—Mrs. Fitzpatrick. Tom frankly explained his quest, but Mrs. Fitzpatrick could not satisfy him. As a matter of fact, Sophia had gone to her kinswoman, Lady Bellaston, and Mrs. Fitzpatrick, quite uncertain how she should act to the best advantage of herself, would not tell him where Lady Bellaston lived, or even that there was such a lady; she did, however, acquaint Lady Bellaston of Tom's presence and purpose in London, and her ladyship contrived to get a good look at the young man. Now, Tom's looks were very much—shall we say, against him? Certainly they frequently caused ladies to conceive tender interest for him that might properly have been bestowed elsewhere. So it was with Lady Bellaston. She had no difficulty in getting acquainted with Tom, who had no suspicion that she was so much as aware of Sophia's existence.

Meantime he had come to the end of his money, for nothing could persuade him to utilize the hundred-pound note in Sophia's purse, and when Lady Bellaston proffered him financial assistance, he saw no other possible course than to accept it. Thus was he kept in funds and enabled to dress as a young blood in London should. He met Lady Bellaston at the house of one of her dependants, but one day, when this house was not available, her ladyship summoned him to her own house, appointing an hour when Sophia would be at a theater. Tom arrived ahead of time, and while he waited in the drawing-room, Sophia, having tired of the play, came in. After the first moment of surprise, Sophia was inclined to treat her lover coldly, but Tom pleaded eloquently the steadfastness of his love, while inwardly he quaked lest she become aware of his relations with Lady Bellaston; and, while they were yet far from a perfect reconciliation, Lady Bellaston entered.

In this juncture it was not only Tom's policy to conceal his

acquaintance with Lady Bellaston from Sophia, but it was Sophia's to conceal her previous acquaintance with him; for, in seeking Lady Bellaston's hospitality, she had said nothing of Tom, but only that she was flying from the hated marriage with Blifil. Tom, therefore, announced, quite as if he now saw Lady Bellaston for the first time, that he had come to restore to Sophia her purse, explaining that as the purse was engraved with her name, he had been many days seeking for her in London; he had learned from a stranger at a masquerade that Miss Western was at Lady Bellaston's house. Thus was Sophia prevented from suspecting her hostess, and Tom withdrew before the situation became more dangerous. On his way out he met Sophia's maid, Honour, and told her where he lodged.

Lady Bellaston followed him to his lodgings almost at once. "You see, sir," said she, "when women have gone one length too far, they will stop at none. Tell me: have you betrayed my honor to her?"

Jones fell on his knees and began to utter the most violent protestations, when Partridge came dancing into the room, drunk with joy. "She's found!" he cried; "Sophia's found! Honour is here now, on the stairs."

"Stop her! Keep her out!" cried Tom, aghast, and as he had no closet, he hid Lady Bellaston on the bed and drew the curtains.

Then in came Honour, indignant at being hindered in coming up the stairs, and announcing in the most cheerful tone how her young lady was bewitched by Mr. Jones. "Lord ha' mercy upon you if you don't make her a good husband," quoth Honour.

Jones begged her to whisper, for that there was a lady dying in the next room.

"A lady!" cried she; "one of your ladies, I suppose. Oh, Mr. Jones, there are too many of them in this world. We are got into the house of one, for my Lady Bellaston, I dare say, is no better than she should be."

"Do hush!" stammered Tom; "the lady in the next room can hear everything."

"I don't care a farthing," retorted Honour. "Lady Bellaston meets men at a house where she pays the rent," and so she ran on scandalously about Lady Bellaston, while Tom per-

spired in his vain efforts to shut her off. But at length Honour delivered a letter from Sophia and took her departure. Ah! how her ladyship attacked Tom when at last she could emerge from the bed-curtains! She accused him of loving Sophia more than herself, an accusation that Tom dodged by asserting the truth, namely, that his meeting with Sophia at her house was accidental. Eventually Lady Bellaston said that thereafter he should visit her at her own house, as her servants and others would place these visits to the account of Sophia.

When she had gone, Tom opened Sophia's letter to find that it strictly enjoined him not to call on her again. It needs no words to show that this put Tom in a parlous predicament. Lady Bellaston insisted that he must call every day, and Sophia said he mustn't! There was nothing for it but to feign illness, which he proceeded to do, notifying Lady Bellaston of his inability to comply with her desires.

What might have been the complications ensuing from this subterfuge may be left to the imagination, for it was about this time that Squire Western came to London and took Sophia from Lady Bellaston's to his own lodgings. He was more obdurate than ever in his determination that his daughter should marry Blifil, and even then Mr. Allworthy and Blifil were on their way to London with a view to overcoming her opposition and bringing off the ceremony.

These matters came to Tom's knowledge, and while he was by no means sure that Sophia would forgive his numerous follies, he was wholly resolved to be true to her henceforth; and he was hard put to it for a device by which he could break from Lady Bellaston, to whose wishes he conceived himself bound in some sort by honor. At length, profoundly convinced that she would refuse him, he wrote her ladyship an offer of marriage. As he anticipated, she disdained the offer, whereupon he wrote again, stating that under the circumstances he must "pray for a sudden opportunity of returning those pecuniary obligations which he had been so unfortunate as to receive at her hands; and for those of a more tender kind he would ever remain," etc., etc. To which the lady replied: "I see you are a villain, and I despise you. If you come here I shall not be at home." Tom was highly delighted with the success of his ruse,

little dreaming of the use to which Lady Bellaston would put his letters; for, when occasion arose, she sent them to Sophia, who therefore had the evidence of Tom's own hand that he had sought to place another woman in the position which he protested he wished her to occupy.

Squire Western, as indicated in the foregoing, had received his information of Sophia's whereabouts from Mrs. Fitzpatrick. On the day when Mr. Allworthy and Blifil arrived in London, Mrs. Fitzpatrick sent for Tom. For her own purposes she gave him some preposterous advice, namely, that he should try to promote his interests by making love to Mrs. Western, Sophia's aunt! Tom declined as politely as possible and left the house. At the very door he was met by Mr. Fitzpatrick, whom he had not seen since the adventure in Upton. Mr. Fitzpatrick retained the animosity engendered on that occasion, and as he had but just then discovered where his wife was, he suspected Tom of visiting her for quite different reasons than the facts justified. Accordingly Fitzpatrick smote Tom a mighty blow with his fist and drew his sword. Tom drew also, and a quick duel followed, the end of which was that Mr. Fitzpatrick fell with a sword thrust clean through his body.

Appalled by this catastrophe, Tom submitted to arrest without resistance and was locked up. He was visited in prison by Partridge, by several friends he had made in London, and also by Mrs. Waters, who, it seemed, had been traveling with Mr. Fitzpatrick ever since their odd meeting in Upton. Partridge was at the prison when Mrs. Waters called, and he immediately recognized her as Jenny Jones, the reputed mother of Tom. As it happened, Partridge had not seen Mrs. Waters at Upton, but he knew from what Tom had told him that this was the lady who figured so conspicuously in the adventure there. The barber was horrified, but unhappily not rendered speechless by his discovery. On the contrary, he blabbed the news to everybody who could by any possibility be pained by it, including Squire Allworthy, and for a time there was deep distress in many hearts.

It might not be supposed that Mr. Allworthy would be especially interested, but not only did he treasure the memory of affection for Tom, but ever since his arrival in town he had

been compelled to hear many accounts of Tom's goodness of heart. Tom had removed from his lodgings before Mr. Allworthy's arrival, in order that his benefactor might occupy his usual quarters. During his residence there he had had several occasions to manifest kindness to the landlady and her relatives. He had contrived to save her daughter from being deserted by her lover, and thus brought about an honest, happy marriage in the face of great difficulties; he had given freely of his money to the poor; he had expressed again and again the deepest affection for Mr. Allworthy, and repentance that any deeds of his had given that gentleman anxiety and sorrow. All this and much more, and no jot of it but was true, the landlady had poured volubly into Squire Allworthy's ears; and though he repelled her insinuations that wicked persons had deceived him with regard to Tom, there is no doubt that his heart had been touched when, after the news of Tom's arrest for killing a man, came Partridge's ghastly revelation of the young man's iniquity with Jenny Jones!

Happily for Tom and all concerned, this dreadful cloud was soon dispelled. Mrs. Waters, the quondam Jenny Jones, as soon as she had informed Tom of the true state of affairs, hurried to lay her information before Squire Allworthy. She told him that Tom was the son of none other than Mrs. Bridget, Mr. Allworthy's own sister! His father had been a worthy student who was once a guest of Squire Allworthy, and who had died before Tom's birth. Bridget had taken advantage of her brother's long absence in London to conceal her shame, paying Jenny Jones liberally to assume the guilt. Later, Bridget had borne her part in the comedy by pretending unwillingness to care for the foundling.

Mrs. Waters had no documentary proof of her astounding story, but confirmation was to hand in this way: the lawyer who had taken the news of Mrs. Blifil's death to Squire Allworthy's house was at this time under the Squire's retainer for various business affairs; when questioned on the matter, he told how Mrs. Blifil, dying, had given him a letter for her brother in which she confessed to being the mother of Tom, and described the deceit precisely as her confederate, Mrs. Waters, had told it; the lawyer had given this letter to Blifil, as was related in the foregoing. It was then Blifil's turn to be questioned, and it

appeared that he had read the letter addressed to his uncle, destroyed it, and suppressed the information it contained. Incidentally the lawyer revealed that Blifil had, on the very day of Mrs. Waters's revelations, instructed him to procure evidence that would assure the hanging of Tom for murder. Almost simultaneously with these disclosures came word that Fitzpatrick was not mortally wounded, and that he had sworn to a statement in which he acknowledged that he was the aggressor in the quarrel with Tom. This speedily brought about Tom's release.

There could be but one consequence to these disclosures, so far as Squire Allworthy was concerned—or two, rather, for, coincident with welcoming Tom back to his heart, he dislodged the treacherous Blifil as favorite and heir. The meeting between Tom and his uncle was most affecting, the Squire full of contrition for having, through deceit, treated Tom more harshly than his deserts warranted, and Tom overwhelmed with joy that he could again greet his benefactor with no suspicion darkening his manifestation of affection. Squire Western promptly withdrew his objection to Tom as soon as he knew his real standing in the world, and the only thing needed to complete the young man's happiness was Sophia's forgiveness. This, of course, from his point of view, was the greatest of all, and eventually it was obtained, but not without some strenuous wooing on Tom's part, for the girl was justly offended at much of his conduct, and she was under absolute misapprehension with regard to a great deal of it—that offer of marriage to Lady Bellaston, for example. Tom convinced her at last that he had made the offer solely as a device to rid himself of a distasteful entanglement, and when this and other matters had been cleared up she consented to marry him.

The wedding took place without undue delay and prospered to everybody's content. Blifil went to a northern county, where he saved money on the allowance that Squire Allworthy provided, and Partridge resumed his teaching in the village from which he had been banished shortly after Tom's birth.

AMELIA (1752)

Fielding distinguished *Amelia*, his last work, from his other novels by declaring in the dedication that in it he had satirized nobody. For this reason, perhaps, it does not abound in the extravagant humor of the others, but there is the same prodigal invention. It has one feature of especial interest to modern readers, in that he devotes considerable space to setting forth picturesquely the evils of the poor debtors' law and the debtors' prison, a subject which still furnished abundant material for the indignant pen of Charles Dickens a century afterward. The action of the story proper is confined to London and a period of some six weeks, but by subsidiary stories of the careers of the several leading personages, it covers many years and introduces the reader to English rural life, an army transport, battle-fields at Gibraltar, and other scenes.

MONG the persons whom the watchmen of Westminster caught in the meshes of the law on the night of March 31st was Captain William Booth, a young fellow, penniless at the time and somewhat shabby; for which reason, though his offense was nothing more than a humane attempt to save a stranger from a beating by two ruffians, he was sent to prison. Indeed, he told a plain, credible story to the magistrate; but the original ruffians had bought their freedom from the constables; and, as somebody had to be punished, Booth and the poor devil whom he had tried to assist would do very well; so to prison both went. He was much cast down by the misery he saw there, though his own plight was hard enough, for he knew of nobody in all London, or England for that matter, to whom he could turn for relief. His fellow-prisoners, finding that he had no money wherewith to buy them a drink-offering on his entrance to their society, set upon him and stripped him of his coat, which they speedily pledged for the liquor he could not buy; and somebody stole his snuff-box, a cheap article, but valued for its associations.

A prisoner named Robinson interposed between him and his tormentors and drew him toward the gate where, as they con-

versed upon indifferent matters, a fashionably dressed woman was brought in. Although she was a prisoner, she haughtily demanded a private room, and shook a bag of gold in the keepers' faces to show that she could pay for what she wanted. Booth was deeply puzzled by this woman's appearance. Her face reminded him of one whom he had known but had not seen for several years. As she passed close to him without apparently recognizing him, and as he could not conceive it possible that Miss Matthews had sunk so low as to be cast into prison, he concluded that he was mistaken, and gave no further thought to the matter. He had come to know what hunger was—for all the food he had was the scant slice of bread allowed to the inmates by the authorities—when a messenger, having inquired if his name were Booth, handed him a small parcel and withdrew at once. Booth undid the parcel and found that it contained a guinea. There was nothing to indicate from whom it came, and he was unspeakably amazed; but, after some thought upon it, he decided that he had a right to use it. He redeemed his coat, bought proper food, and posted a notice offering a reward for his snuff-box, which was presently brought to him. Then he was induced to play cards with Robinson, who quickly effected the transfer of Booth's balance of cash from the Captain's pocket to his own. There is no manner of doubt that Robinson cheated, but, although Booth suspected as much, he had no recourse but to endure his loss, which was the more severe as Robinson, the next time Booth was hungry, blandly refused to lend him a shilling on the ground that another had won his all immediately after the play with Booth. The unhappy Captain was, then, in a most unenviable frame of mind, when a keeper informed him that a lady wished to see him, and conducted him into the presence of Miss Matthews.

She was, indeed, his former acquaintance, and, to be perfectly plain on a matter of which Booth was at that time profoundly ignorant, he had been her first love, and she still entertained an extraordinary passion for him. It was she, of course, who had sent him the mysterious guinea. These two, having met under such distressing circumstances, proceeded, as was natural, to relate their respective experiences. Miss Matthews, speaking first, told how she had been committed for

murder. A villainous fellow had seduced her under promise of marriage. When the final proof of his villainy was brought to her knowledge by the fact that he had married another, she sought him out and stabbed him with a penknife. This, in very brief, was her story, which Booth heard with many expressions of sympathy, expressions which she tried again and again to induce him to extend to interest of a deeper and more personal nature.

Booth told how he had fallen in love with Amelia, younger daughter of Mrs. Harris, of Wiltshire. Amelia was the most beautiful woman in the kingdom, an estimate that Miss Matthews herself was willing to allow, although she sighed that Amelia had infinitely better than beauty in the love of Captain Booth. The course of Booth's love did not run at all smooth, for Mrs. Harris was opposed to him, as was the elder sister also; but love triumphed eventually, aided in no little degree by Dr. Harrison, the curate, who persuaded Mrs. Harris to give over her objections; so that, after an exciting elopement, Booth and Amelia were married in proper form, and for a time lived contentedly with Mrs. Harris. Then Booth's regiment was ordered to Gibraltar, and there was nothing for it but that he should go to the war and leave his young wife behind. He distinguished himself in battle, being dangerously wounded twice. His bravery, as well as his general conduct, which was amiable to the last degree, won him the admiration and affection of his fellow-officers, particularly Colonel James and the latter's brother-in-law, Colonel Bath. While he lay between life and death after his second wound, Amelia came to join him, for she had heard of his danger. Under her care he recovered, and when he had no money with which to provide properly for her, Colonel James loaned to him freely, for James was very rich.

At length, the war finished, Booth and Amelia returned to England. On the way they heard that Mrs. Harris was dead, and that, her former opposition to Booth having revived for some inexplicable reason, she had left all her property to Amelia's sister. This sister showed herself of such a mean spirit when they reached the home in Wiltshire that they could not have asked assistance of her if they would. They went to live with Dr. Harrison, who eventually set Booth up as a farmer. He

prospered well enough in this occupation as long as Dr. Harrison was at hand to advise him; but unluckily the good doctor was required by the Earl who was his patron to travel on the Continent for three or four years, and during that period, Booth went from bad to worse in a business way. He was so overwhelmed with debts that he could not keep up the struggle, and decided to try fortune in London, hoping, if nothing better offered, to get another commission in the army. He had preceded his wife by a day or two, had obtained modest lodgings and written her where they were, when the deplorable adventure happened that landed him in prison.

The telling of these two histories filled all the afternoon and as much of the evening as passed before the prisoners were locked up. Miss Matthews had been burning with sympathy for the Captain throughout his recital; again and again she sighed of his perfections; she bemoaned his hard fate, and as both were in hopeless durance, she subtly proffered such comfort as was in her power. Whereby it may not be wondered at that Booth was somewhat moved, for surely he was in a predicament where, if anything could undo his lofty resolves, it would be comfort. So, when the jailer came to turn him from Miss Matthews's room and conduct him to his own noisome quarters, and Miss Matthews assured him that she would rather sit up all night than that he should be compelled to endure discomfort; and when she, moreover, gave the jailer half a guinea to let Booth remain in her room, he—that is to say, frankly and regretfully, Captain Booth—remained there; as he continued to do for several consecutive nights. This lapse of the Captain's has to be confessed not only in the interest of strict veracity, but because it had such a vital bearing on his subsequent adventures.

A week had passed when Miss Matthews received a letter from an admirer enclosing a hundred-pound note. On the same day a lawyer named Murphy called to assure her that, with some trifling formalities to be undergone, she was released; for the victim of her fury had received but a slight wound after all, and was fully recovered. Miss Matthews, while protesting that she did not care to go, and that she regretted her blow had been so ineffective, immediately required of the lawyer and the

governor of the prison that they effect the release of Captain Booth; which was accomplished by placing some twenty of her pounds where they would be most useful. Booth's release was handed to him before he realized that the lady was exerting herself on his behalf; and they were about to leave prison together when Amelia came.

Booth's wife had heard of his trouble only that morning, for he had not had the heart to apprise her of it by letter. He was overjoyed to see her, but his joy was tainted with quaking dread lest she discover his relations with Miss Matthews; and for a long time that remained the cause of much poignant and secret distress; but Amelia was so unsuspicious that, in very truth, he need not have troubled himself so deeply about it, and probably he would not have done so but for the fact that at heart Booth was really a most upright man and appreciative husband. He had promised to call on Miss Matthews after his release; but, while he broke this promise without hesitation, and ignored her written demands that he remember it, for she sent messages to his lodgings, he was in desperate fear of the consequences. She who could rise to murder a faithless lover certainly could be depended on to stoop to expose one who scorned her.

In this dilemma, and all out of cash, Booth happened to encounter his former comrade, Colonel James. Their relations were so intimate and friendly that in short order Booth poured out the whole story of his difficulties and fears, whereupon the Colonel pressed fifty pounds upon the Captain and undertook to relieve him of further anxiety concerning Miss Matthews. This the Colonel could do with some degree of confidence, because, quite unsuspected by Booth, it was he who had sent the hundred-pound note to Miss Matthews in prison. But, while this would have seemed to Booth a most fortunate concatenation of circumstances if he had known about it, it really involved him in a deal of the most delicate and, to him, incomprehensible trouble. For Colonel James had never succeeded with Miss Matthews as well as he would have liked, and when he discovered that Booth was the lady's one passion, he was stirred by jealousy and became cold to his friend. Furthermore, when Miss Matthews found that Booth would have no more of her, she became spiteful and traduced Booth to the Colonel most outrageously, mak-

ing the Colonel believe that Booth despised him and affected esteem for him merely for the sake of profiting by his generosity. Some of this came to the ear of Colonel Bath, a boastful man but nevertheless one of sensitive honor, and, in behalf of his brother-in-law, Colonel Bath, meeting Booth in the street one day, called him a scoundrel. As he would make no explanation, Booth insisted on satisfaction, for which they retired to Hyde Park; and a fierce but brief duel ended when Booth ran his adversary through with his sword.

Fortunately the wound was not fatal, and the Colonel was so impressed with Booth's gallantry that he forgave him and, convinced that he could not be a scoundrel, brought about a reconciliation with James. This was effected partly by Miss Matthews herself, for when she heard a distorted account of the duel and believed that it was Booth who had been run through, she wrote a letter to James confessing that she had lied about his rival. This might have been a very agreeable termination of that difficulty, if it had not been for two other factors in Booth's career that for long never ceased to torment him. One was his debts, about which everything was clear enough; the other was Amelia's remarkable beauty, about which everything, so far as Booth could understand it, was mysterious and maddening. For not only did Colonel James conceive a violent passion for her, but so also did a lord who was a frequent visitor to Mrs. Ellison, Booth's landlady. The fact was that Mrs. Ellison, apparently a respectable woman, was really in the lord's pay to provide beauties for his entertainment.

Both these men pretended to interest themselves in Booth to the end of obtaining a commission for him; and, indeed, both did exert themselves to some degree, but with the idea of having him assigned to a regiment in the West Indies, or some other distant colony, for the purpose of getting him out of the way. Now Amelia, the embodiment of innocence, absolutely and blindly devoted to her husband, was at first misled by these false friends. It seemed to her that they were models of generosity, and she actually believed that their interest was limited to the Captain. In this spirit she accepted a gift from Colonel James, and gifts from the lord to her children. Booth, equally misled, permitted her to accept these gifts without so much as a silent ques-

tion in the secrecy of his heart. In truth, Amelia was in no danger whatever of being cajoled into misdoing; her character was as lofty as her beauty was alluring; but she was in very great danger from a species of scoundrelism such as her honest mind could not have conceived. His lordship sent her and Mrs. Ellison tickets to a masquerade; and, although Amelia had no taste for such diversions, it seemed politic, both to her and her husband, not to offend the lord by refusing to use them. Amelia, therefore, said that she would go.

At this juncture Mrs. Bennet, a neighbor, gave Amelia a warning which she justified by a confession of a most startling nature. It seemed that Mrs. Bennet had been brought to his lordship's attention years before in precisely the way that Amelia had recently been. The lord's procedure was identical even to small details. Eventually he invited Mrs. Bennet to a masquerade, met her there, and supplied her with refreshments in the most courteous way; but he drugged her wine, of which he drank but sparingly, and the consequences were too dreadful to be set forth plainly in this narration. Mrs. Bennet, however, set them forth with sufficient plainness for Amelia's entire comprehension, and she was infinitely shocked. Of course all thought of going to the masquerade vanished from her mind, and it may be that she would have overcome her delicacy sufficiently to apprise her husband of her reasons; but just then circumstances of another nature compelled her to think in a different direction. While she was at Mrs. Bennet's, listening to the story that revealed the outrageous character of the lord, a man rushed into her own apartments, where Captain Booth was enjoying himself with his children, and informed him that Amelia had met with a terrible accident. For some time Booth had been obliged to stay within doors, or go forth only on one day in the week to avoid arrest for debts; but now he hurried out, his anxiety banishing all thought of his own danger. Once he was outside, the man who had brought him the alarming news showed his authority and arrested him, confessing that what he said about Amelia was a trick. So Booth was carried off to the bailiff's house and locked up.

His first thought, naturally, was, after apprising Amelia that he was safe and unharmed, of Colonel James. The Colonel,

yielding impulsively to his really generous nature, at once declared that he would go on Booth's bail-bond; but the law required two bondsmen, and although another was at hand, he was not well known to the bailiff, who must, therefore, take some hours to investigate his responsibility; and during those hours, Colonel James had second thoughts, the result of which was that he found himself utterly unable to supply the required security. His excuses were frail enough, but that concerned him not at all, for his passion was now set on Amelia, and, with Booth in jail, he thought his success would be the easier and speedier.

All Booth's numerous creditors were joined in the arrest, and the chief of them, indeed the instigator of drastic measures, was none other than Dr. Harrison, the curate who in times past had been so friendly to Amelia and her husband. Various ill-wishers of Booth had taken the trouble to inform the good curate, during his absence abroad, of Booth's mistakes, which they called follies, and his misfortunes, which they called crimes; wherefore Dr. Harrison was all out of patience with the Captain. But this very business of the arrest brought Dr. Harrison to London, and so into the presence of persons who could tell him the truth about Booth; and in short order he came to perceive that he had been wickedly deceived. When he understood this, he could not rest a minute until he had secured Booth's release, which he did by going on the bail-bond with the friend who had stood ready to go on with Colonel James.

Booth returned joyfully to his lodgings with Dr. Harrison, and found James there making a call of sympathy, as he chose to have it interpreted; for the Colonel, though surprised and disappointed at Booth's sudden release, was clever enough to avoid showing his true colors, and Booth's own heart was so generous that he did not suspect the real cause of the Colonel's failure to supply bail. Dr. Harrison was convinced that Booth should return to the army, and actually sided with Colonel James when that officer promised to get a commission in the colonial service if Booth would leave Amelia in his charge during his absence. This put Amelia in a difficult and delicate situation, for in one way and another her eyes had been opened to James's designs. The proof was not positive, and she shrank from try-

ing to convince her husband of it, for Booth was so loyal to James that he could not have believed him faithless unless he had seen some overt act with his own eyes. She evaded the issue temporarily by insisting that she would accompany her husband to whatever part of the world he might have to go; and shortly thereafter she found opportunity to speak to Dr. Harrison in private and tell him all she knew and suspected about James. In this way she gained the support of the doctor, and the matter of the commission therefore dragged, for James would by no means hurry himself in Booth's behalf if success were to mean that Amelia would be separated from him by some thousands of miles.

Matters accordingly ran on in a most unsatisfactory way, and Booth again found himself at the end of his cash. What way to turn he knew not. Dr. Harrison had tried to interest a lord in him, but without success, and no progress appeared in the supposed efforts of James and the lord who still continued his subtle approaches to Amelia. One day Booth fell in with a comrade of the war, one Trent, who bespoke him in such friendly manner that Booth told him of his difficulties, and that he wished to get a commission. Trent thought the thing could be arranged, and invited him to a tavern to talk it over. There was a bottle of wine, and another, and then a game of cards. These were temptations, particularly the latter, which Booth should have avoided as he would have run from the devil, but he was undone, first by his good nature, which induced him to inflame his mind with wine, and second, by the wine, which led him to play recklessly. He lost the little cash in his pockets and then borrowed from Trent, who loaned readily, until, the night far spent, Booth arose a loser and indebted to Trent to the tune of fifty pounds.

He confessed his error to Amelia who, far from remonstrating bitterly with him, took the ground that the debt of honor must be paid, and pawned all her clothing, except what she wore, and all other bits of property not absolutely necessary to their existence to provide him with the money. Booth, full of remorse and gratitude, and breathing a thousand oaths that he would never err again, took the money to Trent, whereupon Trent said there was no hurry. It might be better to apply the money where it would be immediately fruitful in obtaining a

commission. He knew a man of influence who needed only to be "touched," and the amount in hand would assure the business. Booth fell into this trap, for such it proved to be, and paid all his money to the man of supposed influence. Then Trent sued him for the amount of the debt and had him cast into prison, the fact being that Trent was a hireling of the scoundrelly lord, and that all this was a devilish and ingenious plot to get Booth in the toils and thus give his lordship free access to Amelia.

But this was not the worst of it; for, on his way home from bribing the "man of influence," and before he suspected a plot, Booth accidentally met Miss Matthews. In brief, this is what she said to him: "You have broken all your promises to me; if you do not come to see me to-night, I shall expose you to your wife; I did indeed write her about you once before, but the letter, consigned to the post, miscarried; next time I will send by private messenger, and you will be undone."

Booth was horribly frightened. To gain time, he promised to visit her that evening, his determination being to tell her, when in the privacy of her apartments, that he would have nothing more to do with her; then confess the past to Amelia, crave her forgiveness, and trust to his wife's heavenly nature to forgive him and so save him from further distress of fear on this shameful score. Accordingly he made some excuse to be from home that evening and went to Miss Matthews's house, where he demeaned himself strictly according to his plan; and he was arrested as he was leaving her.

Amelia went to him the moment she learned of his misfortune, and Booth manfully made her the confession he had intended to make at home; whereupon Amelia told him she already knew about the matter, for Miss Matthews's former letter had not miscarried, but had reached her, and she had read it. Feeling sure that her husband's error had been due to momentary weakness when in deep distress, and that he had, as was true, repented and cast off all association with Miss Matthews, she had forgiven him without being asked, and had given the matter no further thought. It may be imagined that Booth was overwhelmed by his wife's magnanimity, and a very tender scene followed, but it had to be brief, for every moment possible must be devoted to such devices as were possible for effecting his

liberty. Both knew now that resort to James would be worse than useless, but Dr. Harrison was again in town, and Amelia appealed to him, though she knew that he would be wroth because her husband had squandered money in gaming. And the doctor was, indeed, so indignant at Booth's foolish conduct that he said at first that it would be well to keep him locked up for a while; but he went to visit the prisoner, meaning to admonish him severely. Before he had accomplished this worthy and pious purpose, another prisoner, learning that Dr. Harrison of Wiltshire was in the place, begged that he would come to comfort a dying man. This appeal was not to be denied. The dying man was that Robinson who had swindled Booth during the latter's first experience in prison. He now confessed that he had been the tool of Lawyer Murphy at the time when Mrs. Harris, Amelia's mother, died. It seemed that Mrs. Harris had actually left all her property to Amelia. Murphy, assisted by Robinson, forged another will exactly reversing the conditions of the original, and thus set Amelia's wicked sister in possession of the estate.

Dr. Harrison set himself with exemplary energy to collect documentary proofs of the truth of Robinson's statements, and by causing the arrest of Murphy before the lawyer succeeded in burning the original will and other papers, proved it to the satisfaction of the courts. An end, therefore, was put quickly to all of Captain Booth's troubles. The wicked sister was allowed to escape to France, where Amelia sent her an annual allowance sufficient for her needs. Booth took his family to the Harris homestead in Wiltshire, and for the rest of his life never traveled more than thirty miles from it, except for one journey of two days' duration which he made to London for the purpose of paying all his debts.

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

(France, 1821–1880)

MADAME BOVARY (1857)

Before writing this, his first novel, Flaubert had written two plays; but his fame dates from the publication of *Madame Bovary*, which appeared first in the *Revue de Paris*. It is regarded as an unsurpassed masterpiece of naturalistic romance, and as having opened a new phase in literary art. It was a principle with Flaubert that an author's own opinion and feeling should never be betrayed by a single word in his work. "My personages are profoundly repugnant to me," he wrote of *Madame Bovary*. Its publication caused much discussion, not only on the score of art, but of morals as well; and Flaubert was prosecuted on the charge of offending against public morals. His trial, which resulted in acquittal, is famous on account of the remarkable defense offered by his advocate, Monsieur Senard, as well as by reason of the reputation of the novel. This analysis of a woman's heart was first published in the *Revue de Paris*, an important magazine of the day, conducted by Monsieur Laurent Pichat. It was a literary event, a brilliant success received with general favor, and for this reason, the more quickly aroused the jealousy of Flaubert's literary contemporaries who took pains to stir the susceptibilities of the legal censor. The Bar, taxing its wits to find in certain passages an offense to good morals and to religion, hastened to specify grounds for judicial proceedings. Nevertheless, the excessive zeal of the public minister, represented by a Monsieur Pinard, who was substitute for the Imperial Attorney and who later became Minister of the Interior, failed completely when examined by the good sense of the judges in the light of the high character of this work of art, aided by the eloquence of M. Senard, the author's advocate, who brought about a triumphal acquittal of the charge against his client.

UNTIL the age of twelve Charles Bovary had no education at all. His mother had spoiled him, and his father had taught him to drink and to jeer at things that others respected. The father, a retired assistant surgeon-major, had been forced to leave the army about 1812 in consequence of conscription scandals, and had contrived to marry the rather wealthy daughter of a hosier on the strength of his good looks. An idle, extravagant life, attempts at business and farming, for which he had neither energy nor talent, had exhausted their means; and

the pair had withdrawn to a cheap place, half farm, half private house, on the borders of Caux and Picardy. Between twelve and fifteen the child Charles was taught at odd moments, and in a haphazard way, by the local *curé*, his parents sending him to school at Rouen as late as possible from motives of economy. At school, by dint of hard work, the boy managed to keep about the middle of the class, until, when he was eighteen, his mother, who was the active member of the family, physically and mentally, withdrew him to make him study medicine. He worked hard at the medical books and lectures at first, but gradually gave up work altogether, idled about the taverns in bad company, and failed completely in the examinations for an ordinary degree; but after a second trial passed fairly well.

Meanwhile, his practical mother had found a prospective opening for him at Tostes, where the old doctor was certain to die ere long, and installed her son opposite his place as his successor. Then she found him a wife—an ugly, pimple-faced widow of forty-five, with an income of twelve hundred francs. This wife ruled Charles with a rod of iron, opened his letters, watched his every step, listened at the partition-wall to his consultations with his patients, demanded innumerable attentions, and was full of whims and vagaries of health and spirits.

One night Charles was summoned to a farm eighteen miles distant to set a broken leg. The Bertaux was a substantial looking farm, with solid, extensive buildings, good horses, cattle, and wagons. Farmer Rouault's fracture was simple, and Charles found no difficulty in dealing with it. Rouault's daughter, Mademoiselle Emma, chatted with Charles as he ate his breakfast after the operation, and several points about her made an impression on him: her shining, delicate finger-nails; her large, brown eyes with a gaze of bold candor, which looked black because of their long lashes; her smooth, heavy black hair, and her full lips. Instead of returning to the Bertaux in three days, as he had promised, he went back the very next day, and thereafter twice a week regularly—not counting the apparently accidental visits which he made between. He had not much to do, he found his visits pleasant; and his wife presently began to make inquiries about the family, when she heard that there was a daughter. She learned that Mademoiselle Rouault, brought

up at the Ursuline Convent, had received what is called "a good education," knew dancing, geography, drawing; could embroider and play the piano. She nagged Charles about his visits, and, to avoid more trouble, he stopped them. She even made him swear, with his hand on the prayer-book, that he would go there no more. But he decided that this interdict gave him a right to love Mademoiselle Emma.

In the spring, the notary with whom his wife was supposed to have placed a large sum of money ran away with all funds on hand, which led to an investigation of her other assets. It turned out that the good lady had lied; practically, she had had nothing. There was a violent scene between her and the parents of Charles, with some comments of so pointed a nature that they struck home. A week later she was seized with a hemorrhage, and on the following day she was dead.

When old Rouault brought Charles the money he owed and a fine turkey, he invited him to the farm, saying that his daughter often thought of him, and declared he was forgetting her. Charles accepted, went frequently, did not decline the consolations offered him—and thought of charming Mademoiselle Emma during most of the intervening moments. Arguing that he should at all events lose nothing by marrying her, Charles proposed to himself to ask her as soon as the opportunity should present itself; but never found the courage. Old Rouault, seeing the state of affairs, broached the matter with Charles, and offered to ask his daughter. She accepted, the wedding was celebrated with rustic festivities, and two days later the young couple departed for Tostes.

Charles was happy; he felt that he had never lived until now, and he was fully under his wife's charm. But Emma, who had thought herself in love before her marriage, was engaged in trying to find out precisely what was meant by the words "felicity, passion, rapture," which had seemed to her so beautiful in books—the sentimental novels which had been smuggled into the convent by the old spinster who came once a month to mend the linen. Her sensuous, impressible nature, which took the stamp of her surroundings for the moment, made the good nuns think that her emotions proceeded wholly from her budding fancy for a religious life. But they injudiciously plied her with

such a surfeit of prayers, sermons, advice about modesty, and the salvation of her soul, that she pulled up short, and the bit slipped from her teeth, as if she had been a tightly reined horse. She had loved the Church for the sake of its flowers and music, for the words of the songs, and literature for its passional stimulus, but discipline she abhorred. Soon after her return home the prosaic details of housekeeping and the dull country life began to bore her, and she missed the emotional stimulus of the convent; so that the flutter caused by the presence of this man had made her believe she was experiencing, at last, the passion of which she had dreamed. But Charles proved to be utterly unromantic, and his conversation was as commonplace as a street pavement. Yet she tried hard to make herself love him, managed his house admirably, dressed daintily and with taste, endured her mother-in-law's admonitions about economy and jealousy of Charles's adoration for her, raised Charles in the estimation of the public—and, at last, crystallized her feelings in the words: "Good heavens! Why did I marry?"

Toward the end of September something happened that enlarged her outlook upon life in a certain direction. The Marquis d'Andervilliers invited Charles and Emma to Vaubyessard. Charles had treated him efficiently for an abscess; he had seen that Emma was a ladylike person when he went to thank Bovary for some slips of a magnificent cherry-tree; and he decided that they were fit to invite—for electioneering purposes—as he was anxious to reënter political life. Emma was profoundly impressed with the aristocratic atmosphere and luxury of the château; and on her return home her day-dreams were of the fashionable world; an immense land of joys and passions seemed to stretch as far as the eye could see beyond the wearisome country, the middle-class imbeciles, the mediocrity of existence where Fate had stranded her, an exceptional, remarkable woman. She was waiting for something to happen. Would this misery last forever? She was handsomer, had a better figure and manners than duchesses she had seen at the château. Her health became affected; she complained constantly about Tostes. Charles's old master in Rouen to whom he took her for advice pronounced it a nervous complaint, and prescribed change of air. Thereupon Charles looked up a place in a con-

siderable market-town, Yonville-l'Abbaye, and they removed thither, with regret on the part of Charles.

Their house was comfortable, the condition favorable. Among their first and most assiduous callers were the chemist, Homais, given to pseudoscientific harangues, and young Léon Dupuis, clerk to the notary, who possessed some accomplishments, could talk agreeably, sing, and draw. Charles was dull; patients did not come, and he was worried about money-matters. Pleasantly anticipating the birth of his child, he cherished his wife more than ever; but Emma took little interest in the event, as she could not have a gorgeous outfit for the baby, such as she had read about. To her disappointment, the baby was a girl, whom she named Berthe, because she had heard that name mentioned during her brief stay at the Marquis's château. The child was put out to nurse with the carpenter's wife, and one day, in her idleness, Emma took a fancy to visit it. She felt weak, and was on the point of turning back when Léon Dupuis emerged from a neighboring house, and half offered, was half invited, to accompany her. In walking home she took his arm. Gossip began that night.

Léon was as frightfully bored and felt as much above his station as Emma. He fell in love with her, but never found the courage to declare himself; while Emma, who reciprocated, waited, and encouraged him in vain. She affected to be devoted to Charles, took an interest once more in the housework, went to church regularly, attended to Charles's comfort, took Berthe home from the nurse, and declared that she adored children. She seemed to Léon so virtuous, so inaccessible, that he lost all hope. Everyone in town admired her; but she was eaten up with desires, with rage, with hate, with love for Léon, with craving for wealth, fine raiment, the happiness she had missed. Charles did not notice her anguish, but imagined he was making her happy. So she concentrated upon him the various hatreds that resulted from her boredom. She would have liked him to beat her, that she might have a better right to hate him, to revenge herself upon him.

Weary of loving in vain, bored to death with Yonville, Léon departed for Paris, to finish his studies for the legal profession. Emma felt as full of gloomy melancholy, of a numb despair, as

she had on her return from the château, and reproached herself for not having seized that happiness while it was within her reach.

That same day, as Emma was leaning out of her window as usual, she saw a gentleman in a green velvet coat, followed by a peasant, approach her house. It was Monsieur Rodolphe Boulanger, who had recently purchased the château of La Huchette and two farms in the neighborhood—a bachelor, with an estimated income of fifteen thousand francs. Emma was summoned to the office to hold the basin while Charles bled M. Boulanger's peasant. M. Boulanger, who had seen much of women, diagnosed the situation between Charles and Emma with great accuracy, and appreciated the latter's charms. He decided to make friends with the Bovarys—to send them venison and poultry, to invite them to his place, to have himself bled, if need be. On the day of the great agricultural show in Yonville, Rodolphe and Emma met in the throng, and wandered about, passing, in their conversation, from trivial remarks to a discussion of provincial mediocrity, the lives it crushed, the illusions it destroyed, ending by lofty thoughts about two souls fluttering their wings, the decrees of Fate, and the like. When he came to the personal application of them, and seized her hand, it was not withdrawn.

Then he judiciously absented himself for six weeks. At last he called on her, and was progressing well with his love-making when Charles entered. He said that Madame had been speaking to him about her health, and suggested that riding might be good for her. Charles enthusiastically agreed; Rodolphe offered a horse; she refused it. Eventually, Charles himself persuaded her to order a habit, and wrote to M. Boulanger making an appointment for the first ride. They started at noon, and after a long ride, a walk in the forest, more ardent love-making, they returned at sunset. When she looked at herself that night in the glass she wondered at her face. Never had her eyes been so large, so black, of so profound a depth. Some subtle thing transfigured her. She repeated, "I have a lover! a lover!" and delighted in the idea. She recalled the heroines of the books she had read, and felt that the love-dream of her youth was realized. The lovers began to write to each other every

day, placing their letters in a fissure of her garden-wall. She took to going often, before daybreak, to La Huchette, until Rodolphe remonstrated at her imprudence. All winter they met in the pavilion in Emma's garden; or, on rainy nights, in her husband's consulting-room. At last Rodolphe thought Emma was growing too sentimental and enthusiastic, and his manner gradually became colder, which incensed Emma, though she had already begun to feel surprised at herself. Next he missed three rendezvous in succession—and Emma began to ask herself why she detested Charles.

At this crisis Homais, the chemist, provided a welcome diversion of thought by persuading Charles to perform an operation to straighten the clubfoot of Hippolyte, the factotum of the inn. Hippolyte got on perfectly well as it was; and Charles had no practical knowledge of surgery. But he studied the subject in books; Hippolyte was induced to undergo the operation; gangrene set in, through improper neglect, and a neighboring surgeon who was summoned had to amputate the leg at the hip to save the man's life. Emma, who had felt a wave of admiration and wifely affection for Charles, in revulsion caused by Rodolphe's neglect, while the operation seemed successful, was seized with utter disgust for him at this catastrophe. She did not share his humiliation—she suffered from another, that of having supposed such a man worth anything. How could she, so intelligent a person, have allowed herself to be deceived again? Everything he did or said, or abstained from doing or saying, irritated her.

That night she and Rodolphe were reconciled. Meanwhile, she was deeply in debt, not only to her servants, but to Lheureux, the shopkeeper, who had insidiously persuaded Emma to make many extravagant purchases, including gifts for Rodolphe. This last item placed her at Lheureux's mercy, and he began to press for payment. Emma's manners grew bolder—she even walked out with Rodolphe with a cigar in her mouth, scandalized the town, and brought down a severe lecture from her mother-in-law, who had taken refuge with them after a fearful scene with her husband. Charles patched up the quarrel; but the excited Emma insisted that Rodolphe should take her away to some far-distant land. He protested,

but pretended to accede; and she, sending for Lheureux, ordered a large, lined cloak, a trunk, and a traveling-bag, which were to be held ready, but not sent to the house. She was to leave Yonville, as though on her way to Rouen for business, and thence they would go to Genoa and farther. She had at first insisted that they should take the child Berthe with them; gradually all mention of her was dropped.

On various pretexts Rodolphe postponed the elopement. He had decided that he was an imbecile, could not exile himself, did not want to be burdened with Berthe. He wrote her an agonized letter about the "cruel world" and other trite commonplaces, signed it "Your friend," and sent it to her in a basket of apricots. Seized with apprehension, Emma turned out the basket in the sitting-room, and flew up to her chamber with the letter, but finding Charles there, she ran on to the attic, where she read and reread it, with angry sneers. Charles called her down to dinner, and incidentally mentioned that M. Rodolphe had gone on a long journey (Rodolphe had given his emissary orders to say so, and had announced it to Emma in his letter, but was at home); adding that their friend was "a bit of a rake" and had jolly times. Then he ate some of the apricots, and was surprised, while thus engaged, to see Emma fall to the floor in a swoon. When she came out of it, and cried "The letter!" they thought she was delirious; she had lost the letter in her excitement. By midnight brain-fever had set in, and after a long convalescence she had a relapse with many complex symptoms.

Charles was at his wits' end. Bills rained down upon the house; Lheureux brought the cloak, bag, two trunks, and many other things, and got him to sign a bill at six months; after which, by a happy thought, Charles borrowed a thousand francs from him for a year at high interest. Emma's convalescence was slow, and during it she enjoyed rapturous religious meditations and visions of a fervor that surprised the parish priest. She wanted to become a saint. She wished to have in her room, by the side of her bed, a reliquary set in emeralds, so that she might kiss it every evening. She proudly compared herself to the grand ladies of long ago, La Vallière and the rest, of whom she had heard in the convent. Then she gave herself up to ex-

cessive charity, sewed clothes for the poor, sent fire-wood to poor mothers, even brought her little daughter back from the nurse, to whom she had been relegated during the illness, tried to teach her to read, and did not even grow vexed when the child was refractory. As spring approached, however, she grew less devout. Homais, the chemist, narrated marvels of a tenor who was to sing in *Lucia di Lammermoor* in Rouen, and Charles insisted upon taking Emma to hear him.

In Rouen they met Léon Dupuis; and, as Charles had to return, he left Emma so that she might hear the tenor again. On Emma's return home she found that her father-in-law had died, and Lheureux not only forced upon her more mourning goods than she needed, but began to press for payment of all bills, with an eye to the inheritance. At his suggestion, she got Charles to give her a power of attorney, and undertook the management of financial affairs, using this as an excuse for going to Rouen to consult Léon, as a legal friend. A correspondence followed, and more visits to Rouen. Lheureux, having seen her one day in Rouen, arm in arm with Léon, took advantage of the knowledge to involve her still deeper in usurious bills and loans; and Charles, also, had recourse to him. A broker friend of Lheureux, Monsieur Vinçart, was supposed to be the person who provided the money. Emma grew more daring, walked openly in Rouen with Léon, invented pretexts to go thither more frequently; and Charles, blindly adoring and easily managed, did not interfere or suspect. Soon Lheureux grew insolent; legal measures were threatened in the name of Vinçart. Emma fed her imagination on thrilling novels; but Léon, who was soon to become head clerk and realized the necessity of settling down, grew bored and indifferent. One day, on returning from the mid-Lent masked ball in Rouen, she found a legal document awaiting her. If she did not pay eight thousand francs within twenty-four hours, her furniture and household effects would be sold. Lheureux refused to relent or aid. The bailiff took an inventory and put in possession one of his men, whom Emma managed to conceal, temporarily, from her husband. She appealed to Léon, even suggesting that he steal the money from his employer's office; she pleaded with the notary, and was insulted; she went to La

Huchette and begged Rodolphe to lend her, instantly, three thousand francs; and when he declared he had not the money, she berated him. Her situation yawned like an abyss before her. Instead of returning home to face her husband, she went from Rodolphe's to the chemist's, surreptitiously got hold of the young serving-lad, another of her ardent admirers, and induced him to go up with her to the room where the dangerous drugs were stored, then went straight to the blue jar she had heard mentioned, plunged her hand in, and securing a quantity of the arsenic, ate it before the frightened lad could interfere. Charles, distracted by the news of the distraint, had been searching for her; but she would explain nothing, and gave him a letter, which she commanded him not to read until the next day.

The poison soon began to take effect. After a while Charles divined the truth, and, after receiving confirmation from the letter, sent for the chemist and another physician. They could do nothing. Emma received extreme unction and died, after horrible suffering. Charles was utterly overwhelmed with grief.

Money troubles were intensified. Everyone began to take advantage of him. Léon Dupuis obtained the place of notary at Yvetot, and when Charles received the announcement of his wedding, about Whitsuntide, he wrote, in congratulation: "How glad my poor wife would have been!" One day, when Charles was wandering aimlessly about the house, he went up to the attic, and there felt a pellet of fine paper under his slipper. It was Rodolphe's farewell letter which Emma had lost. Charles read it, and, seeing an R at the end, recalled Rodolphe's attentions, his sudden disappearance, his constrained air at their rare meetings afterward. But the respectful tone of the letter deceived him, and his vague jealousy was lost in the immensity of his wo. At last, one day, he opened the secret drawer of a rosewood desk which Emma had generally used. All Léon's letters were there. There could be no doubt this time. Sobbing, crying aloud, he pursued his search, and found a box containing Rodolphe's portrait and a mass of love-letters. After that he shut himself up from everyone, townspeople and patients, but took his ragged, neglected little girl to the cemetery in the summer evenings. One day he met Rodolphe, who, embarrassed at first, ended by inviting him to drink a bottle of

beer at a tavern. Charles watched that face which she had loved, and seemed to see something of her in it. At last he spoke, in accents of infinite sorrow: "I don't blame you now. It is the fault of fatality."

The next day he went to sit in the little pavilion by the river, at the end of his garden, where Emma had so often been, alone or with her lovers. When little Berthe, who had not seen her father all the afternoon, came to fetch him for dinner, and pushed him gently, he fell to the ground. He was dead, not, as the post-mortem examination showed, from any disease. When everything had been sold, twelve francs and seventy-five centimes remained, which served to pay Berthe's journey to her Grandmother Bovary. The good woman died that year. Old Rouault was paralyzed; an aunt took charge of Berthe; and this aunt, being poor, sent the child to a cotton-spinning factory to earn her living.

SALAMMBÔ: A ROMANCE OF ANCIENT CARTHAGE (1862)

Flaubert took several years to write *Salammbô*. From his point of view it was a historical novel, and he devoted immense energy to research. Not only did he read everything ever written by ancient and modern authors on Carthage, but he visited the scene and spent a long time going over the ground, reconstructing towns, palaces, temples, streets, and so forth, according to the information derived from his reading. It is a historical novel not only in that the struggle of Carthage with the Mercenaries, 241 to 237 B.C., is the basis of the action, but also in that the battles are described with great minuteness, and for the most part with historical accuracy. It is probably historical in that it presents a faithful picture of the people and the times. Nearly all the personages are real figures in history, and they do in the book what they did in life. Fiction enters in Salammbô herself. History does not know her, but the episodes in which she appears as a factor in determining the fate of Carthage are so chosen that the historical value of the work is not diminished.

HAMILCAR, ablest of Carthaginians, was in distant lands. Peace had been made with Rome that was costly and humiliating to the southern republic; and though the fault for lost battles lay with the Council of the Ancients, which parsimoniously refused to send money and troops at needed times to their commander, much of the odium of defeat fell upon Hamilcar. Meantime a vast army of hired soldiers, who should have been paid in the field and dismissed, had been brought to Carthage as a means of temporizing with the financial problem. Folly akin to madness had induced the Ancients to admit these soldiers within the city itself, where they were fed on promises and specious postponements. They grumbled; they became restless; disorder threatened. To appease them, the Ancients hit upon a brilliant plan which they fancied would at the same time satisfy the Mercenaries and humiliate the absent Hamilcar. They decided to give the soldiers a great feast; and they appointed Hamilcar's private gardens as the place.

At least a score of nationalities was represented in the Mer-

cenaries. Among them were Gauls, Celts, Lusitanians, fugitives from Rome, Greeks, Egyptians, nomadic Barbarians from the northern countries of Africa, and savages from the south; an army that had no common language, no common method of warfare, and at present no common leader. Hamilcar was the richest of the fabulously rich men of Carthage; his palace was the grandest and most conspicuous, his gardens the most extensive. Everything that money could bring from distant parts of the world to make the walks and parks attractive and wonderful and beautiful was there; and into such an exquisite land of delight the thousands of rough soldiers, scum of three continents, were poured; there they were gorged with such food as they never had dreamed of, and made drunk with costly wines.

The fumes of wine spread over the gardens like a miasma, infecting everybody with bitterness. "If they can give us such a magnificent feast," said the soldiers, "they can give us money. To-morrow we shall be as hungry as if we had not eaten." The momentary command of luxuries swelled the pride of the Mercenaries; the gardens were theirs to do with as they would; the feast was already become a debauch, it turned now to mischief and destruction. Costly vessels were dashed to the ground and broken; giants walked and danced on the tables; cohorts ran along the paths, cutting and tearing up the shrubbery; one band of drunken ruffians invaded the precincts reserved exclusively for the promenades of Salammbô, Hamilcar's daughter, and ruthlessly destroyed the wonderful fish swimming tame in the pools; statues were thrown down, trees fired, the animals in the menagerie were tortured, the gates of the prison were burst open and all the prisoners released. And still the host of servants brought out new foods and broached fresh casks of wine.

Into the midst of this insensate carnival of destruction and debauchery walked Salammbô from her apartments in the palace, attended by eunuch priests who trembled with fear. Her marvelous beauty attracted all eyes; even the most boisterous were stilled for a moment by the calm dignity of her carriage. In that silence they heard her sing a weird, mourning strain to the divinity of Carthage. Seeming to have their attention, though few if any understood a word of her language, she rebuked them loftily for the mischief they had done in pay-

ment for the extravagant hospitality accorded to them. Then she burst into a mystic song recounting the deeds of the gods of her people. Advancing slowly, she came to a table where sat Narr' Havas, a young Numidian chief, and Matho, a colossal Libyan. Here she paused, and spoke a few words in several different languages which aroused the applause of one group after another as she was understood. Matho seemed to be especially moved by what she said, and she, impelled by grateful pride, poured wine into a cup and offered it to him. He was so majestic in stature that it seemed he must be the chief of all this horde, and through him she sought to conciliate the others.

What she did was impudently interpreted by a Gaul, after the custom of his country, as a token that she accepted Matho as her affianced husband. When he had shouted this in the coarsest manner, Narr' Havas suddenly threw a javelin that pinned Matho's arm to the table. The giant, with a look of stupid surprise, plucked out the javelin, and, as he had no weapons with him, lifted the overloaded table and tried to crush the Numidian with it. The crowd was too dense; the table spent its force upon a dozen men; its weight thus distributed crushed nobody, though many were impeded, and the crowd jammed so close in the excitement of the moment that few could draw their swords. In the confusion Narr' Havas disappeared, and Salammbô fled back to the palace.

Two days after the feast the Mercenaries were persuaded to leave Carthage and go to Sicca, where, it was said, their money would be sent to them. Most of them believed this new promise of the Ancients; but there was one among them who had a faculty of discovering every doubter and making him doubly suspicious. This was Spendius, a Greek who had been in Hamilcar's prison. When he found himself released he attached himself to Matho; and, because his mind was of a finer mold, and because he had subtlety in argument, he speedily had the colossal Libyan under his control in all things except one. Spendius persuaded Matho that the only way to get justice from the Carthaginians was by capturing and sacking their capital. The Greek spoke several languages and by this means aroused the discontent of as many nationalities; he fomented suspicion everywhere and fanned its flame until it became a demand for

conquest; one and another minor leader he inspired with the belief that through the conquest of Carthage he could become a king. Matho assented to all this in a dull, speechless, and yet comprehending way, for he was a brilliantly able general; but kingship, revenge, money for past services to Carthage, weighed little with him. He had conceived an overwhelming passion for Salammbô at first sight of her, and his one object in life now was to possess her. To that end he would wade through blood deeper than the rest, as eventually he did.

There was a long wait at Sicca, and when finally one of the Ancients came with a small quantity of money, sufficient to pay perhaps one per cent. of the multitude, and gave new excuses and new promises, Spendius leaped up beside him and volunteered to translate his speech to the uncomprehending tribes. His translation was a masterpiece of duplicity. Instead of a faithful presentation of the Ancient's excuses, Spendius uttered scornful, insulting, defiant words, first in one language and then in another, telling all who heard him that this was the message from Carthage. The Greek spoke for seven hours on that day; and the Ancient, who understood not a word of his "interpretations," marveled that his pacific message was so ill received. The investment of Carthage followed as soon as the Mercenaries could return to the plain behind the city.

The walls seemed to be impregnable; and, although the Mercenaries far outnumbered the Carthaginian soldiery, there was, nevertheless, within the city a force of trained troops sufficient to make a stubborn resistance. The genius of Spendius discovered a subtle way in which to weaken the spirits of the defenders. Tanith, goddess of the moon, was one of the principal Carthaginian deities. Her worship was attended not only by rites of mystic import, but the most significant of them were secret. The image of the goddess was kept in an inner room of a temple, and was never visible except to eunuch priests. From them even it was concealed by a large and costly veil, to touch which meant death. Salammbô was a mystic, a pure-minded devotee of Tanith, familiar with many of the secret rites; none in all Carthage held the goddess in greater awe and reverence than did she; but even Salammbô had not been permitted by the priests to view the image.

Spendius suggested to Matho that they make their way alone into the city and steal the veil, the object of the enterprise being, in his mind, merely to dishearten the enemy.

"Yes!" cried Matho eagerly, "and I will see Salammbô!"

The Greek sought to dissuade him from this purpose; but, as ever when Spendius talked of war, the Libyan giant replied with sighs for Salammbô, so now the inspiration for their hazardous undertaking, so far as Matho was concerned, was the daughter of Hamilcar. Matho always followed the advice of Spendius in matters of strategy, diplomacy, and even the details of massing and handling forces; but the Greek's influence ended with Salammbô.

The Libyan's giant strength was necessary to their journey. Spendius had found a loose stone in the pavement over the aqueduct at some distance from the city. Matho lifted it and they entered. They swam with the current in darkness and nigh to death, and issued at last in a reservoir within the walls. It was deep night. Such citizens as they encountered they passed unnoticed. When they were confronted by a priest in the temple, they killed him. Matho found the image of the goddess and tore away the sacred veil. His own simple, superstitious nature revolted from the sacrilege, although Tanith was not among the deities of his people; at the last moment he would have revolted, and not all the hopes of conquest would have moved him; but Salammbô was near, and the veil would make him her master. He sped toward Hamilcar's palace. Spendius, a coward at heart, fled back to the camp of the Mercenaries, where he arrived about daybreak.

Matho was long in finding the palace, longer in finding the chamber where Salammbô slept. At last he stood beside her bed and waked her. Holding forth the veil, he said: "'Tis the veil of the goddess. I have taken it for you, and now you are mine!"

She had not the faintest comprehension of his solicitations. She was filled with awe at sight of the sacred veil. Terror and religious ecstasy were commingled within her.

"Come!" whispered Matho, stretching forth his arms.

She had been moving slowly toward him as if drawn by an irresistible force. Suddenly she stopped. A shock passed

through her. Then she cried loudly for help, and cursed him for his sacrilege. Scores of servants with gleaming weapons came running. Matho stood at the top of a stairway with the veil wrapped about him. The servants raised their knives and leaped toward him.

"Touch him not!" cried Salammbô; "it is the mantle of the goddess!"

The servants drew back in horrified awe. Matho descended and left the palace. He did not know his way, and it was after sunrise when he came to familiar streets in the city. Many were stirring, and news of the outrage had gone swiftly from quarter to quarter. Wherever he was seen his presence was understood, but none dared touch him. Nearly all turned aside their eyes. Protected by the veil, he made his way through a gate and so to the camp of the Mercenaries.

A dreary campaign followed. The Carthaginians were disheartened, as Spendius had reckoned, by the rape of the veil; but they fought, because to yield would have meant immediate death. They gained some successes, but on the whole the balance lay with the Mercenaries, and the situation within the city had become desperate. At this juncture Hamilcar returned. His friends exulted and were alive with hope. The majority, much as they hated him, felt constrained to appeal to him to save the republic. He reminded them of their former parsimony, and refused. They offered unlimited money and power; he should have absolute command. He told them contemptuously to save themselves. The Council of the Ancients broke up in confusion and despair. Next day Hamilcar met the Ancients again and accepted the leadership of the Carthaginian forces. He had meantime been at his palace and seen the wreck of his gardens. The personal affront conveyed in the depredations of that festal night had aroused him to a desire for revenge; for the hired soldiers had formerly been under his command.

The campaign was renewed with greater vigor and better generalship. By no possible means could the Carthaginian army be made numerically as strong as that of the Mercenaries. The disparity was many to one, but the walls made the city safe, and Hamilcar pursued a tireless policy of strategy. He

led his small army from the city and tempted one division of the enemy after another to battle whenever the advantages of position were with him. He conducted retreats that bewildered the foe. They never knew where to find him. News of his victories, taken to Carthage, aroused grateful enthusiasm and induced the Ancients to assume their former attitude of neglect. Hamilcar wanted more money, more troops, more weapons. They sent him nothing. At last Matho trapped him. Narr' Havas had joined the Mercenaries, believing that they would conquer; and the combined forces of the enemy managed to intrench themselves on a mountain that lay between Hamilcar and the city. Hamilcar had to act on the defensive and keep the enemy at bay.

When information of this situation filtered into Carthage, a priest of Tanith inspired Salammbô with the design of retrieving the sacred veil. "The gods command the sacrifice," he said. "You should go to Matho and demand the veil."

"What if he should refuse to give it?" she asked anxiously.

The priest looked at the ground and fingered the hem of his robe in embarrassment. "You will be alone with him in his tent," he muttered.

"And what then?"

He bit his lips. He tried to think of some circumlocution. "Fear nothing," he stammered at length. "Whatever he may undertake to do, do not call out. You will be submissive to his desire, for it is ordained of Heaven."

Salammbô, utterly blind to his meaning, stirred by religious and patriotic fervor, performed the mystic rites of Tanith by way of preparation and set forth, accompanied only by a servant who knew the roads. When they came to the outposts of the Mercenaries, he left her, and she demanded to be taken to Matho. Nobody knew her, for she was heavily wrapped in outer garments that concealed her features and her jeweled robes, but she was led to Matho's tent. Even he did not suspect who she was until she had removed her outer coverings and stood before him in her most alluring guise. She told him she had come for the veil and pointed to it where it hung from the tent-pole. He stretched out his arms to her, and she asked him why he sought to compass her destruction?

"I had to fly from you in my own gardens," she said, "and later you came and took the sacred veil."

"It was to give it to you," he cried. "Take it! Take me back to Carthage with you. I will give up my armies, everything for you."

She could not understand his passion. He caressed her little hands and wept hot tears on them, and she was astonished. His presence was repugnant, and repeatedly she had to recall the priest's commands to avoid crying out. He pleaded with her to go with him to a distant island. She placed her hand on the veil. "I am going back to Carthage," she said.

Matho stammered a moment. She bewildered him. Then his passion turned to wrath. He boasted his command of three hundred thousand soldiers, and that he would use them to destroy Carthage till not one stone remained on another. "Seek not to fly, or I kill you!" he concluded, pale, and with clenched fists. Then he fell suddenly to sobbing and begged her forgiveness. "Do not go!" he cried; "have pity! I love you! I love you!"

He was on his knees before her, and he encircled her form with both his arms, his head thrown back, and his hands wandering; big tears rolled in his eyes like silver globes; he sighed caressingly, and murmured vague words lighter than a breeze and sweet as a kiss.

Salammbô was invaded by a weakness in which she lost all consciousness of herself. Something at once inward and lofty, a command of the gods, obliged her to yield; clouds uplifted her, and she sank back swooning upon the couch. The veil fell and enveloped her; she could see Matho's face bending down above her. The soldier's kisses, more devouring than flames, covered her; she was as swept away in a hurricane, taken in the might of the sun.

"Carry away the veil," he said. "Take me with it. I abandon the army," and he babbled again of a life of delight in a distant island. His murmurings became incoherent; the fires had burned so fiercely that he, too, was exhausted; he succumbed, and dropped quite suddenly to sleep, like a drunken man.

"And this," thought Salammbô, "is the formidable man who makes Carthage tremble!"

She waited, wondering and doubtful, until an uproar broke forth in the camp, and sentries came to summon the General. Matho leaped up and rushed forth. The Libyan quarters were afire. Then Salammbô, wrapped in the veil, left the tent and found the servant who had accompanied her; and, in the confusion incident to the fire, they passed the pickets and entered the camp of the Carthaginians.

Hamilcar saw the veil and his eyes glowed with joy. Just then came Narr' Havas, deserting the Mercenaries with his entire army, and surrendered. His forces thenceforth fought under Hamilcar. In his gratitude for both these events of a single night, Hamilcar gave his daughter in marriage to Narr' Havas. Their pledges were given irrevocably on the spot, and it was agreed that the nuptials should take place in Carthage after the conclusion of the war.

From that time Hamilcar's fortunes mended. There were temporary reverses, and dreadful atrocities were committed by both sides. Carthage was reduced to starvation by a prolonged siege, and pestilence stalked in the streets; but the genius of Hamilcar triumphed at last. One by one he reduced the forces of the enemy until, by common consent, a battle was fought that each side agreed to regard as final. The Carthaginians killed every remaining Mercenary in that frightful conflict, except one: Matho. He, fighting to the bitter end, tried to kill himself, when none were left beside him, by running against the spears of the Carthaginians; but they withdrew their weapons, and when he stumbled, they fell upon him and bound his limbs. He was conveyed to the city and cast into a dungeon.

The day of Salammbô's nuptials was one of rejoicing for all Carthage, for Matho's death had been promised for the ceremony. There had been much discussion as to the method of his death. That it should be by torture was a matter of course; but, to the citizens, he was the embodiment of all their foes, and it was deemed becoming that every man's hand should have a share in the killing. That it might be sufficiently prolonged it was decreed that none should strike him to the heart, and that none should put out his eyes, so that he might see his torture through; and no one was to lay more than three fingers upon him at a time.

Salammbô and Narr' Havas were the central figures of a concourse, consisting of the Ancients, the priests, and the rich, gathered on the terrace of the temple in the square of Khamon. Matho, his arms tied behind his back, was pushed from his cell in the Acropolis. He stood a moment, dazed by the light; then he advanced, and hundreds of arms reached forth to touch him. In a moment his shoulders were bleeding; he tried so to burst his bonds that his arms swelled like sections of a serpent. A street was in front of him; a triple row of bronze chains extended from one end to the other. The crowd was massed behind the chains, which were so near together that those in front on either side could reach him. Servants of the Ancients walked behind Matho and drove him forward with blows. He ran, felt, pricked and slashed by the fingers on each side; many had allowed their nails to grow for weeks with this episode in view. Several times he flung himself to one side to bite his tormentors; they crowded back on one another; the chains kept him from them; the crowd laughed.

A child rent his ear; a young girl who had hidden a spindle in her sleeve, split his cheek; they tore handfuls of hair from him, and strips of flesh; they smeared his face with sponges steeped in filth and fastened on sticks. Those who could not reach him, bayed at him with foul abuse, ironical encouragements, and imprecations. At the end of the street he had to turn into another, where the arrangements were like the first. And so he went, from street to street, receiving fresh lacerations at every step, until shadows passed before his eyes, the town whirled around in his head, and he felt that he was dying. He sank to the pavement. Someone brought a red-hot iron and pressed it against a wound on his hip. The flesh was seen to smoke; the people hooted; Matho stood up and rushed on.

So he came to the square of Khamon, and his eyes encountered Salammbô. She had watched his flight into and out of one street and another; she had advanced to the edge of the terrace; all external things were blotted out, and she saw only Matho. Excepting his eyes he had no appearance of humanity left; he was a long, perfectly red shape; his bonds could not be distinguished from the tendons of his wrists, which were laid quite bare; and the wretch still walked on!

He reached the foot of the terrace. Salammbô was hanging over the balustrade; those frightful eyeballs were scanning her, and there rose within her a consciousness of all he had suffered for her. Although he was in his death-agony she could see him once more kneeling in his tent, encircling her waist with his arms, and stammering gentle words; she thirsted to feel them and hear them again; she did not want him to die! At this moment Matho gave a great start; she was on the point of shrieking aloud. He fell backward and did not stir again.

The priests flocked about Salammbô, congratulating her. Carthage was convulsed with a spasm of Titanic joy. Narr' Havas, drunk with pride, passed his left arm beneath Salammbô's waist in token of possession; he raised a gold cup and drank to the genius of Carthage. Salammbô raised a cup to drink also. She fell suddenly, with her head lying over the back of the throne, pale, stiff, with parted lips, and her loosened hair hung to the ground.

Thus died Hamilcar's daughter for having touched the mantle of Tanith.

SENTIMENTAL EDUCATION (1869)

About the year 1850 Flaubert became an intimate of the French sculptor, James Pradier, and in his studio met many persons of whom he made careful study, with a view of reproducing them as types in one of his minute analyses of French character. *Sentimental Education* was the result of this observation.

ON his way home from Paris, by boat down the Seine, Frederick Moreau, a youth of eighteen, who had just taken his bachelor's degree, saw for the first time Madame Sophie Arnoux, the wife of Jacques Arnoux, proprietor of an art-store in the capital and publisher of *L'Art Industriel*. The first sight of her was like an apparition. Dressed in a robe of light muslin, she sat alone on the deck, and Frederick stared at her lustrous dark skin and black tresses with amazement, vowing that never before had he seen a figure so seductive. Her shawl slipped off—he handed it back to her. She said, "Thank you, Monsieur," and their eyes met.

This was the extent of their acquaintance for many months. On his return to Paris to take his legal studies he spent many hours in her husband's shop, hoping to be invited to the house. He had made Arnoux's acquaintance on the boat, but the art-dealer seemed hardly to remember him at first. He persisted, however, and gradually reached a degree of intimacy with the proprietor and his friends—Hussonet, a journalist; Pellerin, the artist, and others. After hearing them all cordially bidden to Arnoux's house without receiving the coveted invitation for himself, he began to despair. He had imagined himself in love with Madame Arnoux, but now he was glad to hear that his old boyhood friend Deslauriers was coming to Paris. A man of this sort, he reflected, is worth all the women in the world!

He was dressing one morning to meet Deslauriers, when Arnoux called at the door to invite him to dine that evening.

"At last! At last!" he repeated to himself—and he despatched hasty notes to his tailor, his hatter, and his bootmaker. He greeted Deslauriers with effusion, but excused himself before dinner. As he climbed Arnoux's stairs his heart beat so violently that he was forced to stop several times. Madame, in a long velvet gown, greeted him, avowing that she "remembered Monsieur perfectly well." He liked the company and the dinner, which was elaborate. And, better than all, he thought, was the opportunity that he now would have to improve the acquaintance of the Arnoux family. He had hardly spoken to Madame, but she gave him her hand at parting and he was transported to the seventh heaven.

His thoughts were now entirely of her, and, like a traveler who has lost his way in a wood and whom every path brings back to the same spot, he found, underlying every idea in his mind, the recollection of her lovely face. He called on her repeatedly, hesitated on the threshold, and was relieved when told "Madame is out." Every Wednesday he presented himself at the office of *L'Art Industriel* in order to get an invitation to the Thursday dinners, during which he gazed at Madame Arnoux but uttered hardly a word. When he returned he waked up Deslauriers to tell him about her; but his friend yawned and was bored. These preoccupations were fatal, meanwhile, to Frederick's law-studies; and when he came up for examination he failed. He could not think of leaving Paris, however, so he wrote for money to pay a tutor—and promptly spent it for fine clothes.

He continued the visits and the dinners, yet Madame Arnoux was as far away from him as ever. Finally he received an invitation to Madame Arnoux's feast-day at their country-house at St. Cloud, and he bought her an expensive parasol—for which he borrowed money from Deslauriers. The *fête* was a success. After dinner the party walked along the river, where Arnoux gathered some flowers, made a bouquet, and gave it to his wife. On the way home, Frederick rode with her in the carriage, and she threw the bouquet out of the window, motioning him with her hand to say nothing about it.

The next day he began to work hard, and when he came up for his examination again he passed well and took his degree.

Then he went home to Nogent for the holidays, where he learned that his father's estate had been badly managed and little of it was left. His mother advised him to try for a place as clerk to a neighboring solicitor, but he wished to return to Paris. Nevertheless, he tried the place at the solicitor's, but displayed no aptitude at all. He amused himself also with little Louise, the eleven-year-old daughter of Père Roque, next door.

He was startled, one morning, to receive an announcement, from a law firm in Havre, of the death of an uncle from whom he had inherited a small fortune. His mother begged him to set up as an advocate at Troyes, but he announced his determination to return at once to Paris, to enter politics, and to become, perhaps, a minister of state! Little Louise clung about his neck and sobbed as he went away.

The old Arnoux house in the Rue Choiseul was empty, but after long search he found a common acquaintance who told him they had removed to the Rue Paradis, and thither he flew. Arnoux, who was tossing a fine boy in the air, informed Frederick that he had left the art business, and was now a maker and dealer in fine earthenware. Frederick felt that he ought to be transported with joy, but the unaccustomed surroundings seemed in some way to have changed Madame Arnoux.

He soon resumed his old acquaintance, and on one of his visits Arnoux proposed to take him to a place where he could amuse himself.

"Where are we going?" asked Frederick, as they rolled away in the carriage.

"To see a nice girl: don't be afraid!"

They visited a costumer's, for it was to a fancy-dress ball they were going. The mistress of the house, Mademoiselle Rosanette Bron, greeted them at the door in the costume of a dragoon of the period of Louis XIV. The lights within dazzled Frederick at first; he saw nothing but bare shoulders and a mass of swaying colors. As he did not dance, he stood watching the crowd of counterfeit peasant girls, marchionesses, monks, and soldiers. Scraps of conversation sufficiently indicated the social degree of most of them, but here, too, were Pellerin, the artist, Delmar, the celebrated actor, and others that Frederick

knew. The dancing over, supper was served, with plenty of champagne; and the guests kept it up till dawn.

Frederick did not forget Mademoiselle Bron, his hostess of the fancy ball. He began to call on her alternately with the Arnoux, and occasionally her manner permitted him to hope that he had made an impression. He suggested to Pellerin to paint her portrait, and escorted her to the studio whenever she gave a sitting. She frequently complained to him of Arnoux, her relations with whom she did not attempt to hide, and begged Frederick to remind him of a cashmere shawl that he had promised her. His success in this led to a painful scene, for a few days after Arnoux had bought it his wife made purchases at the same counter, and an allusion by the clerk to the shawl showed her the truth. She reproached Arnoux in Frederick's presence, but her husband, with a laugh, assured her that it was a mistake, and ran out. Never had Madame Arnoux looked more beautiful or more desirable to Frederick, and he compared her dark face favorably with Rosanette's light beauty.

Arnoux was decidedly neglecting his business for his pleasures. Rumors reached Frederick occasionally that he was going to pieces, and he was not surprised when his friend came into his apartment early one morning and, sitting on the side of the bed, exclaimed that he was ruined. It was necessary that he should have eighteen thousand francs that very day. Now Frederick, in pursuance of a plan long formed by Deslauriers and several of their student associates, had promised to contribute fifteen thousand francs toward establishing a political journal, to further the cause of democracy. He had written to his notary to sell a piece of land, which had been done, and the check had reached him that very day. The thought of Madame Arnoux suffering from her husband's neglect and incapacity overcame him. He reached hastily for the check, indorsed it, and placed it in Arnoux's hands. Expecting repayment shortly, for Arnoux assured him that at least fifty thousand francs were due him from various sources, he kept putting off his associates. But the repayment never came. Arnoux's business affairs became still more entangled. Frederick was obliged to confess to Deslauriers that he had not the promised money and said that he had lost it at play.

One day Madame Arnoux called at his rooms to beg him to intercede with Monsieur Dambreuse, the great banker, who held notes for four thousand francs that her husband was unable to pay. Frederick had letters of introduction to the Dambreuse family and had attended a ball at their house. He succeeded in his mission, and wrote to M. Arnoux to reassure him, but received only a curt reply. Calling on them a few weeks later, he was told that Arnoux was away traveling, and that Madame was at the pottery. He hastened to Creil, where the works were situated. Madame Arnoux was surprised to see him, and he attempted to explain his presence by telling of a dream, in which he had seen her dying. She listened to him with downcast face but with perfect calmness and offered to show him the works, to which he could make no objection.

When they had returned, Frederick, taking up a volume of De Musset, began to talk of love, but always in the abstract. Madame admitted the possibility of love only in the case of unmarried persons; virtue, she said, was only clear-sightedness, and women must sometimes be deaf, when it was necessary to be so. The application was only too evident, and Frederick felt crushed. He bowed, and left the house. On reaching home he found an invitation from Rosanette to take her to the races, which he eagerly accepted.

Many things happened the next day. Rosanette was very amusing at the races and very lively, but also very conspicuous. It seemed as if they must have met everyone that he knew in Paris, and to crown all they encountered Madame Arnoux, who gazed at them with pale face. They dined at the Café Anglais, where Frederick gave orders recklessly. Rosanette was brilliant; she ordered everyone about, and even sent one of the men in the party back to her house in a cab for her two lap-dogs. She invited Cisy, a young nobleman, a friend of Frederick's, to join them, and when the evening was over she went away with him in his carriage, laughingly leaving Frederick, open-mouthed with astonishment, to pay the bill, including even the cost of the cab that she had sent for the dogs.

The next day Pellerin called and insisted on his paying for a portrait of Rosanette, which, the artist said, he had ordered. The price named was outrageous, and Frederick refused, where-

upon the painter departed, vowing vengeance. Three days later he met Cisy. The aristocratic young gentleman kept his countenance, and even asked Frederick to dine. At the dinner Cisy's friends began to joke him about Rosanette, and finally connected her name with Arnoux, ending by alluding to the latter's financial misfortunes and stigmatizing him as a swindler. Frederick hotly took his part, and when someone brought in the name of Madame Arnoux, he could stand it no longer, and flung a plate full in Cisy's face. The party broke up in a tumult, and the next day there was a challenge. The duel was a farce, for neither Frederick nor Cisy was a swordsman and both were much frightened. Cisy's fright was so great, however, that he collapsed in a faint as they were about to begin. At this moment Arnoux, having got wind of the matter, drove up and interposed; and Cisy's seconds, having discovered that he had scratched himself in falling, declared that the demands of honor were satisfied! Frederick, however, had not heard the last of the matter. The papers published accounts of the duel in which he appeared at a disadvantage.

Pellerin's revenge materialized as a window-display of the Rosanette portrait with a label stating that it was "the property of M. Moreau." Those who saw it drew their own conclusions, and when, shortly afterward, Frederick attended a reception at the house of M. Dambreuse, the allusions were so unpleasant that he vowed never to appear in company again.

A panic in the stock market, and the consequent reduction of Frederick's income, made an advantageous marriage more and more desirable. His mother urged him to pay court to Louise Roque. He visited his home, and before many weeks he was openly acknowledged as the young girl's intended husband.

Meanwhile Deslauriers, in whose hands Frederick had left his business affairs, made this an excuse to call on Madame Arnoux, about whom he had always been curious. He told her of Frederick's intended marriage, and when the young man, unable to stay away long from Paris, returned and was driven from Rosanette's inanities to seek Madame Arnoux again, he was told that she had gone to stay at the cottage in St. Cloud. He lost no time in repairing thither, and this time could not

refrain from a declaration of love. She showed plainly that she was not averse to him, but begged him to go away, and he obeyed. On subsequent visits they tried to hide their love, but their precautions only unveiled it; the stronger it grew, the more constrained they became. Arnoux, it appeared, was openly enamored of one of the women in his pottery, but about this Madame asserted her lack of concern. One afternoon he surprised her in a state of great mental excitement. Eugène, her little boy, had a bad sore throat. Frederick's assurances quieted her.

"Why," he asked, "do you trust me now, but distrust me when I speak to you of love?"

"I don't doubt you, my poor friend!"

Why, then, he rejoined, should she not walk with him, showing herself on his arm without fear?

"Be it so," she said, and they agreed to meet at a specified corner on the Tuesday following.

Frederick had a plan. He hoped he might find an excuse to stop for shelter in a doorway, and that, once there, she might enter the house. For this purpose he rented and furnished rooms in the Rue de Fronchet. But the appointed hour came and passed, and Madame Arnoux did not appear. Eugène had grown rapidly worse. The doctor was summoned, but gave little hope. The night was passed in intense anxiety, and it was not until the danger was over that Madame thought of Frederick. A warning, she believed, had been sent her by Providence. She threw herself on her knees and vowed that she would sacrifice, as a holocaust, her first real passion, her only weakness as a woman.

Meanwhile the city was astir with the first rumblings of the Revolution of 1848. Frederick had long seen its approach; he had even banded with some student companions against the Government. Their notice to meet them he had disregarded for his expected rendezvous with Madame Arnoux, and now in his disappointment he ran to Rosanette, whom he found in terror of pillage. The streets were full of marching, shouting men. He took Rosanette to the Trois Frères to dine, and on the way back they were startled by the crash of musketry. Rosanette clung to his arm with chattering teeth, vowing that

she could not walk twenty steps farther. Fate had decreed that this should happen in front of the place that Frederick had rented in the Rue Tronchet, and by a refinement of hatred, in order the better to offer an outrage in his own soul to Madame Arnoux, he led Rosanette to the room that he had prepared for the other.

Frederick was roused by the noise of firing, and in spite of Rosanette's entreaties he hurried out to see what was happening. Thus he was a witness of the final scenes of the Revolution after the flight of Louis Philippe and his Queen—of the capture of the royal palace and the proclamation of the Republic. The fall of the monarchy had, in fact, been so rapid that the town could scarcely realize it.

Frederick returned to Rosanette, who easily forgave him for his midnight desertion. Soon he practically left his own house and spent his time at her apartments. Occasionally he met Arnoux in the house, and once his friend, who was a member of the National Guard, begged him to take his place on sentry duty. He did not suspect until afterward that this was simply to get him out of the way, so that Arnoux could be alone with Rosanette. Finally Frederick told the girl that she must choose between them, and, protesting that she cared nothing for Arnoux, she consented to go with Frederick to Fontainebleau, where they passed many happy days.

While they were there, tidings came of a socialist insurrection against the new republic, and of more barricades and more fighting in Paris. Hearing that an old friend was wounded, Frederick, in spite of Rosanette's pleadings, left her and made his way back into the city. Before the insurrection was quelled, as it finally was, he saw many horrid sights, but none more so than when old Père Roque, seizing a musket, fired pointblank through a cellar-window into a crowd of famished prisoners who were begging for bread.

"Oh, these revolutions," said the good old man, as he returned to his daughter Louise, "I can't stand much more; I'm so sensitive!"

The old man and his daughter were temporarily at their Paris house. A few days later they were at dinner at the house of M. Dambreuse, where they met Frederick and Madame

Arnoux. Frederick would hardly look at Louise, for he found himself next to Madame Arnoux, to whom he could not help whispering of the sleepless nights that he had passed since he last saw her. The company could not forbear allusions to the duel and to Pellerin's now celebrated portrait of Rosanette, and both Madame Arnoux and Louise drew their own conclusions. As they were leaving the house Louise caught Frederick's arm and began to reproach him for his neglect of her. Assuring her somewhat coldly of his continued love, Frederick at the same time pointed out countless objections to their immediate marriage, and, excusing himself, went straight to Rosanette.

It was long before he went to the Arnoux house again. When he did, he found Madame Arnoux alone, and soon there was a complete reconciliation. He was holding her in his arms when there was a rustle behind them, and behold—Rosanette!

They left together in a cab. This infamy, which it outraged him to see once more flowing back upon him, had been brought about by himself alone. He would have liked to strangle Rosanette, and in the course of their altercation he did once raise his hand, but a word from her made him drop it. Did he not see her condition? Alas! what a misfortune!

Even at this time Frederick had cast his eyes in another direction altogether—that of Madame Dambreuse. The cause was not so much love as cold calculation; a connection with so wealthy and powerful a lady could not but be an advantage to him. The lady was an easy conquest. The two spent long hours together reading poetry and discussing literature and philosophy; and Frederick felt that he had now indeed risen to his proper intellectual level. He spent his days with Madame Dambreuse, and his evenings with Rosanette, and though he often said to himself, "What a rascally part I am playing!" he really admired his own perversity.

Not long after this M. Dambreuse fell sick. His wife and Frederick stood together by his bedside as he grew worse, and both saw him die. As his body lay in state, she turned to Frederick and sighed: "What a riddance!" Then she poured into his ears the misery and the suffering of her married life. It was not in the best taste, Frederick thought; but he forgave her when she reiterated her love for him and murmured: "You

will marry me?" Frederick could hardly believe his ears; she was worth more than three millions!

They gave the late banker an expensive funeral, Madame insisting that no money should be spared. But the next day, when Frederick hurried to her house, he found her sitting amid papers and groaning that she was ruined. At the last moment Dambreuse had changed his will, leaving all his money to his niece. A blow for Frederick, yet he must keep his word, and, after all, she had a tidy little fortune of her own. He clasped her in his arms while she cried out: "Ah! I knew I could count on you!"

Hardly had he left her when a messenger from Rosanette apprised him of the birth of a son. He hastened to her, and took the child in his arms, but almost with repugnance. His double life became now more difficult and more disagreeable than ever. He could see that Rosanette was hopeful of becoming his wife, and this gave him a feeling of spite against her. Both spent money recklessly. Rosanette was threatened with the seizure of all her furniture, and could see no way to get funds except to sue Arnoux on the strength of an old letter that he had given her, which might have been interpreted as a promissory note. When Frederick heard this he raged openly. Running to Madame Dambreuse, he begged for a loan, pretending that an old comrade had been guilty of theft and that money was necessary at once to save him from prison. She gave him twelve thousand francs, but alas! when he sought Arnoux he and his wife had fled! Sorrow, too, reigned at Rosanette's house. The child, after a brief life, had succumbed to illness and lay dead. The mother, beside herself, could think of nothing but a plan to employ Pellerin to paint the infant's portrait. Even while the child was unburied came a paper with a notice of the sale of the Arnoux household furniture. Frederick turned on Rosanette and with bitter reproaches cried out that he would leave her forever.

On December first, the very day when the furniture was to be sold, fate led Frederick and Madame Dambreuse, now his acknowledged betrothed, past the place of sale. She insisted on going in, and on examining every article. Was it malicious knowledge? Presently her eye fell on a little chest with silver

clasps, a familar object to Frederick, and she announced her intention of buying it. He endeavored to dissuade her, but she laughed gaily.

"Just think," she said, "love-letters may be in it!"

As she continued to bid, his appeals became more open, almost frenzied. It was finally knocked down to her at a thousand francs, and she thrust it into her muff. Then she flung herself into her carriage.

"Are you not coming in?"

"No, Madame."

And, bowing to her frigidly, he made a sign to the coachman to drive away.

At first his only feeling was one of joy at regaining his independence. As time passed, however, he began to think of Louise. "She, indeed, loved me truly!" he said to himself. Then, five minutes afterward: "Why not?"

He set out for Nogent, and as he stepped from the train the bell of St. Laurent was ringing. Of a sudden in the churchgate a newly married couple appeared. It was Louise; and the groom was none other than his friend Deslauriers! Shamefaced, vanquished, crushed, he retraced his steps to the station and returned to Paris.

ANTONIO FOGAZZARO

(Italy, 1842)

THE SAINT (1906)

This is the third part of the trilogy composed by the author, the first two being entitled *The Sinner* and *The Patriot.* Each part is, however, complete in itself. They have had an immense vogue in Italy, and the present novel has been placed in the *Index Expurgatorius* by the Pope, despite the fact that the author is a Catholic. It is considered the greatest of the three, and was the first to find an English translation.

HE Dessalles, brother and sister, had passed the summer at Maloja, Carlino amusing himself, Jeanne trying to find an agreeable occupation and to hide the incurable wound to her heart caused by the loss of her lover, Piero Maironi. Maironi, artist and dreamer, had fallen in love with Jeanne, who was a beautiful woman separated from her husband, and an agnostic in belief. His wife, who was in a lunatic asylum, had suddenly recovered her mind, as by a miracle, on her death-bed, and had sent for him. Recalled to a sense of honor and of faith, and plunged into remorse, he had disappeared completely from the knowledge of his friends and relatives. Three years had elapsed since then, and Jeanne was inconsolable.

Noemi d'Arxel and her elder sister, Maria Selva, were Belgians of Dutch and Protestant origin. Maria, after a very romantic courtship, had embraced Catholicism and married a famous Italian philosopher and writer on theological subjects, Giovanni Selva, who advocated progressive Catholicism in Italy and was looked upon askance by the ecclesiastical authorities in consequence. Noemi divided her time between Brussels and Italy, where the Selvas lived—at Rome in winter, at Subiaco in summer. Jeanne Dessalle was staying with her for a time,

intending to escort her to Italy. Jeanne was melancholy over a letter that announced the death of Don Giuseppe Flores, a venerable priest, who had brought her Maironi's last message, and to whom Maironi had entrusted a sealed paper describing a prophetic vision in regard to his life, which had largely contributed to his conversion. Some time after Maironi's disappearance, Jeanne had gone to Don Giuseppe and had begged him to let Maironi know of her husband's death. But Don Giuseppe advised her to abandon her hopes, as Maironi was in a cloister—where, Don Giuseppe did not know.

Noemi's letter from her sister was even more interesting to Jeanne. In the monastery of Santa Scholastica, near them, wrote Maria Selva, there was a young and saintly Benedictine monk. Giovanni Selva had heard that a man of noble birth had taken the habit there after the death of the woman he loved, and assumed that this Don Clemente was he. Don Clemente had been much at his house. Maria Selva knew Jeanne's history, and had written to her sister about the young monk, because she suspected him to be Piero Maironi, while her husband fully believed it. Jeanne declared it was impossible, but decided to leave Brussels and reach Subiaco the week following.

Several ecclesiastics, interested in religious reforms, had assembled at Giovanni Selva's to discuss the future and the policy of the Roman Church. Don Clemente had promised to bring a helper in the kitchen-garden, who would give Selva some instruction, and when he arrived at this assembly he brought the man with him and left him in the garden. Maria met Don Clemente and informed him of the expected arrival of her sister, in company with an intimate friend, a Signora Dessalle; and that they would wish to inspect Santa Scholastica, whereat the young monk started violently and seemed much disturbed.

During the discussion among the men, a Swiss abbé, not entirely in sympathy with Selva, declared that reforms would certainly be brought about some day, because ideas are stronger than men, and are always pressing forward.

"Have you a saint among you?" he said. "Do you know where to look for one? Then find him, and let him march for-

ward. Fiery language, broad charity, two or three little miracles, and your Messiah alone will achieve more than all of you together." He thought the saint might be a layman.

Don Clemente said: "I do not despair of finding one, for perhaps even now he exists. Who knows?" The meeting came to nothing, and they all went out on the terrace. Maria heard her sister and Jeanne approaching, and she and Selva tried to prevent a meeting; but Don Clemente and his gardener, Benedetto, were forced to pass close to the ladies, and Maria's efforts aroused the suspicions of Jeanne, who, after one glance at the men, came near fainting. As soon as she was alone with Noemi she told her that her former lover was not Don Clemente but the other man, who had departed with him.

Don Clemente, on his side, was puzzled; he could detect no sign of agitation in the thin, pallid, intellectual face. Benedetto, who lived at the hospice for pilgrims, asked Don Clemente's permission to remain on the mountains that night to pray, as he had done on several occasions. Don Clemente, determined to prevent their meeting, get Benedetto away, and warn the Selvas, commanded Benedetto to go to Jenne on the morrow, and stay there until he should send for him; and he granted him permission to pass the night on the hills. On reaching the monastery Don Clemente was summoned to the Abbot, a new man who had recently arrived. The Abbot forbade the young monk to go to that house again, and then required an accounting for Benedetto. It was irregular, to say the least, that Benedetto should have lived for three years in the hospice for temporary pilgrims, especially as he displayed no intention of becoming a monk. Don Clemente explained that Piero Maironi, after the saintly death of his wife, had turned his heart to God, abandoned the great wealth left him by his grandmother, and had fled from his home in the night, telling no one whither he was going. Having once met Don Clemente in Brescia, Maironi had come to Santa Scholastica, told his story, and entreated help to lead a life of expiation and manual labor. The former Abbot had given Maironi the place of assistant to the gardener, and Maironi, during the past three years, had led a severely ascetic life. The Abbot expressed a wish to see Benedetto, and was so annoyed at finding the man was not in the monastery that Don Clemente

told him the reason for it—the encounter with his former mistress and the order he had given to Maironi to depart to Jenne.

Benedetto's attempt to pray on the hills was a failure, chiefly because he had recognized Jeanne, and he returned wearily to the monastery. The Abbot summoned him to a personal interview, before acceding to or refusing Don Clemente's suggestion that he should be given an old lay-brother's habit. After questioning him severely, the Abbot said, "I expel you from the monastery," and gave him a note to Don Clemente. The note read, "Send him away at once, lest I be tempted to detain him!" and gave permission to Benedetto to wear the habit, as the token of a humble religious office. This was the beginning of the fulfilment of his seemingly impossible vision, in which he had beheld himself dying on the bare ground, in the shade of a great tree, and wearing the habit of the Benedictines. He quitted the monastery at once.

Jeanne and Noemi reached it about ten o'clock, but an attack of faintness compelled Jeanne to sit at the gate, while Don Clemente escorted Noemi about the establishment. Don Clemente betrayed knowledge of Jeanne's identity and story, which convinced Noemi that he had taken precautions to prevent an interview, and she breathed more freely. Meanwhile, Jeanne had discovered that Benedetto was in the monastery of the Sacro Speco, at Jenne, and insisted upon going thither at once. Noemi no longer wished to see this famous Maironi. Her sole desire was to get Jeanne safely back to the Selvas without any meeting. But Jeanne caught sight of Benedetto, darted breathlessly in pursuit, and soon came face to face with him. Silently he motioned her to follow him, and led her to a small upper church, where he made her promise to devote her life to the poor and afflicted, as if each one of them were a part of the soul she loved, promising to summon her to his side at a certain hour in the future, and stipulating that, until so summoned, she should never seek to see him again. Jeanne promised, and when she went to her summer villa, after leaving Subiaco, she tried to fulfil her promise, but found insuperable difficulties in so doing.

Soon the public prints began to be filled with accounts of the holy life and the miraculous cures of a person who was

called "the Saint of Jenne." Many were flocking to see him, it was said, and Jeanne wrote to Noemi, enjoining strict secrecy, and begging her to find out whether this Saint were, as she suspected, Piero Maironi.

The next morning, Noemi and the Selvas set out on foot for Jenne. On the way they met the doctor, who declared that the miraculous cures effected by the "saint" (whom some called "the devil") constituted a case of contagious mystic psychopathy. They also met Don Clemente, whom the Abbot had despatched to demand from Benedetto the old monastic habit. Someone at Jenne had written to Rome, accusing Benedetto of unorthodox preaching, of pretending to work miracles, and of wearing a religious habit to which he had no right. They found a vast throng awaiting the Saint, among them a man who had been ill for two years with fever. The crowd carried him to the cave inhabited by Benedetto, and laid him across his bed. Benedetto and Don Clemente arrived, and Don Clemente begged the people not to call Benedetto a "saint"—he himself requested it—nor ask him to perform miracles, but in vain. Benedetto was compelled to address the people, and Noemi recognized him as Piero Maironi from the portraits that Jeanne had shown her. Benedetto despatched Don Clemente for the parish priest, as the sick man was dying; and at the priest's house Don Clemente found an ecclesiastic whom he did not know arguing vehemently against Benedetto. On hearing Don Clemente's message, the strange priest exclaimed:

"You see! That is how these miracles end. You must not enter that heretic's house unless he has first left it never to return."

Don Clemente, confident that Benedetto was a man of God, told him of this demand, when he and the parish priest arrived, and Benedetto meekly went out forever, and made his way toward Subiaco. Noemi saw him and followed him to the church, where he prayed near the altar. To her surprise, she felt her heart more touched as she watched this pale, emaciated man, and recalled what he had said in his address to the people, than it ever had been by her brother-in-law's religious arguments. Don Clemente came to the church and took Benedetto to a house where he had begged some secular clothing for him.

Then he brought in Noemi, and offered Benedetto the hospitality of his house. Noemi told Benedetto that someone had commissioned her to ask Benedetto's advice. Her friend was occupying herself with charities, and her invalid brother declared that she must cease this activity. What was she to do? Benedetto replied that, as the friend's brother was ill, she might find deeds of charity to perform for him, in her own house. Noemi tried in vain to extort from Benedetto a direct message for Jeanne. Unconsciously she aroused in Benedetto's heart a sense of sweet pain, which at once turned to fear, so new was it. "Had Jeanne been like this," he thought, "I should not have left her."

Benedetto accepted the hospitality of the Selvas until he should have recovered his strength from intermittent attacks of fever, which puzzled the physician. Jeanne wrote Noemi letters asking for details of his life there, and breathed forth jealousy easily detected by Noemi. Jeanne wrote that she had made friends with the wife of an Under-Secretary of State, who insisted upon her spending the coming winter in Rome. Benedetto, meanwhile, confessed in his letters to Don Clemente the emotions that Noemi aroused in him, but he never betrayed them to Noemi. He was persuaded that it was his duty to go to Rome, and he went thither in July, and there held many secret meetings in which he discussed the reforms that he regarded as necessary in the Church. Women were not admitted; but at one of the meetings, when winter came, several of them, including Jeanne and her new friend, listened from an adjoining room. After Benedetto had departed, the owner of the apartment narrated to the ladies his story, so far as he knew it, saying that when he came to Rome a Professor Mayda, an eminent surgeon and great admirer of the Saint, had engaged him as under-gardener at his new villa on the Aventine. The populace of the quarter venerated him as the people of Jenne had done. Every step, every word of Benedetto's had been watched, thanks to the hostile priests; and, as these were powerless against a layman, they had begun to intrigue to obtain the aid of the civil law against him. He had asked for an audience with the Pope, and was to be received in the evening. The Vatican was maintaining the strictest secrecy about the matter, and Benedetto

had been forbidden to mention it; but a German monk had been indiscreet, and a few persons knew about it.

When the time came for Benedetto's audience, he was led by a way that astonished him. Then, suddenly, on a landing where the stairs branched, the small electric lights went out, and he heard his guide running up the flight to the right. Supposing that the lights had been extinguished by accident, he waited patiently for a long time, finally decided to advance, and seemed to hear an inward voice directing him. At last, groping, his hand struck a door which opened; and the monk who had deserted him ushered him into the presence of his Holiness. This was a most unusual place, deliberately chosen, in which he found the astonished Pontiff—a sort of lumber-room for the library.

The Pope questioned him closely as to how he had made his way thither, and then gave him a letter to read, from his dead friend, Don Giuseppe Flores. It was the letter written by Don Giuseppe to his Bishop two years after Maironi's disappearance, and enclosed Maironi's manuscript describing the vision. The Bishop, supposing Maironi to be dead, had sent this letter and manuscript to the Pope. In the vision Maironi had beheld himself face to face with the Pope, guided thither by a spirit and an inward voice, and in all respects the present facts corresponded with the vision.

The Pope asked Benedetto whether he really believed that he had a mission, and permitted him to set forth his ideas. This Benedetto did, elaborating his text that four evil spirits have entered into the body of the Church to wage war against the Holy Spirit—the spirit of Falsehood, the spirit of Ecclesiastical Domination, the spirit of Avarice, and the spirit of Immobility.

The Pope replied that many of these things the Lord had said to him in his heart long ago; but he could not risk offending the majority, and especially the men about him. It would require a younger man than he, with a longer career before him, to make such changes.

Shortly afterward, when Benedetto was comforting a dying man, and many people had congregated in the street below, anxious to catch a glimpse of "the Saint of Jenne," a policeman

arrived in a closed carriage, and, calling him "Signor Maironi," took him away.

On arriving at their destination, the officer left Benedetto in an anteroom. The somnolent usher handed him a paper which he pretended to have seen him drop, and insisted on his examining it to see whether it belonged to him. On the envelope was written (below the address to the under-gardener at the Villa Mayda): "This is to inform you that the Director-General of Police will do his best to induce you to leave Rome of your own free will. Refuse. You can read what follows at your leisure." Finding that no one appeared, and that the usher seemed to have fallen sound asleep, Benedetto read the letter. It was from Noemi d'Arxel, and it told him that many intrigues were being set on foot against him, many calumnies communicated to his friends, with the object of compelling him to leave Rome and preventing his seeing the Pope again. She told him not to yield, not to abandon the Holy Father and his mission. The threat concerning the affair at Jenne was not serious; it would not be possible to proceed against him, and they knew it. The person who was not permitted to write to him had discovered all this, and had asked her to write it to him.

At last Benedetto was shown into the presence of the Director-General, who harshly and disdainfully advised him to leave Rome within three days, and ordered the usher to show him out. He was taken to a brilliantly lighted room, where the Under-Secretary of State and the Minister of the Interior, awaiting him, invited him to explain to them his idea of reform in the Roman Church. Benedetto would not, convinced of their insincerity, and accused them of treachery. He told them his frank opinion of diplomatic morals at considerable length, and when the audience was over, Benedetto was so exhausted that, after staggering down-stairs, he was forced to sit down on one of the lowest steps. Hearing the voices of the Minister and the Secretary approaching, he dragged himself to the street. A footman approached him, and a carriage moved forward. Benedetto, recognizing it as that of the Dessalles, and imagining that Jeanne was there, and that he was to be forced into it, recoiled, and would have fallen with weakness had not the

footman caught him in his arms and placed him in the vehicle. The man said the carriage had been sent because the Signora knew that Benedetto was not well, and thought it would be difficult for him to find one at that place and hour. Benedetto began to doubt his mission; only Jeanne seemed to care for him.

The gardener admitted him at the Mayda Villa, surprised that he was not in prison. The Professor's daughter-in-law had ordered that he should not be admitted if he returned; and hearing this, he wished to depart at once, but was too feeble.

"What a lot of fools for one knave!" said a workman, seeing the throngs congregated near the house whence Benedetto had departed on the previous day, accompanied by the policeman. Rumors that "the Saint" was anything but saintly had become current.

Jeanne had been told by her footman that Maironi was a corpse, a ghost. She knew of the conflict between Professor Mayda and his daughter-in-law, and feared that, during the professor's absence from Rome, Benedetto would not be well cared for. She felt that he must be removed—a hiding-place must be found, and it occurred to her to appeal to an elderly Senator, who had been a friend of her father, and was full of affectionate admiration for Maironi, whose secret meetings he had assiduously attended. The Senator knew nothing of her past and Maironi's. Benedetto accepted the Senator's invitation. He was weak but not feverish, Selva reported; but the fever recurred at intervals, as Jeanne learned from the physician. She was in despair; Noemi suffered equally; and Jeanne saw it and understood.

The wife of the Under-Secretary of State summoned Jeanne to her house, where the Under-Secretary courteously gave Jeanne to understand that he knew the state of affairs, and expressed his sympathy for Signor Maironi's religious views, but insisted that Giovanni Selva really must convince him of the wisdom of leaving Rome for some time, in the interest of his apostolate. Signor Maironi's religious enemies in Rome were waging war against him so violently that very soon he must inevitably find himself entirely without disciples. He told her that the Senator was expecting visitors, and so would not

be able to keep Maironi much longer. Jeanne understood; they were determined to force Maironi out of Rome.

On reaching her hotel, Jeanne found the Selvas and one of Benedetto's disciples waiting for her. The Senator had sent the disciple to say to Maironi that his old sister was on the way to visit him, and he had but one spare bedroom, the one Benedetto was occupying. Not knowing the connection, the disciple had come to Jeanne for advice. She was overwhelmed when Selva, in turn, delivered his message. Benedetto had promised to call her to him at a solemn hour; that hour was come, and he called her. Jeanne could not help understanding at last. Selva told her that Benedetto expected to die on the following day.

That evening a note from Noemi informed her that Professor Mayda had carried Benedetto to his villa. But in the night Benedetto insisted upon being taken back from the luxurious chamber in the villa to his own tiny room in the gardener's house.

After he had said farewell to the Selvas, Don Clemente and his disciples, exhorting them to lead holy, helpful, loving lives, the waiting throng of poor people were allowed to file past. Don Clemente had brought with him the old monastic habit, and Benedetto contented himself with having it spread over him on the bed, and gazing through the window at the great pine-tree under which he would have liked to die, robed in the habit, that his vision might be completely fulfilled.

When, at five o'clock, Selva told his wife Noemi and Jeanne that it was time to go to Benedetto, Noemi begged that she might be allowed to speak first to the dying man—she had some news to give him concerning her soul. Jeanne guessed that this meant Noemi's conversion to Catholicism in the near future. She embraced Noemi, burst into tears, and begged the others to go without her. The Selvas misunderstood the cause of her tears, but Noemi knew that Jeanne would not go because she could not tell Benedetto the same thing, and she whispered entreaties that Jeanne would yield at this last moment. Jeanne had often struggled with her unbelief, but always in vain. She went out into the garden, where the rain was falling heavily, and sat on the rim of the fountain, with

her eyes fixed on Benedetto's windows. Don Clemente, coming out, mistook her, in the darkness, for Maria Selva, and told her to send for "the other lady," as the dying man was asking for her. Jeanne mounted the stairs and entered the room. Benedetto was groaning and moving his right hand as if in quest of something. At last she understood, took up the crucifix and held it out to him. He pressed his lips to it, gazing fixedly at her; then clasped the crucifix in both hands, and raised it toward her.

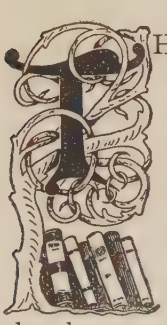
Jeanne took his hands between her own, and pressed a passionate kiss on the crucifix. Then Benedetto closed his eyes, a smile irradiated his pale face, and he expired.

PAUL LEICESTER FORD

(United States, 1865–1901)

THE HONORABLE PETER STIRLING (1894)

The author herein attempts to depict the legitimate conditions under which "bossism" in politics arises, which, indeed, are assumed to justify it, if they do not make it necessary. The career of the hero, who is conceived as a singularly fine and public-spirited character, lies in the environment of New York municipal politics on their Democratic side. He rises to attain the governorship of the State as the outcome of forces whereby personal desert acts and reacts through a mechanism ordinarily supposed to embody the worse and not the better phases of political movement.



HE boyhood of Peter Stirling, the only son of a widowed mother, was molded in the prosaic environment of a small New England manufacturing city. Sturdy and solid in person and character, "Fatty Peter," as he was jokingly called, became intimate as a Harvard freshman with a classmate almost his opposite in worldly conditions and character, Watts D'Alloi, the latter being the heir of wealth and gifted with all the showy graces of mind and physique in which Peter was deficient. This did not prevent the friendliest tie between them; and after graduation D'Alloi availed himself of every opportunity to introduce Peter into the higher social set, where the young law-student was rather tolerated than welcomed. Thus he became a guest at the summer home of Pierce, the wealthy banker, whose daughter, Helen, had been intimate with D'Alloi since childhood. In accordance with his express desire, she paid special attention to Peter Stirling, whose reserve and shyness seemed to need such an emollient. At the end of his appointed visit his honest nature impelled him to declare his love for Helen, which met a gentle refusal; and he returned to his law-work in New York with an aching heart but an

intrepid purpose to succeed in life. A little later D'Alloi wrote him that he had been accepted by Helen Pierce, and that the marriage, to be followed by a protracted residence abroad, would occur within a month. After the wedding, which was a crisis in our hero's life, he focused all his energies on professional study and found his society solely in the families of the poor, especially among the children, whom he met in his daily walk. It was this association that called to his attention the nature of the New York milk supply as a prolific source of disease. His dogged zeal compelled the attention of the district-attorney, even of the Governor himself, and the newspapers exploited the subject in full, he himself being appointed as special counsel to prosecute the cases. His deep sympathy with the welfare of the lower classes and the friendship of a saloon-keeper, Dennis Moriarty, a ward leader and a client of his, who sang his praises loudly, initiated his interest in the primaries as a medium for the exercise of beneficent power. His aggressive humanity had made him known to Miss De Voe, a philanthropist of wealth, fashion, and lineage, who contributed to a fund he had started for making loans to the worthy poor. He rose rapidly in political influence, always desirous to utilize his strength for the betterment of this class, which came to regard him as a trusty and unselfish representative of its interests. Philanthropists like Miss De Voe, bred in aversion to the methods of Tammany Hall, in which Peter Stirling had become a dominant force, recognized that he embodied whatever wholesome and useful tendencies existed in that body. He also became connected anew with that class which Miss De Voe represented at its best, and was forced to go into what is called society. It was through her and her cousin, Lispenard Ogden, a cynical and cultivated man of the world, that Peter heard much about the D'Alloi family, among other details that Mrs. D'Alloi had a young daughter, the very image of herself, and was somewhat broken in health. The news stirred a throb of dull pain which told him that the old wound was still a little raw.

He became increasingly prominent in the eyes of the public, and more endeared to that section of it whose welfare was closest to his sympathies, by the success of the Food and Tenement House Commission bills.

His management had had the issues of which they were the outcome injected into the last gubernatorial campaign, and he devoted much time and labor to help their passage by the Legislature. He was appointed on both commissions and his intelligent labors contributed much to their efficiency and gave fresh repute to his name among public-spirited men of all parties. Ten years passed monotonously, during which Peter Stirling advanced rapidly in professional esteem and practise. He had taken into partnership Ogden Ogden, a cousin of Miss De Voe, and his old college friend, Rivington, whose social connections gave him wealthy clients, while he no less sedulously cultivated that close sympathy with the lower classes which made him a political power. In this Dennis Moriarty continued to be his enthusiastic lieutenant, to the mild amusement of his aristocratic friends, who could not quite appreciate his intimacy with the red-headed and pugnacious *Scaramouche*, who seemed to have access to him at all hours, and who was indeed the sounding-board which helped him to gauge more surely the feeling and sentiment of the great commons, its weakness and its strength, its defects and its rightful claims. An event came to the quiet of the passing years in the return of the D'Alloi family, and a letter from his old college chum, asking him to call as soon as possible, as he was in "a dreadful pickle."

He was received by Mrs. D'Alloi with warm welcome; and as he looked at the faded face he asked himself if this was the woman for whom he had so suffered, whose memory had kept him indeed at thirty-eight still a bachelor. She, too, recognized a great change in Peter. With increased height and breadth, he had become compact and sinewy. The heaviness of his features had melted into lines which gave only strength and character, and were eloquent with thought and feeling and the consciousness of power. When they were alone, D'Alloi quickly informed him of his trouble. He had had an entanglement with a Frenchwoman, who had followed him to America after blackmailing him for many years. She now threatened an exposure through the courts; and as there was a child in the case, it would involve a fatal scandal alike in society and in his own home. While they were still discussing the imbroglio, which called forth Stirling's stern reprobation, almost to the

extent of refusal to intervene, the woman forced her way in, following the footman who came to announce her, and at once proclaimed herself. There was a stormy interview; and Peter made a strong plea to the intruder not to punish the weak and innocent for the sins of the guilty. On the heels of this, Mrs. D'Alloi, who had returned and caught some of his closing words and the reply of the woman, Célestine Lecour, flew to her husband with the alarmed queries: "Of what child are you talking? Whose child? Who is this woman?" To save Watts D'Alloi, Peter Stirling permitted Helen to believe that it was his own intrigue, and that he was the father of the child. His tact arranged the affair with Célestine Lecour, who left the country. Peter, however, was so outraged in his feelings that he determined to break off all communication with the D'Alloi household, especially as Helen had been made to credit the wicked but saving lie, which, indeed, was its sole object.

A few days afterward, he was taking an afternoon ride in the park, when he rescued a fair horsewoman from her runaway mare. There was something in the face of the rescued beauty strangely familiar, especially in the slate-colored eyes. He speedily learned that it was Leonore D'Alloi, the more beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother, who united the physical graces of both parents; and she also learned that it was the Peter Stirling of whom she had heard so much from her family and traveling friends since her childhood. The meeting thrilled the man as with the sense of some fatality, and aroused a tumult of feeling, a prophecy of the old love reincarnated with greater fulness of life. Of course it became necessary to resume his friendship with Leonore's father; and the difficulty of arranging the social *milieu* with Mrs. D'Alloi, so as to neutralize the effect of the Lecour episode, was overcome with some difficulty by the ingenious Watts. That diplomat pledged his word that his wife had misunderstood, and that it was clearly necessary to invite to Leonore's coming-of-age party the man who had saved her life in the park. Father and daughter had already called at Stirling's law-office, to which his living apartment was adjacent, and were entertained there by Stirling, who had so far outlived his plainer years as to have become somewhat of a *bon-vivant*. Leonore had also, with the consent of her father,

asked her new friend to become trustee of the estate about to fall to her on reaching her legal majority. Two conversations specially accentuated the ripening intimacy of Peter Stirling and Leonore, as it revealed more keenly to the girl, who was somewhat of a hero-worshiper, the union of nobility and power in the man's strong individuality. She and her father proposed a slumming expedition, one of the fashionable fads. Peter discouraged it with such eloquent and penetrating analysis as made the girl see the relations of rich and poor in a new light.

"They get detectives to protect them," said he, "and then go through the tenements—the homes of the poor—and pry into their privacy and poverty out of mere curiosity. Then they go home and, over a chafing-dish of lobster or terrapin, and champagne, they laugh at the funny things they saw. I heard a girl tell the other night about breaking in on a wake by chance. 'Weren't we lucky?' she said, 'it was so funny to see the poor people weeping and drinking whisky at the same time.' Isn't it heartless? Yet the dead—perhaps the breadwinner of the family fallen in the struggle—must have lain there in plain view of that girl. Who were the most heartless, the family and friends, who had gathered over that body according to their customs, or the party who looked in on them and laughed?" The deep feeling of Peter, which the girl shared, revealed to her the power of that sympathy which justly gave him such a hold on the lower classes. Again, at a little dinner-party at the rooms of Stirling, to which Dennis Moriarty, at the solicitation of Leonore, deeply interested in all the queer friends of her friend, had been invited, the Irishman told her about a presentation sword, the gift of a railroad, with fervor that thrilled her responsive heart. Stirling was Major of the Sixth New York National Guard. The regiment had been called out several years before to protect the railroad against strikers, who were determined to go to any lengths to prevent their places being filled. They had set fire to the railroad sheds where several cars full of strike-breakers were waiting, after bolting them in. The Captain of Sergeant Dennis's company, Stirling, ordered the doors to be smashed in with battering-rams of rails: "Yez should 'a' seen him walk into that sheet of flame, and stand there, quiet-like, thinkin', and it so hot that we at the door were

coverin' our faces to save them from scorchin'. Then says he: 'Get your muskets!' We went, and Moike says to me: 'It's no use, no man can touch them cars. He's goin' to attend to the stroikers.' But not he. He came out and says: 'B'ys, it's hot in there, but if you don't mind a bit av a burn, we can get the poor fellers out. Will yez try?' 'Yes,' we shouted. 'Fall in,' says he; 'fix bayonets, first file to the right av the cars, second file to the left. Forward, march!' An' we went into that hell, an' rolled them cars out, jest as if we were marchin' down Broadway with flags and music." "And Mr. Stirling?" queried Leonore. "Why, he was dreadful burnt, and the doctors thought it 'ud be blind he'd be. Oh, Miss! the b'ys were nearly crazy with fear av losin' him." So Leonore saw the man, who was rapidly becoming her hero, in different lights—his devotion to the interests of the common people who work with their hands, his inexorable sense of duty and fidelity to the interests of law and order, his will to represent the best and not the worst in his big clientage.

The sentiments of Peter Stirling toward Leonore were obvious enough to attract the attention of both father and mother. One day he said frankly to Watts D'Alloi that he would like to pay his suit to her, to which the paternal consent was cordially given. But Helen was distressed; for she had lofty ambitions for Leonore, and there was still some lurking suspicion over a past incident which made acquiescence reluctant. With a clear field in love-making Peter found it doubly delightful to appeal to the quick intelligence of the girl in talk about politics. One day she asked him why he was a political "boss," and what a "boss" was. "Why am I a power?" he said. "Because I am supposed to represent a certain number of votes which are influenced by my opinions. Because I can influence them, the other leaders don't dare to antagonize me. You see there are always more men struggling for power or office than can have it, so there cannot but be bad blood. For instance, Moriarty and Blunkers were quite as anxious to down each other as to down the Republicans. Now they are sworn friends, made so in this case by personal liking for me." He continued, explaining that, by tact in handling men, and in reconciling individuals and factions, he had arrived

at great influence in his political organization. Another time he said: "A logical argument is all right in a court of appeals, but when it comes to swaying five thousand votes, give me five thousand loving hearts rather than five thousand political reasons. . . . The boss who does the most things that the people want can do the most things the people don't want. Every time I have surrendered my own wishes and done about what the people desire I have added to my power, and so have been able to do something that the people or politicians did not care about or did not like. If the voters didn't agree with me they would call me a reformer." He would say to Leonore: "You'll see a great deal about bosses in the papers, and I don't want you to think so badly of us as many do."

The Democratic State convention to determine the candidate for governor was coming on, and Peter was summoned to Washington to consult the President. His own party dissidents had made a secret "slate" in combination with the Labor party to nominate one Maguire, the most unprincipled representative of the latter faction. This trap was sprung on Peter at a Manhattan Club dinner. He promptly made it clear that it must not be. Otherwise he would take the stump and swing at least thirty thousand votes for the Republican candidate. The conferees reluctantly succumbed, but only on condition that Stirling himself would head the ticket, a measure he had always fought against, but which now was inevitable. An angry emissary of Maguire attempted to browbeat him in his own apartments with threats of published scandals, and in the fracas which ensued Peter was shot at; but the bullet flattened against Leonore's gold luck-piece and a photograph-case in his left pocket, an augury which thrilled him pleasantly. A joyful interlude in politics was his visit to Newport, where the D'Alloi family now were domiciled at their "Graycourt" Villa. Here Peter had tantalizing experience of the "way of a maid." Leonore had for some time suspected something more than friendship in the demeanor of the strong man so much her senior, who was her secret ideal. But the fluttering of her own heart did not prevent indulgence in caprices which blew hot and cold with no apparent cause and perplexed Stirling, who knew vastly more about politics than about womankind. So

when he was summoned back to New York by a momentous letter, the nature of which he kept secret, much to Leonore's annoyance, he was still only the "best of friends." She had taken the most ardent interest, to be sure, in his nomination for the governorship, in common with her family, but with scarcely any relief to his deeper anxiety, for she had refused to say good-by to him in her girlish umbrage. He found on the train his partners, Rivington and Ogden, who were also officers in his regiment. That regiment was to be ordered under arms; for anarchy and socialism had suddenly become rampant among the discontented and unemployed, and a great railroad strike had been suddenly initiated. The next day the Sixth was formed at the Grand Central Station with orders to clear the streets.

Shortly before the climax of the firing, which resulted in a score or so of the mob being killed or wounded, a committee of the strikers had threatened the Colonel with disastrous political consequences unless he permitted the mob to have its way with the "scabs" and strike-breakers. Stirling's stern reply had been: "Votes be damned!" Late that night orders came to march down-town and take possession of Printing-House Square and City Hall Park. All the streets and the square were full the next morning of ordered soldiery, with tens of thousands of the roaring mob pressing close around them, while banks remained closed and business was paralyzed. The Sixth was again ordered to clear the streets, a repetition of enforced responsibility which smacked of political cunning on the part of a Republican brigade staff, as the Sixth was mainly an Irish regiment and its commanding officer the Democratic candidate for the chief magistracy of the State. Just as Colonel Stirling was forming his regiment, a man rushed from the ranks of the howling mob, imploring him not to move, and flinging his arms about him. There was a tremendous explosion—a bomb had been thrown—a great excavation was made in the earth, and scores of soldiers and rioters were slain or mangled.

The first news of the New York *émeute* alarmed the D'Alloi family and other friends of Peter Stirling, but the later reports declared the strike ended. The shock therefore came with crushing force in the supplement. Leonore, observing grave trouble on her father's face, insisted on knowing the exact

truth. There had been a bomb—it had killed many of the soldiers. "Not—?" she said, and a sad "Yes!" was the answer. The girl insisted on going straight to New York, overruling all her father's objections. On arriving there they drove to the City Hall Park. It was Dennis who met them on the line of sentries. "Captain Moriarty, won't you let me see him?" and "Sure yez oughtn't be disturbin' him; it's two nights he's had no sleep," preluded her gasp of joy: "He's not killed?" and Leonore collapsed on the Irishman's shoulder. He took them through the lines, where the ground looked, as Dennis said, "as if there had been a primary." She saw Peter Stirling asleep on the ground and she bent tenderly over him to tuck in the blanket. His eyes opened in amaze and she said, with a fine show of indifference as she retired behind her mother: "I am always anxious about my friends. Mamma will tell you I am." The girl was saying to herself: "He isn't dead, he isn't dead!" The man was thinking: "She loves me, she must love me!"

A few days later, at Newport, Peter confessed himself in downright words, and an engagement ensued; but it was not destined to run smoothly. Speaking engagements called the politician reluctantly to New York and a week later the D'Allois returned to their own town house. He went one day to take tea with his *fiancée*, and in the paper she held in her trembling hands, the words, flaming in a great display head, stared him in the face: "Speak up, Peter Stirling! Who is this boy? Detective Pelter finds a ward unknown to the courts, and explanations are in order from Purity Stirling." Mrs. D'Alloi was forced to say that Peter had once tacitly admitted the paternity of the child of an intrigue. Dumb with honor-enforced silence, he rushed from the house, feeling his whole world shattered into chaos. But after the first shock was over, Leonore's deep instincts and strength of feeling taught her to trust her lover's bare asseverations of innocence, in which her father joined with profound assurance. The wedding took place in due season and after the bridal pair had departed Lispenard Ogden said: "You've all tried to say what Peter is. Now I'll tell you in two words, and you'll all find you are right, and you'll all find you are wrong. Peter is a practical idealist."

JESSIE FOTHERGILL

(England, 1856–1891)

THE FIRST VIOLIN (1877)

This novel firmly established the author's reputation as a writer of high rank. With the exception of *Charles Auchester*, by Elizabeth Sheppard ("E. Berger"), perhaps no novel on musical subjects has attracted the attention that has persistently followed this work. The late Richard Mansfield appeared in a dramatic version of the story in 1898.

MY father was vicar in an English country town, with an income of three hundred pounds a year, and with three daughters to support. My mother was dead, and her place as manager of the family income was occupied by my eldest sister, Adelaide. She it was who, upon my refusing an offer of marriage from rich old Sir Peter Le Marchant, bitterly upbraided me for disloyalty to the family.

"Papa is getting old," she said. "What will become of us when he is dead?"

"We can work," I replied.

"Work!" she replied with scornful tone. "We have not been brought up to work, and we have no money to acquire the special training necessary to fit us for the most insignificant professional position. The village schoolmistress could make us look small even in arithmetic."

"Me, perhaps," I said, "but not you, Adelaide. You are wonderful at accounts. But I can teach singing."

"Pooh! Do you think because you can take C in alt, you are competent to instruct others in the art? You first need the hardest kind of discipline as a pupil yourself. No; your face is your fortune; so is mine; so is little Stella's. You have had seventeen years of play, and now you behave like a baby. Sir Peter *is* a disagreeable old man, but you ought to make some

sacrifice for our sakes. Good Heaven! If the chance had been mine!"

By others than my sister I was regarded as a little fool; for Sir Peter, a man of strange and perverse nature, took delight in informing everybody that I had refused him. There was one exception, however, in this general condemnation. Miss Hallam, the elder sister of the unfortunate woman who had been Sir Peter's first wife, called upon me, and praised me for my action. She was almost blind from cataract, so she put her face very close to mine, saying: "I want to see the girl who was brave enough to say no to that insinuating old scoundrel. Well, you are a beauty, and I don't wonder he wants to buy you. He thinks money can purchase everything. Don't imagine for a moment that he has given you up."

"Oh, Miss Hallam!" I cried. "It will kill me if he speaks to me again!"

"Then we'll take you out of the country so he won't do so. That's what I've come to see you about. I am going to Elberthal, in Germany, to a famous oculist to have my eyes treated; and I want you to come along as my companion. There is a great conservatory of music in the city, where you can train that wonderful voice of yours."

I could not speak for joy. I kissed the dear old face held so close to mine, in token of gratitude and consent.

It was my first journey of any kind, and, though a woman in appearance, I was but a helpless child in reality. It was no wonder, therefore, that, Miss Hallam's maid being occupied in looking after her mistress, I was left behind in the change of cars at Cologne on the way to Elberthal. Not knowing a word of German, I could not even ask when the next train left for Elberthal, and, having no money, I could not have paid the fare anyway. I was distracted. Observing this, a gentleman approached me, and, in excellent English, offered his assistance. When I explained my situation, he told me that he also was going to Elberthal and had missed his train. He courteously proposed that we dine together while waiting for the next train to our destination.

I followed him to a restaurant with stony resignation. I was so distraught that, on happening to catch a sudden reflec-

tion in a mirror of a tall, pale girl with heavy auburn hair, a brown hat which suited her, and a severely simple traveling-dress, I did not realize that it was myself.

We sat down at a table in a window recess.

"Please don't order anything for me," I said, my cheeks burning. "I shall not eat anything."

"If you do not eat, you will be ill. Perhaps it is disagreeable to eat in the *saal*. If so, we will take a private room."

"It isn't that," I blurted out; "I have no money. I left it with the maid."

"But not your appetite." His smile was infectious, but I was too ill at ease to join in it. "Kellner!" he cried, and gave an order.

He forebore to thrust attention upon me more than was necessary; but took up a newspaper and began reading. I looked at him furtively. He leaned upon the table, one slight, long brown hand propping his head, and half lost in waving thick, brown hair, one lock of which fell over his broad forehead, causing him occasionally to toss it back with a lift of the head. There was indescribable ease, grace, and negligent beauty in the attitude. His eyes were dark, and with lashes and brows that enhanced the contrast to a complexion fair and pale. A light moustache running almost straight across the face gave a smiling expression to lips otherwise grave, almost to sadness. A certain curve of the full, yet delicate nostrils, told of pride both strong and high. Lines about the eyes indicated a mental life keen and consuming. Deliberate ease of movement hinted that he was a person of self-possession and, possibly, of authority. In short, his physiognomy and manner removed him out of that class of "superb animal" which is so popular with writers of modern romantic fiction, and to which his splendid physique might otherwise have consigned him.

His clothing — gray summer clothes — was unremarkable, such as any gentleman or any shopkeeper might wear.

As I was studying him, he suddenly looked up with a bright, quizzical glance.

"Now have you decided?"

"I—oh, I beg your pardon?"

"Decided whether I am to be trusted?"

I stammered out something to the effect that "I should be very ungrateful if I did not trust such a—such a—" and stopped, blushing with confusion. A sudden look flashed from his eyes, a proud and tender message from his soul to mine, that left me with two enduring and conflicting desires: one that for my peace of mind I had never seen him; one that I might never lose sight of him again.

He abruptly changed the trend of our conversation.

"Have you seen the Cathedral?"

"No. I should dearly love to visit it. Is there time before the next train?"

He hesitated a moment, then answered indirectly: "It is near by, and I promise you that I will deliver you safely into the hands of your friends this evening."

The wonder of the majestic cathedral oppressed me with a sense of my ignorance. Vague longings tormented my soul. Oh, what did it all mean, what were these emotions within me laboring toward birth? I turned to my companion. Ah, he felt the majesty of the scene; by some great emotional experience he had learned the message of the Dom, and it was bringing peace to his soul. Instantly through him I felt, if I did not comprehend, the same consoling ministry.

"Oh," said I, "if one could stay here forever, what would one grow to!"

"And what would you like to grow to?" he asked.

"A great singer, to let my voice express these emotions for which I have no words. I have come to the Continent to fit myself as a singing teacher, but oh, the time is too short for me to learn even the beginnings of what I see must be mastered. But I will work—work."

"It is a hard career that is before you, Fräulein, harder for you than most; for to succeed you will have to smooth down that waving hair with its glinting color into commonplace, evenly shaded bands; darken the light of your expressive eyes with blue spectacles, if not, indeed, cover all your mobile features with a mask."

"Oh, is my appearance so much against me?" I cried earnestly, the idea of fishing for compliments being far from my thought.

He must have realized this, for he gravely said:

"Pardon my joking, Fräulein, but I could not imagine you as an ordinary singing-teacher. Come, we must hurry back to catch the train."

On the way to Elberthal I asked him his name and address and the amount of money he had expended on my account, in order that I might repay him.

"Eugen Courvoisier I am called by my friends. My address does not matter. You owe me about three thalers ten. Give me your name and address, and when I make up my accounts, I will send you the exact bill. It's the way with us methodical Germans."

Raw girl as I was, I accepted his explanation, and responded to his request.

We alighted in a crowd at Elberthal station, and a tall, dark girl brushed between us. She gave me a quick, searching glance, and my companion a resentful look, and passed on before I could clearly see her face.

I found Miss Hallam's maid waiting for me at the gate of exit. Herr Courvoisier pressed my hand in adieu, and was swallowed up in the crowd. Now that I was parted from him, I was clear as to my feelings. I would have given all I was worth—not much truly—to see him for one moment again.

It was at the last performance of the opera that I next beheld him. Miss Hallam had given a small box-party in honor of a little triumph I had achieved at the Conservatory. It was my first night at an opera, and I was on hand early, resolved not to miss a note of it. Alas, through perversity and girlish stupidity, I lost not only all pleasure in the performance, but my peace of mind for many days to come!

The musicians entered the orchestra one by one, and I was greatly interested in studying their faces. Why, each man possessed a striking personality—was an artist. In England I had looked on "the band" as a portion of the underworld of music which was entirely beneath my notice.

Last of all, came in "the first violin." It was Eugen Courvoisier? Before taking his seat he scanned the boxes. He looked so handsome, so debonair, that the very intensity of my admiration robbed me of reason. He was smiling and

nodding recognition at one or two friends. In a second he would come to me. It seemed as if everyone would see how I felt. At the instant he recognized me and began to bow, I flushed and dropped my eyes to my program. Ashamed of my silliness and cowardice, I forced myself to look up and acknowledge his greeting. It was too late. I saw his eyes set in a stare without a sign of recognition.

"How he must despise me!" I thought. I was in agony throughout the performance, and after going home I could not sleep. The next morning I hunted up Herr Courvoisier's address, and went to make amends to him for my inexcusable rudeness.

I knocked at his door; such a knock!

"*Herein!*"

I entered timidly, and found Courvoisier with a beautiful child upon his knee, a little boy, with great, dark eyes, tumbled hair, and flushed, just awakened face. There was no doubt of the relationship; they were father and son.

There was a flash of surprise and something like welcome in the musician's eyes. Then it died into a look of cold inquiry.

"I have come to pay my debt," I said tremulously.

"I do not understand."

"At Cologne. Do you not remember me?"

"Remember a lady who has intimated that she wishes me to forget her? No, I do not."

"But I have come to apologize for that; my surprise, my confusion—"

"Pray do not go on; you may honor me by changing your mind. I do not change mine."

I was cut to the heart by this hardness, so at variance with his appearance. I turned and passed out of the door and down the stairs. Blinded by tears, I ran into a tall, dark woman at the entrance. She uttered an exclamation which recalled that of the woman at the railroad station.

I grieved so that my health began to fail and my studies to suffer. So I determined to put my troubles out of my mind and go skating on a lake near the city, the Swanglass. In the joy of the swift motion I had completely forgotten the existence of Eugen Courvoisier, when I came upon the man himself.

Thinking myself alone I was rounding a wooded islet in the lake, and almost ran into the musician, who was coming from the opposite direction. I swerved aside, and skated into an unperceived air-hole. As I went down into the icy water, I shrieked involuntarily. Herr Courvoisier, digging the heels of his skates into the ice, stopped his course, turned, and launched his body full length along the surface to my rescue. Grasping me beneath the arms, he drew me up and out of the water by a powerful pull—an athletic feat far easier in the telling than in the doing.

He unfastened my skates, and helped me to my feet. My limbs were numb with cold; I could not put one foot before the other. He wrapped his coat about me, gathered me up in his arms, and set off skating. Everything seemed to whirl around me.

When I came to my senses I found myself in bed in a comfortable cottage, my body tingling, evidently from a recent rubbing at the hands of a stout *frau*, who was bending over me.

"Your man is outside," she said. "Here are some of my daughter's clothes. Dress yourself at once if you want to go back with him, as he says he has to leave soon."

I found Herr Courvoisier playing with the woman's children. "Ah," she said to him, "you love the little ones."

"Yes," he answered, taking the opportunity delicately to disabuse her mind of the impression that I was his wife, "I am a widower with a boy of two—Sigmund, his name is," he added, turning to me.

I was thoroughly recovered, and, as it was late in the afternoon, we skated rapidly back to the city, where he had an engagement at seven o'clock. As we started off, he was in the best of humor, joking me about my clumsy costume. I laughed merrily in return, whereat he said: "Now I have fulfilled the penance imposed on me by Sigmund. When you left my room the other day he asked: 'Why did you make the lady cry? The next time you must make her laugh.'"

As we drew near the city his mood changed. His raillery became touched with formality, and, as it seemed to me, with irony. He pictured me as a future prima donna to whom he, as a humble member of the orchestra, would hand the tributes

of her adorers over the footlights. "May I then break off a rose in memory of the day when you were not too proud to skate arm in arm with me over the Swanglass?"

Mock sentiment, mock respect, mock humility! My blood rose at it.

"Do not gibe at my one hope in life. My talent is my voice. It is the only thing I have—except some capacity to love—those who are kind to me."

"And its complementary capacity—to hate them that despitefully use you?"

Taken aback, I said, with a show of spirit: "Naturally."

"Ah, then I will be disagreeable to you!"

"Herr Courvoisier," I said, withdrawing my arm from his, "having fulfilled your promise to your boy, do you feel free to resume my punishment? There is surely a deeper motive than offended pride for your treatment of me. If you do not know that my cutting you at the opera was a momentary exhibition of a young girl's ignorance and confusion, you are not what I take you for—a gentleman."

"You certainly did not take me for one then. What makes you suppose I am one now?"

"Oh, continue the pretext if you will," I said. "Some day I shall find out the real reason for your attitude."

It was at the students' masked ball in carnival that a clue to Herr Courvoisier's conduct was given me. A tall female form in a black domino glided up to me and hissed: "You are Miss Wedderburn, the English soprano. Your hair betrays you. You are in love with Herr Courvoisier, first violin of the operatic orchestra. You came with him to Elberthal, and you visit him at his rooms. Beware! He is a confessed thief. His own family has disowned him, and only this week has taken his little boy away from his evil influence."

Von Francius, leader of the orchestra, was leaving for a better position in Vienna. His old place was offered to Courvoisier. He declined it, refusing to explain why he did so. One of his comrades stepped forward and repeated the charge that had been made to me at the masked ball. He added: "This has been written by an anonymous person to every member of the orchestra. None of us believes it. Is it because of this that

you refuse the position, Herr Courvoisier? The only way you can crush the slander is to accept."

"I will not oppose the charge, gentlemen, in any way."

"What, do you not deny it?"

"I do not."

All the musical circle of Elberthal rang with the news of this confession. Joined with Herr Courvoisier's actions toward me, and the fact that he had sent Sigmund to his brother, I could not help believing it was true. Yet the effect was that I loved him all the more. He was entirely alone in the world. He had voluntarily given up the child that was dearer to him than life, and I feared that he might destroy himself. How he must have suffered during the years that elapsed between his crime and the public declaration of it! I longed to fly to his side.

And very soon, but unexpectedly we did stand side by side. The oculist failed to restore Miss Hallam's sight, and she had returned to England, leaving me in Elberthal to earn my living by my voice. I was very lonesome. Protestant as I was, I had gone one evening to pray at the Jesuit Church by the river, away from the eyes that knew me. While there, a great storm of wind and rain arose. To battle with the elements suited my mood, and I went forth into the tempest to fight my way home. In the darkness I lost my bearings, and wandered out on the Bridge of Boats that stretched across the river. The part I stood on broke away, and was floating off with me down the current. I gave myself up for lost.

Suddenly, above the howl of the wind, I heard a voice singing the wild march from *Lenore*. The singer stood upon the next section of the bridge beyond, which still held firm.

"Herr Courvoisier!" I cried.

"May!" he exclaimed, and leaped across the widening chasm which separated us. I clung about his neck. "Don't leave me!" I cried.

"There isn't much choice about that," he answered, laughing. "We are not likely to get away until we turn up at Rotterdam, some time to-morrow morning."

I shivered. He wrapped his coat about me as he had done when I broke through the ice.

"There is no danger," he continued. "Let us enjoy the storm music. Since I gave up my place in the orchestra, I have turned to nature's symphonies. I came out on the Bridge of Boats to catch inspiration from the tempest. Strange way of leaving Elberthal, isn't it? for I shall not return."

"Not for your clothing?" I exclaimed.

"I have been living on it for the past six weeks. No matter —the Government provides clothes for its soldiers."

"Oh, why do you leave the profession you love, and the friends it has made you?"

"Because I regret that I have made any friends. You know that I am a disgraced man. It will be best for you and kindest to me to forget me. In due time someone else will find the loveliest and dearest being in the world—"

"Eugen!" I cried, "how can you? You do not love me, or you could not coldly turn me over to some other man, some abstraction—"

"If he were not an abstraction perhaps I could not, but while he is, let us part."

"Eugen," I said, "we shall not part. I will not have it. That crime of which you are accused shall not come between us, for you did not do it. Look me in the eyes and say you did it," I challenged.

Silence.

"Oh, why have you never denied the charge?"

"It was a matter of duty and honor."

"Then whom are you shielding?"

"May, even if you become my other self and soul, I shall not tell you."

"I honor you for it. I will never seek to learn the secret. Eugen, we will live down this undeserved disgrace together. Come with me back to Elberthal."

We were rescued at Cologne. I alone had money, and so I paid for our dinner and bought the tickets back to Elberthal. "At last," I said, laughing, "you have been forced to take back that old loan that worried me so."

Eugen again entered the orchestra as first violin. He took his old rooms which poverty had forced him to relinquish. But the place reminded him on every hand of his absent son, and

his sorrow preyed upon him. I set out to see Sigmund and bring news of him to Eugen.

I found the son pining for the father even more than the father for the son. I whispered to him that I was going to be his new mother, and bring him home. "You are the lady he made cry," he said. "Will that be pleasant for you?"

"Yes, you dear," I said, "he makes me laugh now." And I forced a note of merriment in which he joined with a gentle, happy chirrup.

I learned the story of the crime of which my lover was accused from his sister-in-law, the wife of his elder and only brother, the childless couple that had adopted Sigmund.

Eugen von Rothenfels (who in his disgrace had adopted the name of Courvoisier) was a generous-hearted youth who spent freely the money liberally supplied him by his brother. Music was a passion with him, and he married at an early age Vittoria Leopardi, an Italian singer of low birth but great beauty. She was very extravagant, and he indulged her frightfully. "Soon after the birth of Sigmund," said the Countess, "Eugen was hard pressed for money. He drew a check for a large sum to his wife's order, forged his brother's name upon it, and gave it to her to cash. This he confessed when the forgery had been discovered and he was called on for an explanation. He had the grace to exonerate his poor wife from all complicity—"

"The heroism," I cried, "to take the crime of which she alone was guilty upon his shoulders. Oh, how blind you were and are to the nobility of the man!"

And so I opened the eyes of the Count and Countess von Rothenfels. The forged check was examined by an expert in handwriting, and he declared that the endorser had also written the signature of the maker, evidence of which shortly came to light in various imitations of the Count's signature that were found on the back of a letter sent by the wife of Eugen to a friend, Fräulein Anna Sartorius.

This was the woman who, believing the wife to be a victim of the husband's infamy, had followed Eugen wherever he went, spreading the story of his crime. In rereading Vittoria's letters she had noted for the first time the imitations of the Count von Rothenfels's signature. At once inferring who was the real

forger of the note, she sent on the letter to the Count, and expressed her desire to repair so far as possible the wrong she had done his brother.

The reconciliation between the grave Count and Eugen was affecting.

"Forgive me, brother. I ought not to have believed the tale of dishonor, even from your own lips. If I had had the faith of this young lady, whom I beg to honor us by entering our family, then—"

Eugen interrupted: "—then May would be a famous prima donna, with another than myself to adore her—some man, perhaps, below the footlights in the humble yet happy position of 'the first violin.' "